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THE ACTOR'S BUDGET.

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MAIN

Advertisement.

EVERY practised reader can give a shrewd guess at the contents of a book from its external appearance. No lady of common experience in such matters would look for a novel in the rolled bands and Russian skin of a splay-footed folio: nor on the other hand, would any grave antiquarian expect to find an essay on Henry the Seventh's chapel, lurking in blue boards and puny dimensions of a duodecimo. Every work has its peculiar costume, from the beau poetry, who comes tricked out in all sorts of finery, to the book of common prayer, who is for the most part clad in sober black as the emblem of his profession; sometimes, indeed, he appears in a red morocco coat with a gold band about his neck, but this is a strange violation of decorum, and is well worthy of reprehension. Upon this principle, therefore, I hope the purchasers of my present work will clothe it in calf-skin, a sort of modest habit that may best pourtray its pretensions. Much also is to be learnt from the title of a work, though now and then a hungry wight of an author, whose appetite

is greater than his honesty, contrives to outwit the most cautious reader : this he effects by setting up a false bill of fare, promising, like the sign of a country inn, entertainment for man and beast, but neither man nor beast is cunning enough to find it. Indeed I have known a young lady seduced into reading a sermon when she expected to find a farce, and many a grave divine cheated into the perusal of a farce, when he thought to pore over a sermon. The most experienced reader is liable to be cheated, which by the bye accounts for so many young ladies very innocently singing “ Fly not yet,” when they only intended to chaunt a sober hymn for general edification.

Now although there is no law at Bow-street for the punishment of those who hold out such false pretences to the great prejudice of the unwary, yet there is a bench of self-elected judges, who have taken on themselves to inquire out and punish all such offenders. Mr. Gifford and Mr. Jefferies form together a sort of Chief Justices, the Magazine Editors, &c. do very well as the twelve judges, and the works under their superintendence are so many poetical Tyburn Chronicles, in which the names of the unhappy culprits are duly registered. It must indeed be owned, that their critical worships sometimes descend from the *Aristotelian* tribunal, and instead of judging, actually execute, exchanging the high office of Judge, for the ignominious one of *Mr. Ketch*;

but this is no doubt to be attributed to their exceeding love of justice.

Having then the fear of these gentlemen before my eyes, I have chosen for this work a very humble title, videlicet, *The Actor's Budget*; a name that conveys no promise, and therefore can cause no disappointment. If, however, any Reader should look for any thing more than an hour's entertainment, be it at his own peril; I fairly warn him, that all he gains beyond a hearty laugh, he must consider as so much thrown in, over and above his bargain; and yet he may chance to find a few choice morsels, for to speak it fairly, and like a *true* thief, I have poached upon many a rich manor, cramming every thing I could lay my hand upon into the Budget;—that is, every thing of lightness enough for me to carry away; a diatribe by Porson, or an essay upon the Mammoth by Cuvier, would have been game of too large a sort for my weak shoulders; puns and tales, “and such small deer,” were all I could think of attacking. My sport has been that of a holyday school-boy, who wages war with Tom Tits and Sparrows, and when he has shot an unsuspecting blackbird, congratulates himself, as much as Wellington ever did on gaining the field of Waterloo. And yet, not to speak too modestly, I hope there are scraps in my Budget, some of which will please the loungeur, some the actor, and others the student in Elocution. I have

collected all manner of subjects, grave and gay, in verse and in prose; but, for the most part, with a view to Recitation: and it must be a fastidious taste, that in this wide variety can find nothing worthy of attention.

THE EDITOR.

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Prologues, Addresses,

&c. &c.

A COMIC-SATIRIC ADDRESS,

In the Character of Touchstone, Riding on an Ass.

WRITTEN BY S. KEMBLE, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Oxberry.

IN times remote, 'fore luxury was known,
Or asses into disrepute were thrown,
This ass had sold at market or at fair,
For such rare parts fall to few asses' share;
Look at my ass—Neddy's a pretty creature,
Examine him, observe his every feature:
His upright long broad ears give to his face
An easy air of fashion, and of grace;
But most of all, this noble Grecian nose,
How like he is to many modern beaux'!
Yet the similitude might more prevail,
Were I to dock his ears and crop his tail;
One thing there is indeed,—Ned's condition
Holds no resemblance to an ass of fashion;
His tailor for his bill can never dun him;
This everlasting grey will still become him.
Your foolish, swaggering, tonish, weak buffoons,
Parade in divers colour'd pantaloons;
The livery Joseph's brethren of old
Gave, when they Joseph into bondage sold.
And thus it is,—that many an ass of ton,
As Joseph was, in bondage vile are thrown.

 Comic-Satiric Address.

Neddy's indeed get dirty now and then,
 But rub'em, they're as good as new again,
 Dyed in the grain, his coat can never fade,
 'Tis nature's work, and well she knows her trade.
 Upon your learning, Ned, I'll lay no stress,
 If not an L.L.D.—you're A.S.S.
 A learned pig, we know for once may do,
 One learned ass, believe me, would be new;
 The thing's impossible, so there's an end,
 An ass will always be an ass, my friend.
 In life's short journey, Neddy, keep your place,
 And don't stare modest females out of face;
 Never pursue a maid to her undoing,
 Let no *she ass* accuse you of her ruin;
 'Mongst men (tho' common) those things we condemn,
 Let them ape *you*, but pray don't you ape *them*.
 And now your catechism, Neddy, 'tis not long,
 And I'll, to please you, shape it in a song;
 Plain answer make to every question pray,
 And what you can't pronounce, why you may bray:
 He's sometimes stubborn tho', and takes the pet,
 And then I act the *ass* in the duett,
 Yet still I'll prove by rule, that he's content,
 My rule is this,—his silence gives consent.

DUETT.

TUNE.—“ *All among the leaves so green O!* ”

In each calling and each trade,
 Men are daily asses made,
 From the great man now in place,
 Wearing garter, star, or lace,
 To the ass in place before,
 Who is now kick'd out of door,
All among the leaves so green O!

When they sign,—that they resign
 All that passes, shows they're asses,

Comic-Satiric Address.

(*Speaks.*)—Don't it Neddy?—(*Brays.*)

There, ladies and gentlemen, he says *yes*, as plain as he can.

High-down, ho-down,

Derry, derry, down,

All among the leaves so green O!

So the man in common life,

Is an ass made by his wife,

When with namby pamby speeches,

Coaxing him out of his breeches,

Then the ass led by the nose,

Forfeits quiet and repose,

All among the leaves so green O!

Like any mill,—her clack ne'er still,—

Farewell quiet,—welcome riot :

(*Speaks.*)—Isn't it so Neddy?—(*Brays.*)

There, Neddy says *yes*,—indeed the greatest ass in the world knows its a common case among married people.

High-down, ho-down,

Derry, derry, down,

All among the leaves so green O!

And now, Neddy, without art,

You have play'd your sluggish part,

If from censure *you* get clear,

I have nothing then to fear,

And before we next appear,

We'll improve, there is no fear,

All to fill up the farcical scene O!

(*Speaks.*)—What say you Neddy? Will you try to improve in your calling.—(*Brays.*)

There ladies and gentlemen, he says *yes*; and so far you may depend upon his sincerity, that whatever he *says* he'll stand to.—And now, Neddy,

We must part,—with all my heart,—

I to *play*,—you to *bray*,

High-down, ho-down, &c.

A MONOLOGUE,

CALLED

PEEPING TOM'S PEEP INTO WORTHING.

Spoken by Mr. Oxberry.

FROM Coventry hither, good folks, I am come ;
 I am sure you all know me, my name's Peeping Tom,
 An odd fellow you'll say, when I've told my odd tale,
 Curiosity 'twas brought me down in a mail ;
 Of Worthing I'd heard of it's prospect so fine,
 And the prospect before me I own is divine.

(Bows to the audience.)

It's a woundy gay place.—When I was set down, sir,
 I stared like a goose, at the sea and the town, sir ;
 I grew hungry at last, with my journey quite shaken,
 And was pleased on a sign to see *Hogsflesh* and *Bacon*.*
 I'd heard that the ladies when dipped in the sea,
 Were like Venus:—Egad then, as sure as can be,
 Says I, they will make a young Cupid of me. }
 I got into a thing, they call a machine,
 It look'd just like a house—why what do they mean ?
 Said I to myself—when the man on the horse
 Gave a thumping loud whack—I bawl'd till quite hoarse,
 For thinking for certain machine was on fire,
 For fear and for fright I began to *prespire*;
 I went in with my small-clothes, my large clothes and hat,
 But when I came out I look'd like a *drown'd rat* :
 If this is call'd bathing, by jingo, said I,
 Let them pickle that will, I shall keep *my skin dry*.

When recover'd and sound, I got out snug and clean,
 How the lasses all snigger'd and gigg'l'd, I ween,
 And squinted at me as I walk'd on the Steyne. }

I then went to a building, the name I can't tell,
 Yes—now I remember—it's called a *hot-hell* :

* The names of two Innkeepers who lived opposite each other, near Worthing Beach.

 Peeping Tom's Peep into Worthing.

The wine it was good, and the dinner was cosey,
 I eat and I drank 'till my cheeks were quite rosy;
 They gave me for supper nice cutlets of mutton,
 And I look'd when in bed like a diamond in cotton.

I went the next morning to see a fine room
 At the top of the hill, where I sat on a tomb,*
 Call'd for ale and for cyder, for porter and sherry,
 When a smart lass came up and said, "Sir you are merry,
 "We find no such liquors."—"No liquors, my dear?"
 "It's only *hot water*, good sir, we find here."

"I'm not for hot water," says I, "good young woman,
 "Unless mixed with rumbo, with sugar and lemon."

The third day again I began my parade,
 And swagger'd so fine on the gay Colonnade;
 A smart library too on the beach I survey'd.

To *Heen* then I set off so merrily prancing,
Tarring, Finden and *Sompting, Broad Water* and *Lancing*.

On the sands as I caper'd so spruce and so spunky,
 I looked like an angel a-riding a donkey,
 But my usual ill fortune attended my vapouring,
 My Jerusalem poney 'gan snorting and capering;
 I laid hold of his mane, crying, "What are you *arter*!"
 He brayed out, "Aw! Aw!" and plump'd me in the water.

Warwick house is a place I much joy'd at beholding,
 Long life to the royal sweet blossom it's holding.†

At the theatre next I with pleasure attended,
 Where mirth and good humour are happily blended.
 Now, neighbours and patrons, to London I'm steering;
 At the top of the coach this wish shall be cheering—
 May Worthing increase, still so charming and clever,
 Our trade, king, and country, may no foe dis sever,
 But flourish our army and navy for ever!

}

* The Miller's Tomb, near Worthing, situated at the top of a High Hill, which commands a beautiful prospect: the visitors are there accommodated with hot water for tea.

† The late Princess Charlotte.

THE BITER BIT;
OR, THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A TALE.

A FARMER once to London went,
To pay the worthy 'squire his rent ;
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains,—
Who at the door such guests detains?—
Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart—
“ Farmer, you're welcome to my heart ;
“ You've brought my rent then—to an hair ?
“ The best of tenants I declare ! ”
The steward was called, the accounts made even,
The money paid, the receipt was given ;
“ Well,” said the 'squire, “ now you shall stay
“ And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;
“ I've here some ladies wond'rous pretty,
“ And pleasant sparks, I warrant will fit ye.”
He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said—“ No, zur, two words to that ;
“ For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
“ With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
“ I'ze use to make, and 'tis no wonder,
“ In word or deed some plag'y blunder ;
“ Zo, if your honor will permit,
“ I'll with your zarvants pick a bit.”
“ Pho ! ” says the 'squire, “ it sha'n't be done,”
And to the parlour push'd him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes ;
With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great.
Though often ask'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam serv'd with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reach'd as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table ;

The Farmer's Blunder.

With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank'd to John behind.
When drank to in a modish way,
"Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his aukward honors.
"Pish!" says the 'squire, "pray keep your sitting."
"No, no," he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting;
"Tho' I'm no scholar vers'd in letters,
"I knaws my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next—Ah! what befel?
The dishes were now timely plac'd,
And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd;
When drank to by a neighbouring charmer,
Up as usual stands the farmer;
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke:—
"Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
"And pull away the farmer's chair."
'Tis done, his congée made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to set him down;
But by his posteriors overweigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betray'd,
As men at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
He caught the cloth to save his falling;
In vain, sad fortune, down he wallow'd,
And ratling all the dishes follow'd.
The fops they lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minc'd pies, and geese and pidgeons,
A pear pie on his belly drops,
A custard pudding met his chops.
Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux',
Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes;

The Devil.

This lady raves, and that looks down
And weeps, and wails her spatter'd gown ;
One spark bemoans his spatter'd waistcoat ;
One, " Rot him, he has spoil'd my lac'd coat."
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
The pudding suck'd and held his tongue ;
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speech,
First rubs his eyes, mouth, and nostrils twangs,
Then snaps his fingers and harangues :—
" Plague tak't, Ize tell you how'd t'would be ;
" Look here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see ;
" And some I'll warrant that make this chatter,
" Have clothes bedaub'd with grease or butter,
" That cost—" He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career ;
" Peace, brute, begone ! " the ladies cry :
The beaux' exclaim, " Fly, rascal, fly ! "
" I'll tear his eyes out ! " squeaks Miss Dolly ;
" I'll pink his soul out ! " roars a bully.
At this the farmer shrinks with fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, " Aye, kill me then,
" Whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the 'squire
To cool the sparks' and ladies' fire.
Thus ends my tale ;—and now I'll try,
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of the nation,
Ne'er to place men above their station.
And this may shew the wanton wit,
That while he bites, he may be bit.

THE DEVIL.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
The Devil a walking had gone,

The Seven Ages of Woman.

To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on.
And over the hill, and over the dale,
And flourishing over the plain,
And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.
And pray how was the Devil drest?
Oh, he was drest in his Sunday's best ;
His coat was red, and his breeches blue,
And a hole behind for his tail to come through.
He passed by a lawyer, killing a viper
On a dunghill behind his own stable ;
The devil he laughed, for it put him in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.
He met an apothecary on a white horse,
Going forth on his vocation ;
And the Devil was glad, for it put him in mind
Of death in the Revelation.
He passed by a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility ;
The Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
He passed by a rich bookseller's shop ;
Quoth he, we are both of one college,
For I sat myself like a cormorant once,
Hard by the tree of knowledge.
As he passed by Cold-Bath-Fields, he saw
A solitary cell :
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

The world's a stage—and man has seven ages,
So Shakspeare writes, king of dramatic sages,

The Seven Ages of Woman.

But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
That Woman plays her part as well as Man.

First, how her infant heart with triumph swells,
When the red coral shakes its silver bells!
She, like young statesmen, as the rattle rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading strings.

Next, little Miss, in pin-a-fore so trim,
With nurse so noisy—with mamma so prim—
Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter,
Lisps as she grasps the allotted bread and butter;
Type of her sex—who though no longer young,
Holds every thing with ease, except the tongue.

A School Girl then, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours;
Tramples alike on custom and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows:
"Betty," she cries, "it comes into my head,
"Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead;
"My governess has been in such a fuss
"About the death of our old tabby puss—
"She wears black stockings—ha! ha!—what a pother,
" 'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!"
The child of nature—free from pride and pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next, riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,
Now finds some tracts of art are interposing;
And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor,—Man!

Behold her now, an ogling vain Coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver net.
All things revers'd—the neck cropt close and bare,
Scarce feels the incumbrance of a single hair;
Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life.

The Seven Ages of Woman.

A thousand cards a thousand joys extend,
 For what may not upon a card depend?
 Though justice in the morn claim fifty pounds,
 Five hundred won at night may heal the wounds.
 Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,
 A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;
 'Till spousy finds, while anxious to immure her,
 A patent coffin only can secure her!

At last the Dowager, in ancient flounces,
 With snuff and spectacles, *this* age denounces.
 And thus she moralizes:— (*Speaks like an old Woman.*)
 "How bold and forward each young flirt appears;
 "Courtship in my time lasted seven years;
 "Now seven little months suffice of course,
 "For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce.
 "What with their truss'd up shapes and pantaloons,
 "Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons.
 "They say we have no souls—but what more odd is,
 "Nor men nor women now have any bodies.
 "When I was young, my heart was always tender,
 "And would to ev'ry spouse I had surrender;
 "Their wishes to refuse I never durst—
 "And my fourth died as happy as my first."

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
 And let us mingle candour with our lines.
 In all the stages of domestic life,
 As child, as sister, parent, friend, and wife,
 Woman, the source of every fond employ,
 Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
 What is your boast, male rulers of the land?
 How cold and cheerless all you can command;
 Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and power,
 Unless kind woman share your raptur'd hour,
 Unless, 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
 She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart.

A PARAPHRASE ON SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

*" All the World's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."*
Thus Shakspeare said, and what can we say?
That life is a droll 'twix't a farce and a play,
Where some act extempore, others by rule,
Some sly ones play knaves' parts, but most play the fool—
The fool! and what then?—by the wise it's confest,
He still lives the happiest, who plays the fool best.
Folly waits on our wishes, our senses she charms,
From the infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
While round her neck the tender bantling clings,
She dandles the baby, and baby-like sings,

*(Holding up the flap of his coat, he sings to the tune
of, " O my Kitten.")*

" Here's papa's nose and features, and here's a Jack-a-dandy;
" Givens a blow to beat me, who'll have some sugar-candy;
" He'll be a man before his mother, and sho pig, sho, sho, sho,
" Hot diddle dumplings hot, and cock-a-doodle doo."

'Till tir'd, she clasps the infant to her breast,

Offers the nipple, and the child's at rest.

Thus women and men, who are children grown tall,
When balk'd of their wishes, will squabble and squall,
But their passions indulg'd with their fav'rite diet,
Like children at rest, they sleep and are quiet.

" Then comes the whining SCHOOL BOY."

Suppose me a school boy with lank dangling hair,
My fingers frost nipt, and my face full of fear,
At my elbow the usher, my lesson I'm conning,
And horum and harum, I'm thro' the nose droning
" Amo, Amas, Amavi."

When I play'd a truant I cry'd out pecavi.

With Greek and with Latin many years the boys mused,
Then put to a calling where neither is used.

 Paraphrase on Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

“ *The next is the LOVER,*
“ Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad
“ Made to his mistress’ eyebrow.”—

Very woful indeed, for love is full of woe,
 And sighs and symphonies, Ah ! Ah ! and Oh ! Oh !

“ *Then a SOLDIER,*
“ Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
“ Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
“ Seeking the bubble reputation
“ Even in the cannon’s mouth.”

And now the work of war’s begun,
 Briton’s sons, who long have stood
 Victors of the land and flood,
 Now to foreign climates roam,
 And seek their honor’s harvest home,
 By valour rous’d they take the wing,
 To serve their country and their king.

“ *Then comes the JUSTICE*
“ In fair round belly, with good capon lin’d.”
 Had Shakspeare known what ’twas to eat in taste,
 He would have furnished out a finer feast,
 Not cramm’d the justice with coarse barn-door food,
 But lin’d his belly with hog barbacu’d;
 Then tost him up in haste a turtle hash,
 With high-sauc’d callipee and callipash;
 And made his worship call out loud, “ Here, sirrah,
 “ Hand me a spoonful of that spinal marrow;
 “ Fill me a tumbler, a bumper, I can bear it;
 “ Your health, my Lord—’tis neat good claret;”
 Stroaking his belly down, then thus decree,
 “ The callipash is fine, and so’s the callipee.
 “ Come, t’other plate, I’ve only foul’d a couple,
 “ Two slices save me, sir, of that pine-apple:
 “ Take not that haunch off yet, d’ye hear—a?
 “ Hob a nob, sir,—done—two bumpers of madcira.”
 Thus would he introduce him on the stage,
 Had Shakspeare liv’d in this taste-eating age.

 Address on Closing a Theatre.

“ *The sixth age shifts*

“ *Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloons;*

“ *With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side:*

“ *His youthful hose, well sav’d, a world too wide*

“ *For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice*

“ *Turning again towards childish treble, pipes*

“ *And whistles in his sound.*”

“ Here, nurse, my flannel night-cap, — how — who’s
there, hey? ”

“ *Only the newsman, sir.* ” — “ What’s that you say? ”

“ *The King of Prussia, sir, has got the day.* ”

“ How got to *pay*? — let him come in, — ’tis true,

“ I thought to day I had some interest due.”

Just on the instant a full-wig’d physician,

Whom nurse had told her master’s sick condition,

Approach’d the elbow chair, where Feeble sat,

Who por’d through spectacles, and cry’d — “ Who’s that? ”

When Don Diploma, with cane-swelling grace,

Grave, putting on *secundum artem* face,

Stops nurse’s answer, and demands his case;

Saying, — “ How do you find yourself, sir? — sound,”

“ How *bind* myself? No, sir, I’ll not be bound,

“ But on good trust, I’ll lend ten thousand pound.

“ Here, nurse.” — (*Coughs.*)

Thus with strength exhausted, and with voice outworn,
By nurse is lifted like a babe new born.

Then comes the scene that surely must appal;

He sinks, sinks, sinks to the last scene of all,

Where stands Oblivion with her out-spread veil,

To end this strange, this sad eventful tale:

Hearing, seeing, speaking, feeling, all are gone;

Death drops the curtain — and the droll is done.

 ADDRESS ON CLOSING A THEATRE.

As when on closing of a well-spent life,

The parting *husband* views his faithful wife,

(For life itself is but a gaudy play,

The flutt’ring phantom of a summer’s day)

 Comic Nautical Address.

With pleasing terror and with trembling haste,
 He recollects a thousand raptures past;
 And tho' resign'd, and conscious that he must
 Delay to mingle with his kindred dust;
 So I, while round these seats my sight I bend,
 And in each cordial eye behold a friend,
 From the fond flowings of a grateful heart,
 Cannot refrain to cry—Ah! must we part?
 Your minds, where conscious worth and goodness live,
 May paint the boundless thanks we wish to give,
 But it's beyond the power of words to tell,
 The *debt* we owe—the *gratitude* we feel.

A COMIC NAUTICAL ADDRESS,
 ON OPENING A PROVINCIAL THEATRE.

(*Speaking Without.*)

Hold! hold! avast, boatswain,—(*To Prompter.*)—'ere anchor we weigh,

Permit an *old seaman* a few words to say.

(*Enters.*)

What cheer? I hope hearty,—it makes the heart glow
 To bid welcome to friends, both aloft and below:
 Well, our tackle's all ready, our hands are all staunch,
 And with rapture we hail you to witness the *launch*;
 We've *refitted*, you see, a snug neat *pleasure* boat,
 And we hope by your favour to keep her afloat.
 Each cabin convenient,—(*Boxes.*)—at least so 'twas plann'd.
 There's snug births below,—(*Pit.*)—and our tops are well
 mann'd,—(*Gallery.*)

Our timbers are taught:—(*Stage.*)—some messmates, tho'
 new,

Join with old ones, in claiming protection from you;
 Each hand on this deck—(*Stage.*)—comes with fixed incli-
 nation

To rise in the service,—by your approbation.

 Prologue on Folly.

Tho' in other provisions you'll find your own table,
 We'll keep you in *spirits* as long as we're able.
 We've artillery too, care and folly to shoot,
 And are arm'd as these gentlemen,—(*Orchestra.*)—witness,
en flute.

We've great guns of *tragedy* loaded so well,
 If they do but go off, they must certainly tell;
 While with small shot, from farce and low comedy swivels,
 We've sworn to burn, sink, or destroy the blue devils:
 But aim where we will, we shall always require
 From your hands a good broadside, to second our fire.
 Should you ask with what freightage our vessel is stor'd,
 What cargo—what riches—we carry on board;
 Look round, you'll see;—*all* Britons value on earth,
 True freedom,—good-nature,—wit,—beauty and worth;
 With such lading as this, while our voyage we measure,
 Our anchor is hope, our compass—your pleasure.

(*Bows, and is going;—Returns.*)

Yet hold, 'ere I go, you may think it but right,
 To know under what colours we sail, trade, and fight.
 'Tis English, true English, her name wou'd you know,
 We call her the——mann'd by——and Co.
 Of whose zeal as commander,—zounds, I nearly—but mum,
 His actions will speak, so I'd better be dumb;
 Hearts and hands are all loyal, our standard you view,
 Which we never will strike—while protected by you.

 PROLOGUE ON FOLLY.

Far hence this night be care and melancholy;
 To entertain you, lo! a son of Folly:
 A hearty welcome sure I need not fear,
 Folly to Folly's vot'ries must be dear,
 And those I'm sure to find among the spouters here.
 Not here alone; for, search the world around,
 Folly, in every station will be found;
 All own its power and confess its sway,
 The learn'd, the wise, to Folly, homage pay;

Prologue on Folly.

And spite of satire, spite of ridicule,
They all, or more or less, do play the fool;
Which if well play'd when apt occasions rise,
“ Argues the being more completely wise ; ”
For hard it is, the diff'rence to define,
Where Folly leaves, and Wisdom marks the line.

Of human life suppose we take a view,
See how mankind their various schemes pursue,
How careful each their character to blot,
And in appearance would be what they're not,
See ! how on high Self-love erects her throne,
And laughs at every folly but her own ;
See Flatt'ry next, with all her fawning train,
In Folly's cause she never speaks in vain ;
Sh' enlivens sadness, and composes strife,
And sweetens all the cares of human life ;
Ev'n Wisdom's self does not disdain her rules,
Though often call'd by her the *food of fools*.
In life's gay spring how foolish are we found ;
Then all in Folly's circle take their round,
And then with rapture 'tis we prove
The pleasing sweets of folly and of love.
Next view the scenes of matrimonial life,
Observe the mutual love and jarring strife ;
Folly to both extends her friendly smile,
These still to love, and those to reconcile.
See man and man, how closely they're combin'd
In Friendship's bands, how strongly they are join'd ;
But say for what ? 'tis for some worldly ends,
For Folly made, and Folly keeps them friends ;
And oft in life this maxim you may see,
I'll flatter you, and you shall flatter me.

In Folly's path the ladies love to walk,
And oft from morn to night of Folly talk ;
But then, they talk with such sweet winning ways,
That Wisdom's self their follies well may praise.

That all men play the fool must be confest,
And life itself is nothing but a jest ;
They then the happiest, spite of ridicule,
Who know the least, and most do play the fool.

 Prologue in Vindication of the Stage.

How happy then the joyous spouting train,
 Of too much wisdom who shall them arraign?
 Where Folly rules the sov'reign of each brain,
 Inspir'd by her, they hope to give delight,
 And here intend to play the fool to-night.

}

PROLOGUE,
 IN VINDICATION OF THE STAGE.

Spoken by Lord Palmerston.

Should some harsh censor blame theatric joys,
 And cry, "This *acting* spoils our forward boys."
 Should prudes exclaim, "Shame on our modern ways,
 "No girls of mine shall see those filthy plays!"
 Let them be taught, that pastimes such as these,
 Did oft amuse our grave forefather's days;
 Virtue to teach was oft their pleasing task,
 In mystic *pageantry* or moral *masque*;
 Forbid the heart, with joys imagin'd, glow,
 Or melt with sympathy of mimic woe.
 No sire then blush'd to see his son advance
 In antic dress, to form the public dance;
 No mother fear'd her daughter's tender age,
 Or thought the devil haunted ev'ry stage.

But if these old examples fail to move,
 Nobler and nearer shall our toils approve;
 To Britain's court we boldly lift an eye,
 And claim a monarch* once our stage ally;
 With gen'rous maxims of a *Portius*' part,
 He, form'd to virtues, bore his youthful heart,
 To him the actor's rules were fully known,
 And the stage taught the graces of the throne.
 Our less ambitious labours humbly choose
 The milder beauties of the comic muse;
 Our guiltless aim, the moments to beguile,
 And move as reason prompts th' approving smile;

* His late Majesty, George III.

 Jerry Sneak's Jeu d'Esprit.

Our modest stage no looser shows shall stain,
 Nor ribald words your decent ear profane;
 But forms by Shakspeare's glowing pencil wrought,
 The genuine fruits of his creative thought,
 Present the image of a mighty mind,
 Bound by no limits, to no rules confin'd;
 To-night his pow'rful magic* claims your eyes,
 And bids the visionary scenes arise.
 Oh! may your breasts the pleasing influence warm,
 And hide our failings by the poet's charm;
 Grant us your honest, your unforc'd applause,
 And laugh by Nature's and her Shakspeare's laws.

 JERRY SNEAK'S JEU D'ESPRIT;

OR, THE MINIKIN PIN MAKER IN HIS GLORY.

Vell, here I am,—I suppose, before I speak,
 You knows as how as I be Jerry Sneak.
 I vishes my brother Bruin vas but here,
 For since I *seed* him last, my precious dear,
 My *vife* I mean, has given me such a snubbing,
 'Gad, to tell truth, it was a *devilish* drubbing.
Von day, *ven* nobody but ourselves *vas* by,
 Says I, "The people says, my lovely chuck,
 "They says as how as you've made me a buck."
 "Vats that, ye noodle," says she, "I'll lay a vager,
 "Some fools ha' been talking 'bout the major."
 "Lord, so they have," says I, "*vhat* made you guess it,
 "And you knows I *seed* you too, tho' you *vont* confess it,
 "Both in the garden." "*Vhat* of that? you brute;
 "The garden,—did'n't we only go to pluck some fruit?"
 "Aye," but says I, "the summer-house for that;
 "I'll swear as how his boots *vas* off, that's flat;
 "And you *vas* frighten'd *vhen* you heard me cough:
 "I suppose you thinks as how at me to laugh;

* The Tempest.

The Tailor's Ramble.

" But I'm advised by Bruin—aye by him,
 " To bring an action out, about *con crim*;
 " And so I *vill*: I'm told, with such good grounds,
 " As how my damages *vill* be a thousand pounds."
 All this I told her, Oh lud! Oh dear, she's here:
 Oh no, she's not, 'twas nothing but my fear;
 But if as how, as I can from her part,
 I'll shew 'em all, that Jerry has a heart;
 And if I can but compass this here cash,
 I'll shew you what it is to cut a dash;
 I'll be a buck of spirit, shew 'em the kick,
 I'll *vear* my Sunday's coat on all the *veek*.
 And then at table, let my lovey frown,
 I'll help myself, aye, to a bit of brown.
 I'll go every night to the Nag's-head club,
 And stay as long as I like, and swig the bub;
 Then coming home as drunk as David's sow,
 I'll break the lamps, and kick up such a row;
 Knock down the *vatchman* too, and have such sport,
 Mayhap get into the *vatch-house*, that's your sort;
 I'll be as big a blade as Peter Prig,
 And strap my *vife*, there'll be a pretty rig:
 Oh lud, *vas* she to hear me!—but as long
 As she an't here, I'll sing my funny song;*
 Pray don't be angry, if a laugh should seize ye,
 I mean no harm, I only *vish* to please ye.

BILLY WHIPSTITCH;

OR, THE TAILOR'S RAMBLE.

A London tailor, as it's said,
 By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
 Sleeve-lining's, pockets, silk and twist,
 And all the long expensive list
 With which their uncouth bills abound,
 Tho' rarely in the garments found;

* Johnny Pringle; the Jack Daws; or, Robinson Crusoe.

The Tailor's Ramble.

By these and other arts in trade,
 Had soon a pretty fortune made,
 And did what few have ever done,
 Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swaggering blade,
 Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
 And lest reflection should be thrown
 On him, resolved to leave the town,
 And travel where he was not known.

In splendid coach and liveries gay,
 To Oxford first he took his way;
 There belles and beaux² his taste admire,
 His equipage and rich attire;
 But nothing was so much ador'd
 As his fine silver-hilted sword;
 Tho' very small, 'twas vastly neat,
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look;
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by gad, it was an odd thing,
 And look'd just like a tailor's *bodkin*,
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his dad's profession;
 Sheathing his sword, he sneak'd away,
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
 There soon he found fresh cause for grief,
 For, dining on some fine roast beef,
 One ask'd, "Pray which did he prefer?
 "Some *cabbage*, or a cucumber?"
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant;
 His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
 So made an ungentle retreat:
 Next day left Go'ster in great wrath,
 And bid his coachman drive to Bath.
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was *roast goose*;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd,

The Tailor's Ramble.

There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd found him out ;
 His glass not fill'd, as 'twas the rule,
 They said 'twas not a *thimble*-full.
 The name of *thimble* was enough,
 He paid his reck'ning and went off.
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the Royal Ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb *Snip*.
 The host by name was often call'd,
 At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he remov'd ;
 There too he unsuccessful prov'd,
 For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The Cantabs mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a *remnant* should be sav'd.
 The name of *remnant* gall'd him so,
 That he resolv'd for York to go,
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up :
 " Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
 " You go thro' *stitch*, sir, with your work."
 The name of *stitch* was such reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach ;
 But 'ere he went, inquiries made
 By what means they found out his trade.
 " You put the cap on, and it fits,"
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits ;
 " Our words in common acceptation,
 " Could not find out your occupation,
 " 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 " To find out both your trade and you."
 Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux',
 In every place themselves expose ;
 They travel far at vast expense,
 To shew their wealth and want of sense ;
 But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool.

ALONZO THE BRAVE,
AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight;
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And Oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
"To fight in a far distant land,
"Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
"Some other will court you, and you will bestow
"On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me!
"For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
"Shall husband of Im'ogine be."

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
"Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
"God grant that, to punish my falshood and pride,
"Thy ghost at my marriage should sit by my side,
"May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
"And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold!

His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A Baron all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at Fair Imogine's door,

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun;

 Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogine.

The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast ;
 Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd
 When the bell of the castle toll'd " One ! "

Then first, with amazement ! Fair Imogine found
 That a stranger was plac'd by her side ;
 His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
 But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
 His armour was sable to view !
 All pleasure and laughter was hush'd at his sight,
 The dogs as they eye'd him drew back in affright,
 The lights in the chamber burn'd blue !

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
 The guests sat in silence and fear ;
 At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, " I pray,
 " Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 " And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent ; the stranger complies,
 His vizor he slowly unclos'd :
 Oh ! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes !
 What words can express her dismay and surprise,
 When a skeleton's head was expos'd !

All present then utter'd a terrific shout ;
 All turn'd with disgust from the scene :
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre address'd Imogine :—

" Behold me ! thou false one ! behold me ! " he cried,
 " Remember Alonzo the Brave !
 " God grants, that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
 " My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
 " Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 " And bear thee away to the grave ! "

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While loudly she shriek'd in dismay ;

Giles Jollop the Grave, and Brown Sally Green.

Then sunk with his proxy, through the wide yawning ground,
 Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
 Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none since that time,
 To inhabit the castle presume;
 For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
 There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in the year, does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl,—“ To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
 “ And his consort, the false Imogine !”

GILES JOLLOP THE GRAVE,
AND BROWN SALLY GREEN.

A PARODY.

A Doctor so prim, and a sempstress so tight,
 Hob-a-nobb'd in some right maresquin,
 They suck'd up the cordial with truest delight:
 Giles Jollop the Grave was just five feet in height,
 And four feet the Brown Sally Green.

“ And as,” said Giles Jollop, “ to-morrow I go
 “ To physic a feverish land,
 “ At some sixpenny-hop, or perhaps the mayor's show,
 “ You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,
 “ And with him share your shop in the Strand.”

 Giles Jollop the Grave, and Miss Sally Green.

" Lord, how can you think so ? " Brown Sally Green said,
 " You must know mighty little of me,
 " For if you be living, or if you be dead,
 " I swear, 'pon my honor, that none in your stead
 " Shall husband of Sally Green be.
 " And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
 " False to you and the faith which I gave,
 " God grant that at dinner too amply supply'd,
 " Over-eating may give me a pain in the side ;
 " May your ghost there bring rhubarb to physic the bride, }
 " And send her well dos'd to the grave."

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told ;
 Sally wept till she blew her nose sore !

But scarce had a twelve-month elaps'd, when, behold,
 A Brewer quite slyish, his gig that way roll'd,
 And stopped at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whisky of cane,
 Soon made her untrue to her vows ;
 The steam of strong beer now bewilder'd her brain,
 He caught her while tipsy ! denials were vain,
 So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast beef had been blest by the priest,
 To cram now the guests had begun ;
 Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feast,
 Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork ceas'd,
 When a bell ('twas a dustman's) toll'd " One ! "

Then first, with amazement ! Brown Sally Green found
 That a stranger was stuck by her side ;
 His cravat and ruffles with snuff were embrown'd ;
 He ate not, he drank not, but turning him round,
 Sent some pudding away to be fry'd !!!

His wig was turn'd forward, and short was his height,
 His apron was dirty to view ;
 The women (oh ! wond'rous) were hush'd at his sight ;
 The cats, as they ey'd him, drew back, (well they might)
 For his body was pea-green and blue !

 Giles Jollop the Grave, and the Brown Sally Green.

Now all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to say,
 They look'd mighty foolish and queer;
 At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, "I pray,
 "Dear sir, that your peruke aside you wou'd lay,
 "And partake of some strong or small beer!"

The sempstress is silent; the stranger complies,
 And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull;
 Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave thro' surprize!
 Like a pig that is stuck, how she open'd her eyes,
 When she recogniz'd Jollop's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd up her snout,
 "Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!"
 The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
 And could not conceive what the noise was about,
 While the doctor address'd Sally Green.

"Behold me! thou jilt-flirt! behold me!" he cried,
 "You have broken the faith which you gave!
 "God grants, that to punish your falsehood and pride,
 "Over-eating should give you a pain in your side;
 "Come, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic the bride,
 "And send her well dosed to the grave!"

}

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd down,
 In spite of whate'er she could say,
 Then bore to his chariot the damsel so brown;
 Nor ever again was she seen in the town,
 Or the doctor who whisk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer; and none since that time,
 To make use of the brewhouse presumes;
 For 'tis firmly believ'd that, by order sublime,
 There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,
 And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite
 With shrieks make her chamber resound,
 "I won't take the rhubarb!" she squalls in affright,
 While a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
 Giles Jollop pursues her around!

The Idiot.

With wigs so well powder'd, their fees while they crave,
 Dancing round them, twelve doctors are seen ;
 They drink chicken broth, while this horrible stave
 Is twang'd thro' each nose,—“ To Giles Jollop the Grave,
 “ And his patient, the sick Sally Green !”

THE IDIOT.

WRITTEN BY W. SOUTHEY.

*The circumstance related in the following Lines, happened
 in Herefordshire.*

It had pleased God to form poor Ned,
 A thing of Idiot mind,
 Yet to the poor unreasoning man
 God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah lov'd her helpless child,
 Whom helplessness made dear,
 And life was happiness to him,
 Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
 Each half-artic'late call,
 And he was every thing to her,
 And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they dwelt,
 Nor knew a wish beside,
 But age at length on Sarah came,
 And she fell sick and died.

He tried, in vain, to 'waken her,
 And call'd her o'er and o'er ;
 They told him she was dead :—the sound
 To him no import bore.

They clos'd her eyes and shrouded her,
 And he stood wondering by,
 And when they bore her to the grave,
 He follow'd silently.

The Idiot.

They laid her in the narrow house,
They sung the fun'ral stave ;
But when the fun'ral train dispers'd,
He loiter'd by the grave.

The rabble boys, who used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,
Till night at last came on ;
And still he loiter'd by the grave,
Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He swift removed the clay,
And rais'd the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

And when he reached his hut, he laid
The coffin on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy,
He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse,
And placed it in a chair,
And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew
The kindling fire with care.

He plac'd his mother in her chair,
And in her wonted place,
And blew the kindling fire, that shone
Reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feel,
And now her face behold ;
“ Why, mother, do you look so pale,
“ And why are you so cold ? ”

It had pleas'd God, from the poor wretch
His only friend to call,
But God was kind to him, and soon
In death, restored him all.

THE MAID OF THE MOOR;
OR, LORD HOPPERGOLLOP'S COOK MAID
AND THE GARDENER'S GHOST.

A Comic, Burlesque-poetic, Mock-terrific Tale.

SELECTED AND ABRIDGED FROM COLMAN'S BROAD GRINS.

On a wild moor all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergollop's country house:
Neglected mansion; for 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
Four barbed steeds from the King's Head
Carried the master up to town.

Swift whirl'd the wheels, he's gone.—A rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wint'ry snows;
Sweet beauteous blossom, 'twas the cook.

A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the moor, thy charms demand,
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd save only she,
She by herself had been, if one
Had not been left for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil,
Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,
He always cut it up to boil.

A small mute favorite by day
Follow'd his step, where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bobtail cur is at his heels.

The Maid of the Moor.

Hard toil'd the youth so fresh and strong,
While Bobtail in his face would look,
And mark his master *trill* the song,
“ Sweet Molly Dumpling, O thou cook!”

Ah, not averse from love was she,
Tho' pure as heaven's snowy flake,
Both lov'd, and tho' a gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast, the night's obscure,
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack;
The sun had sunk, and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor, was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
Much did she fear, and much admire,
What Thomas, gard'ner, cou'd be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin,
But ah! no foot is heard to stir,
He comes not from the garden in,
Nor he, nor little Bobtail cur.

She paces thro' the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil,
Opens the huge door,—the hinges creak,
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice on the threshold of the hall
She “ Thomas!” cried with many a sob,
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly, “ Bob! Bob! Bob!”

Back through the hall she bent her way,
And all was solitude around;
The candle shed a feeble ray—
Tho' a large mould of four to the pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew,
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole,
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole.

The Maid of the Moor.

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd,—
A certain sign that fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen clock click'd, click'd,—
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose,
Her shadow did the maid appal;
She trembled at her lovely nose,
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair,
Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lord's stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause,
And o'er one half the world seem'd dead;
No curtain sleep had she—because
She had no curtains to her bed.

List'ning she lay,—with iron din
The clock struck twelve, the door flew wide,
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall like the poplar was his size;
Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks;
Red, red as beet-root were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks.

Soon as the spectre she espy'd,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
“What would my Thomas?”—he reply'd,
“Oh, Molly Dumpling, I am dead!

“All in the flower of youth I fell,
“Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd;
“I was not ill, but in a well
“I tumbled backwards and was drown'd.

“Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
“His faithful dog his fate doth share;
“We're fiends, this is not he, nor I;
“We are not here, for we are there.

An Occasional Prologue.

“ Yes, two foul water fiends are we :
 “ Maid of the moor, attend us now,
 “ Thy hour’s at hand, we come for thee : ”
 The fiend cur said, “ Bow, wow, wow ! ”

The fiends approach, the maid did shrink ;
 Swift thro’ the night’s foul air they spin ;
 They took her to the green well’s brink,
 And with a souse they plump’d her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
 Maids to this day their story tell,
 And hence the proverb rose, that truth
 Lies in the bottom of a well.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN ON OPENING A NEW THEATRE.

The stoic’s plan is futile, which requires,
 Our wants supplied, by lopping our desires.
 As well by this vague scheme might we propose,
 Cut off your feet, ’twill save the price of shoes.
 As well might we, thus courting public favour,
 To gain your plaudits, lop off all endeavour.
 The thought we spurn, be it our constant aim
 By assiduity to gain a name,
 Your approbation points the road to fame ;
 Each effort use, nor e’er a moment pause,
 To reap that golden harvest,—your applause.
 Sweet is the balm which *hope*’s kind aid bestows,
 To lighten grief, or mitigate our woes ;
 To raise desponding merit, banish fear,
 And from the trembler wipe the falling tear ;
 To diffidence inspire, its dread beguile,
 And doubt extinguish with a cheering smile ;
 That task be yours. My co-mates, with some dread,
 Depute me here, their willing cause to plead ;

 Tony Lumpkin's Ramble.

Your *fiat* must our future fates control,
 For here, our chief has "garner'd up his soul;"
 Eager to please, his throbbing heart beats high,
 By you depress'd, or swell'd to ecstasy;
 Then bid the phantom Fear at once depart,
 And rapture revel in his anxious heart.
 From you, ye fair, who gaily circling sit,
 The galaxy of beauty, and of wit;
 Or you gay goddesses, who lofty tow'r,
 And urge the laughing gods to cry "encore;"
 To critic man, no warm appeal we need,
 He'll sure applaud if beauty take the lead;
 And in the fair complacent smiles we view,
 Pleasure's unpleasing if unfelt by you,
 "Who ne'er withhold the tribute of applause
 "Which *merit* claims from truth's unerring laws,
 "But come determined well, each gen'rous breast,
 "To approve what's pleasing, and forgive the rest;
 "Laugh when you can, our drooping fires 'twill raise,
 "And nobly pardon where you cannot praise."

 TONY LUMPKIN'S RAMBLE.

You seem all to wonder, lord who is this bumpkin!
 Why that I'll soon tell you,—I be young 'Squire Lumpkin,
 Cousin *Con*, and my sister, they both have got married,
 And mother to church-yard heels foremost were carried.
 To leave old father *Hardcastle*, I thought no great sin,
 And with cash, and *Bet Bouncer*, the world to begin;
Bet wept like the rain, and did nothing but pout,
 When I told her for *Lunnun* I'd surely set out,
 But when that she found she was with me to go,
 For joy, 'gad she got almost—How came you so?
Lunnun—lord how I laugh'd at their *weals*, *winegars*, *toast-*
esses,
 And running their *fistesses* 'gainst the stone *postesses*;
 They said 'twas a fine place, and egad they were right,
 There is every thing there that can give you delight;

Tony Lumpkin's Ramble.

Yet little you'll get without money to buy it,
I hope none of us here'll have occasion to try it;
When gold is the crop, 'gad they know how to reap it,
Aye, and when they have got it, they know how to keep it.
The sights in the tower I thought very charming,
But *Bet* said the lions were monstrous alarming;
We saw the grand bank, and both the exchanges;
From the Parliament house, why we went to St. James's;
There we saw our good king, and says I, heaven bless him,
May none of his enemies ever distress him.
We return'd thro' the park, saw the waxwork and play,
And then to *Foxhall*, *Bet* and I jogg'd away;
There, says she, "Tony, may I die an old maid,
"If I don't go this night to the grand masquerade."
Our dresses we hired, popp'd into a coach,
But e'er to the rooms we cou'd make our approach,
A mob all surrounds us, and each like a hector
Roars out, "I say, sir, won't you tell us what's your character?"

In our masquerade dresses, we'd such fun and such glee,
With, "I'm sure I know you, pray don't you know me?"
When tired of dancing, to cards we sat down,
And I in my lawyer's big wig and black gown;
A Dutchman play'd commerce, a captain play'd brag,
A Quaker play'd whist, but I, like a wag,
From the top to the toe, as a lawyer array'd,
Beggar my neighbour, egad, was the game that I play'd.
We danced all the night, and slept all the next day,
Then awoke the next morning as jocund as May;
'Till of lions and tomb-stones, and such sights quite weary,
I sat out for Yorkshire, with *Betsy* my deary;
For thinks I, when at home that I open my mouth,
They shall find that the north I have seen well as south;
So without any pother, and in less than a minute,
Was the chaise at the door, and pop we were in it;
In two days and a half we arriv'd safe in this town,
I, as smart as you see, *Bet* in her no-bodied gown:
'Gad, she looks mighty pretty, so rosy and fat,
As she walks by my side in a little straw hat.

A Reckoning with Time.

To see all the fine sights, *Bet* makes a great rout,
 So 'till dinner was ready, why we saunter'd about;
 "We went over the bridge, saw the town-hall and church,*
 "Which seems to have left all the town in the lurch;
 "What a number of steps did *Bet* and I count,
 "'Gad, I thought to the skies we were going to mount.
 "We saw all the docks, the guard-house, and pier,
 "And at Clark's Golden Lion found very good cheer:
 "At dinner we'd plenty of what was in season,
 "Good wine, good attendance, and the bill was in reason."
 I thought that the best way to finish the day,
 Was to treat both myself and dear *Bet* to the play.
 Perhaps you may think that I'm full of my raillery,
 When I tell you I left her just now in the gallery:
 There she is, tho' she's lusty, I hope she don't throng ye,
 You may laugh, but by jingo *Bet Bouncer's* among ye.
 Coming down here to buy her some apples and pears,
 My old friend (the *Manager*) I met on the stairs;
 For all your kind favours I've oft heard him say,
 No words can express them, no language convey;
 On his true hearty thanks you may safely depend,
 And with life that his gratitude only will end,

A RECKONING WITH TIME.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Come on, old Time!—nay, that is stuff;—
 Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough,
 Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!
 But, tell me, Sand-man! ere thy grains
 Have multiplied upon my brains,
 So thick to make me stupid;—
 Tell me, Death's journeyman!—but no;
 Hear thou *my* speech;—I will not grow

* Whitby, in Yorkshire.

A Reckoning with Time.

Irrev'rent while I try it ;
For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
Thy forelock fills me with such dread,
I—*never take thee by it.*

List then, old *Is—Was—and—To-be!*
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me :—

Thou gav'st me, first, the measles ;
With teething would'st have ta'en me off,
Then mad'st me, with the hooping-cough,
Thinner than fifty weazles.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon now,
That Jenner combats on a cow ;)

And, then some seeds of knowledge ;
Grains of the grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thrash upon our tails,
To fit us for a college.

And, when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains, with sloe-juice port,

And lectures out of number :
There Freshman Folly quaffs, and sings,
While graduate Dulness clogs thy wings
With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave,)

I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me, from the schools, to town,
When I was *parachuted* down
A dapper Temple student.

Then, much in dramas did I look ;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord Coke ;

Congreve beat Blackstone hollow ;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale,
To supersede Apollo.

Ah, Time ! those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind ;
How cool is retrospection !

Time's Answer.

Youth's gaudy summer-solstice o'er,
 Experience yields a mellow-store,
 An autumn of reflection !

Why did I let the god of song
 Lure me from law, to join his throng,—
 Gull'd by some slight applauses ?
 What's verse to A when *versus* B ?
 Or what John Bull, a comedy,
 To pleading John Bull's causes ?

But, though my childhood felt disease,
 Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
 Some ragged muse has netted,—
 Still honest Chronos ! 'tis most true,
 To thee,—(and, faith, to *others*, too)
 I'm very much indebted :

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
 Inured me to each day that's rough,
 In hopes of calm to-morrow ;—
 And when, old Mower of us all,
 Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
 Some *FEW dear friends* will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose, or rhyme,
 Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
 Pray bid the stone engravers,
 Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
 Simply, to chisel on my tomb,
 “ *Thank Time for all his favours !* ”

TIME'S ANSWER

TO GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Dear George, thy retrospective glance
 Has checked me, in my mad advance,
 This old truth to arrive at :
 Of all who hunt for fame or gain,
 Or plough the meadow or the main,
 Not one—“ *contentus vivat.* ”

Time's Answer,

Think'st thou thy pow'rs, that charm the town,
Had gain'd like honour to the gown?

Ah, no! the field's too narrow.
Else in old Rufus' hall thy lungs,
Self buoyant in the war of tongues,
Had e'en out *garrow'd* GARROW.

Till wash'd within the bar, quite snug,
Humour is contraband—a drug—

For know, my honest fellow,
Young amorous barristers to bilk,
Wit, ere she sins in robes of silk,
Does penance in prunella.

Leave common law to common men,
Believe me, George, thy nervous pen

A brighter cause espouses.
Yok'd to the rumbling dray of law,
Let others empty pleadings draw,
'Tis thine to draw—full houses.

How many vot'ries of the Muse
My sand as blotting-paper use;

With politics some fill me.
While at a sing-song house, I'm told,
Where foreign *notes* are chang'd for gold,
Some *beat*, and others *kill* me.

Thou know'st my *little winning ways*,
I live by eating modern plays,
(A milk and water diet;)

But thou would'st starve me, selfish man!
Go gnaw thy pen—I never can—
'Twould break my teeth to try it.

When wilt thou write like other men?
Observe your brethren of the pen,

How scornfully I treat 'em,
Like oysters, (sorrowful to tell,)
Their plays no sooner quit the shell,
Than, *presto*,—*pass*,—I eat 'em.

Whilst others in oblivion waste
Time, the Ithuriel spear of taste,

Occasional Address.

Shall still thy dramas treasure ;
 They're one and all so truly good,
 That though they never give me food,
 They always give me pleasure.
 Thus sailing down life's eddying pool,
 My wings shall fan thy passions cool,—
 Psha ! cease this idle pother !
 My eyes draw dim—give me thy hand,
 One-half my glass is choak'd with sand,
 Let's fill with wine the other !

Long may'st thou flourish, wisely gay,
 Till my own forelock turns to grey:
 And when old Pluto's raven
 Shall croak thee to thy narrow room,
 The passenger, upon thy tomb,
 Shall read these lines engraven :

“ Within this monumental bed,
 Apollo's favourite rests his head ;
 Ye mourners cease your grieving ;
 A son the father's loss supplies ;
 Be comforted, though Colman dies,
 His ‘ *Heir at Law* ’ is living ! ”

A NEW OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

When the bleak winds in winter's hoary reign,
 Bind up the waters in his icy chain ;
 When round the pool the village youngsters meet,
 And try the frozen edge with tim'rous feet,
 The surface trembles, and the crackling noise
 Cows with wide-spreading fear faint-hearted boys ;
 Whilst one more vent'rous than the rest appears,
 Glides to the centre, and assur'd it bears,
 Rais'd on his skaites, the polish'd mirror skims,
 Nor dreads immersion deep, bruis'd bones, or broken limbs.
 Just such a vent'rer, trembling near the shore,
 Was I, when first I try'd this surface o'er

The Newcastle Apothecary.

With doubtful step, new to the slippery stage,
 I anxious wish'd, yet dreaded, to engage;
 Hope smiled auspicious, and assurance gave
 I should not meet a cold, o'erwhelming grave;
 Then from the shore my puny bark I push'd,
 Whilst your applause my loudest terrors hush'd;
 And to your candour trusting, still I glide
 Safely my bark 'long the unruffled tide;
 Your kind protection is the prosp'rous gale
 That speeds its voyage, and extends its sail:
 And whilst such fav'ring breezes happy blow,
 With all the aid indulgence can bestow,
 Be this her wish'd-for course—her grateful name,
 The Endeavour brig, bound for the port of Fame.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A man, in many a country town we know,
 Professing openly with Death to wrestle,
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
 Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks
 With all the love and kindness of a brother;
 So (many a suff'ring patient, faith,)
 Through the apothecary, fights with Death;
 Still, they're sworn friends to one another.
 A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Liv'd at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
 No man could better gild a pill,
 Or make a bill;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed;
 Or give a clyster;
 Of occupations these were *quantum suff*;
 Yet still he thought the list not long enough,

The Newcastle Apothecary.

And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't :
 This balanc'd things :—for if he hurl'd
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others into't.
 His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
 In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
 All the old women call'd him “ a fine man ! ”
 His name was Bolus.
 Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
 Read works of fancy, it is said,
 And cultivated the *belles lettres*.
 And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can't men have taste to cure a phthisic ?
 Of poetry though patron, god
 Apollo patronizes physic.
 Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.
 No opportunity he e'er let pass,
 Of writing the directions on his labels
 In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables* ;
 Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.
 Apothecary's verse ! and where's the treason ?
 'Tis simply honest dealing, not a crime ;
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.
 He had a patient lying at Death's door,
 Some three miles from the town, it might be four,
 To whom one evening Bolus sent an article
 In pharmacy, that's call'd carthartical,
 And, on the label of the stuff
 He wrote this verse,
 Which one would think was clear enough,
 And terse :
 “ WHEN TAKEN,
 “ TO BE WELL SHAKEN.”
 Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
 And to the patient's house he goes
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had ;

Cunning Isaac's Escape.

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack,

But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arriv'd ; and gave a *doubtful* tap,

Between a single and a double rap ;

Knocks of this kind

Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;

By fiddlers, and by opera singers :

One loud, and then a little one behind ;

As if the knocker fell by chance,

Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,

Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;

John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,

As if th' apothecary had physic'd him,

And not his master.

“ Well, how's the patient ? ” Bolus said,

John shook his head.

“ Indeed !—hum !—ha !—that's very odd !

“ He took the draught ?—John gave a nod.

“ Well—how ? What then ? speak out, you dunce.

“ Why then,” says John, “ we *shook* him once.”

“ Shook him ! how ? ” Bolus stammer'd out.

“ We jolted him about.”

“ Zounds ! shake a patient, man ! a shake won't do.”

“ No, Sir ; and so we gave him two.”

“ Two shakes ! odds curse !

“ 'Twould make the patient worse.”

“ It did so, Sir ; and so a third we tried.”

“ Well, and what then ? ” “ Then, Sir, my master died.”

CUNNING ISAAC'S ESCAPE
FROM THE DUENNA.

A COMIC-POETIC BAGATELLE, BY O'KEEFE.

Before you, behold debonair free and gay,

A beau just from Spain, from his wife run away ;

Cunning Isaac's Escape.

No slim macaroni—the ladies to teaze,
But Isaac, a cunning, smart and sharp Portugeeze ;
By art and age trick'd, my fortune for life
Was a termagant scold, in the shape of a wife ;
Ill-fashion'd, ill-natur'd, ill-featur'd, and old,
With neither health, wit, understanding, or gold.
From my bargain I therefore with haste made escape,
And through Seville most manfully cried out a rape ;
At my heels came my harridan roaring aloud,
On each side beset by the giggling crowd :
To the sea side she came, for her dear husband calling,
With tough lungs of leather-like Cerberus bawling.
She held by my cloak, which I shrewdly perceiving,
And assured were she drown'd 'twould not cause any grieving,
So away slipt my garment ; the waves quickly caught her ;
Like a porpus, I left her to flounce in the water,
Thence how she escap'd, whether now out or now in,
Among friends—her dear Isaac regards not a pin.
On ship-board I got, we quick hoisted all sail,
While old Margaret perhaps might be food for a whale ;
To the tit-bit he's welcome, for me there's no question,
And I heartily wish him a happy digestion ;
Most kind were the breezes which brought to this shore
Cunning Isaac, who ne'er thinks of leaving it more ;
Tho' my troubles since landing surpass all belief,
Yet I've prov'd altogether a smart little thief.
Thro' St. Paul's windy church-yard, 'midst uproar and pother,
Cries a voice, "Penknives, vatches, shoe-strings"—'twas
my brother.

With surprise somewhat struck, with vexation much more,
For we ne'er own relations who chance to be poor :
I wink'd slyly to him, he follow'd the beck,
And was close at my heels, with shop round his neck ;
He told me with tears of many sad failures
He had met with on shipboard, by trade with the sailors ;
To whom he sold vatches, at prices quite low,
Most excellent work, with no fault, but 'twont go ;
His tricks once detected, to a mummy they beat him,
Nay the tars once, like savages, threaten'd to eat him ;

Cunning Isaac's Escape.

“ In a hogshead of vinegar steep the old smouch,”
For with mustard, they swore, he'd make excellent sauce.
Thus basted and pickled, to London he came,
With the loss of his trinkets, half blind and half lame.
But this tale of my brother has led me astray,
I'll return to what further I met in my way :
In a street as I pass'd, the rabble came running,
Where a pick-pocket newly had practis'd his cunning ;
I waddled away, lest their rage I should meet,
And with squeezes and bumps, made my way through the
street ;
O'er a wheel-barrow handle, in my terror, I stumbled,
And into the channel head-forwards I tumbled :
The thief made his escape, “ stop thief !” still was the roar,
When that I was the thief, a fat fish-woman swore ;
As the circle around me grew bigger and bigger,
'Tis amazing what jests they bestowed on my figure :
A vintner, half-bursting, declared 'twou'd be fun,
To place me, like Bacchus, astride of a tun ;
And if I were hung at his door as a sign,
He should get more by me, than he could by his wine :
Then a whole groupe of 'prentices (impudent cubs,)
Vow'd like nothing I look'd, but a foul knave of clubs ;
Still, that *I* was the thief, they all ventured to swear,
And were going to take me before the lord-mayor :
By good luck, at last, I wip'd off the aspersion,
But the dirt still stuck close, for the rabble's diversion,
So vow'd thro' the streets no longer I'd roam,
And a snug hackney-coach convey'd me safe home :
Then I dress'd me in haste, my respects to pay here,
For you know in that pickle I could not appear.
That my person is handsome, you'll make no denial,
Tho' my impudent wife said 'twas like a base-viol ;
My round belly was swell'd with a dropsy, she said,
And my countenance look'd like a sick baboon's head :
There's a wife for a gentleman ; and what is still worse,
To make up for't, she brought not a sous in her purse ;
Had she not wanted coin, lack of charms had ne'er teaz'd me,
Tho' her looks might have frighten'd, her gold would have
pleas'd me,

Care Nonsuited.

Sir Crippid Crampshank, all alive to love,
Exclaims.—(*Mimicks.*)—"I'll wedded be—I will, by
Jove!

"To some young virgin too!—for gold I've plenty,
"And then for age—I'm only four times twenty:
"That's young enough—pooh!—faith, I'm quite a boy,
"With health, and vigour, for an age of joy!"

His folly mark:—Blindfold by dotage led,
Conducts some bar-maid to the nuptial bed,
Who soon plants antlers on his empty head. }

Next for elopement ripe Miss Pert appears,
Woman in fancy, though a child in years;
Burst from the leading-string and curb of school,
Resolves papa and ma' no more shall rule.
"Monsieur Chapeau," cries miss, "you mark the time,
"At twelve the third-floor window we must climb."
"Ah! hah! ma chere amie, je vous entendre;
"Tout suite me av de post-chay—Vite allons."

By matrimonial trip, to Gretna-Green,
She's dancing-master wed before fifteen.
Their moon now waning—wanting new supplies,
Miss pardon craves—for cash Monsieur applies:
Rejected both; refus'd a small advance,
Monsieur leaves her to starve, and flies to France.

Uniting ev'ry grace, Miss Hogface Humpey,
Squint-eyed—stump-tooth'd—with nose and chin maunch
mumpey,

Fresh from the toilet, where four hours in waste
She sat, to bribe old Time with paints and paste.
By love assail'd, and true to assignation,
Steals forth to meet her swain,—all palpitation!

(*Mimicks her.*)—"Oh! my poor heart—dear Sir—I
shall expire!

"My scarlet-blushing cheeks are all on fire!

"Say that you love me!"—(*Sighs.—Mimicks her.*)—

"Angels catch that sigh!

"When I love you not—damme, let me die!

"On thee, my tender lamb, my soul shall—*glutton.*—

"Damme, I had her there as—dead as mutton!

Address to Miss Pickle.

“Quick let us fly to hymeneal delights,
 “In joy to pass our days, in bliss our nights.”

By wedlock rous'd, from this wild dream of bliss !
 She breaks her glass—he keeps a fav'rite miss :
 She vents her curses on her faithless mate,
 For whom she held no charm but her estate.

Squire Punch-bowl Muz, with knaves and sots connected,
 Despised by many, and by none respected ;
 King of the kitchen, and the prince of smokers,
 He sits supreme, 'midst midnight rev'lling jokers.

“You say I lost that game,—I say 'twas Ben :
 “He play'd trump-ace, upon my master ten !
 “Damn this all-fours.—(*Hic !*)—Puts the game for fun !
 “That's always lost before the game's begun.
 “Come, Master Bodkin—come, my boy—a song ;
 “That about the Times ! how the folks are wrong !
 “Humph !—eh !—that's good !—(*As if from a Doze.*)—
 Never heard that before ;

“Bravo, my lad !—that's deep ! damme—*hand core !*”

This Squire believ'd (in his profound discerning !)
 All-fours required the last extent of learning :
 And when, at last, our Bacchus-moulded wight,
 Drunk, Ribo-like, had bade the world good-night,
 No pitying friend, or relative bedew'd
 His bloated corpse, or wish'd his life renew'd.

But soft !—to case in point, from which digressing,
 Prince Prologue suffers outrage past expressing.
 So now proceed on brief,—move court,—find clause
 To nonsuit Care, by act—of your applause.

An English jury, English laws its guide,
 First hear the cause, its merits then decide—
 An English audience, English candour sways,
 For candour sits as judge, of players and plays.

A COMIC ADDRESS TO MISS PICKLE.

And read to her in the Character of Tag.

“In her excellent white bosom these.”——
 To that angelic, immaculate, divine, most refulgent, scin-

Care Nonsuited.

Sir Crippid Crampshank, all alive to love,
Exclaims.—(*Mimicks.*)—"I'll wedded be—I will, by
Jove!

"To some young virgin too!—for gold I've plenty,
"And then for age—I'm only four times twenty:
"That's young enough—pooh!—faith, I'm quite a boy,
"With health, and vigour, for an age of joy!"

His folly mark:—Blindfold by dotage led,
Conducts some bar-maid to the nuptial bed,
Who soon plants antlers on his empty head. }

Next for elopement ripe Miss Pert appears,
Woman in fancy, though a child in years;
Burst from the leading-string and curb of school,
Resolves papa and ma' no more shall rule.
"Monsieur Chapeau," cries miss, "you mark the time,
"At twelve the third-floor window we must climb."
"Ah! hah! ma chere amie, je vous entendre;
"Tout suite me av de post-chay—Vite allons."
By matrimonial trip, to Gretna-Green,
She's dancing-master wed before fifteen.

Their moon now waning—wanting new supplies,
Miss pardon craves—for cash Monsieur applies:
Rejected both; refus'd a small advance,
Monsieur leaves her to starve, and flies to France.

Uniting ev'ry grace, Miss Hogface Humpey,
Squint-eyed—stump-tooth'd—with nose and chin maunch
mumpey,

Fresh from the toilet, where four hours in waste
She sat, to bribe old Time with paints and paste.
By love assail'd, and true to assignation,
Steals forth to meet her swain,—all palpitation!

(*Mimicks her.*)—"Oh! my poor heart—dear Sir—I
shall expire!

"My scarlet-blushing cheeks are all on fire!

"Say that you love me!"—(*Sighs.—Mimicks her.*)—

"Angels catch that sigh!

"When I love you not—damme, let me die!

"On thee, my tender lamb, my soul shall—*glutton.*—

"Damme, I had her there as—dead as mutton!

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 Address to Miss Pickle.

tillating, luminous, and all vivifying constellation of virgin excellence, and saint-like purity, these prolific, effervescent, exuberant effusions of an ardent and faithful muse, are dedicated with the deepest profundity of shining respect, and blazing admiration, to Miss Bridget Pickle, by her most enslaved admirer, Augustus Nero Hannibal Scipio Tag.

Oh! Billy Cupid hear my prayer,
 And aid a wretched love-sick player,
 Whose heart to rags with love is torn,
 And scratch'd with doubts scarce to be borne;
 Whose soul is harrow'd up with grief,
 Till naught but Pickle gives relief!
 Not pickled onions, 'tis I mean;
 Nor pickled cabbage, red nor green;
 Nor pickled girkins, small nor big;
 Nor pickled pork, nor pickled pig;
 Nor pickled tarragan, nor samphire!
 'Tis purer far, than pickled camphire!
 Not pickle brought from foreign shore,
 Nor any pickle known before!
 A pickle 'tis, in all complete,
 And when at table, served up neat,
 Its beauties, I perforce must own,
 Surpasses beef, when roasted brown;
 Or turkies, pigeons, snipes, wild-geese,
 Wood-cocks, or widgeons, ducks and peas.
 But pickle, ad infinitum bright,
 A constellation,—blaze of light,—
 'Tis brightest day, 'midst darkest night!—
 A pickle 'tis of virgin fame,
 And Bridget Pickle is its name.

Then Billy Cupid be not fickle,
 Inspire the heart of sweet Miss Pickle,
 To reap love's harvest with thy sickle,
 Oh! Pickle! Pickle! Pickle! Pickle!

DEBATES ON THE STATE OF THE NATION,

IN A POLITICAL CLUB,

Consisting of a Baker, a Barber, a Tailor, a Grocer, an Innkeeper, a Perfumer, and a Chelsea Pensioner.

In describing a Political Club, I shall endeavour to personify the characters of a Baker, a Butcher, a Barber, a Tailor, a Grocer, an Innkeeper, a Perfumer, and a Chelsea Pensioner, who were all lately deeply engaged in giving their sentiments on the state of the nation.

The first who began was Bobby Raspall, the baker; he said, "In my opinion, the nation is undone like a once-baked biscuit, and if the people don't keep tally with the ministry, they are all cakes."

Ben Knucklebone, the butcher, observed, "May I never go to market again, if I don't think we are all a parcel of calves, or else we shou'd petition the minister to knock down all forestalling before we are all cut up and laid out as dead as mutton."

Neddy Lather'em, the barber, stated, "I am sure the nation was never so much in the suds as at present, but I suppose the ministry means to engross all the trade of barbering himself, or else he would not, under the pretence of powdering the hair, shave so closely all his Majesty's subjects."

Tim Fit'em, the tailor, said, "Well, now I do declare, that I think the nation is now come to the fag end of its consequences. O, that I had some of her leading ones here, I'd trim their jackets with such a basting as they never had before; I'd teach 'em to take away the tailors' privilege of cabbaging; they shou'd no longer fill their hell of a budget with what should feed and clothe the nation; no, I'd make 'em twist, with a good measuring, until I had suited them to their hearts' content."

Bob Souchong, the tea-dealer and grocer, differed from all the rest. He observed, "Now I think our ministry are the best and wisest of men; don't you think the fra-

Drunken Oration.

grant odours of tea are much more wholesome and pleasant than the intoxicating fumes of tobacco."

"No!" exclaimed Sam Shortcut, "for tobacco has saved the lives of thousands, whom tea would otherwise have destroyed. But you don't care a fig about the nation, so you can get a plumb; but I'll have a rap at your cannister, I warrant you."

"No difference among gentlemen," cried Tom Larder, the innkeeper, "but hear me. I compare the nation to a broad-wheel'd waggon. Now isn't it as how very possible for this waggon to be overloaded, and so break down? No, you'll say, not if it has an iron axle-tree. Why, you blockhead, won't iron and steel wear out? Well, but however, if it won't break down, isn't it possible, from the neglect of the driver, it may tumble into the Pit? Now, how are you in that case to get it out of this Pit? you don't know; I know you don't know, for if you did, you'd be as cunning as a Fox."

Matty Mareschal, the perfumer, being more deeply affected by the powder-tax than any barber could possibly be, could not avoid giving his sentiments on the present occasion. "I think," says he, "the nation was never so dressed as it has been since the tax on hair-powder. What could be his antipathy to our white and brown powder? They never killed, like his battle powder, thousands by thousands. If he had meant to have served his country, he should have taxed the use of gun-powder, which would have saved not only the money, but the lives of the people."

"Hold! hold!" said a Chelséa Pensioner, "what, tax gun-powder? honour and glory forbid! No, let us have gun-powder free, while we have a soldier or sailor to use it in defence of his country!"

A DRUNKEN ORATION.

So here I am—here I am as drunk as a prince, and as sober as a judge.—(*Hiccups.*)—I like to keep it up.—(*Pulls out a paper.*)—Let me see, how far it is from the

Drunken Oration.

first of May to the foot of Lunnun-bridge—splice my vitals if that an't downright navigation and can't be dissolved.

My wife is one of the cleverest men in our parish, she always makes her mutton pies of beef steaks, but she lost her cuckold to spit 'em with, and damn me if I wasn't behind her the whole time. But here was a joke! for the cost of the whole was but five shillings, and we paid them a crown, but the man that had the cash ran away with the money. I don't like the guillotine, because it takes away one's breath.

My maid says our Tom cat has pupp'd! the devil she has, says I, and the cat laugh'd. I went t'other day to see Mr. Sharp; who should come in but Mr. Flat, but there's no seeing him he's so fat, for he hid himself behind the hair broom. What a happy country do we live in, we all have the lib—liberty of getting d—drunk, and the pip—privilege of paying for it—(I likes fun) so as I was saying, we drove a blind horse into a china shop.

When I was a boy, I always thought I should cut a fine figure in history, and be a great man, and have as many lives as Dr. Johnson, for damn me if I didn't learn the vulgar tongue without grammar. Well, I always reverence an English jury, for their great understanding: my cousin Sam was indicted for a rape, and splice my vitals if they didn't bring it in she—sheep stealing.—(*Takes up a paper.*)—Wanted by the office of ordnance, Whitehall, several ton of brimstone,—the only Dutch merchant to contract with for that, is the devil.

Let me see, my moon informs me, that last Good Friday is next Easter Monday! What a good thing it is to be an accountant: I forgot to remember to tell ye what a wonderful memory I have; I always know, by my wife, when it's high water at Cuckold's Point; and she will have it the shortest day is too long by a yard and a half; but I am so doatingly fond of her, that if she long'd for arsenic, I'd go ten miles but what she should have it. They can't deceive me in nautical affairs, for I understand Greek as much as Hebrew, and can always find out a tavern in Lunnun by the map of York.

 Prologue spoken by Garrick.

What a fine thing it is to be charitable like a bishop; I give a great deal away, but it is always to myself, for there's nobody knows the world better than I do, because as how I have travelled; I've been three times to Bath in a Gravesend boat, and twice to Margate, to bathe and drink water: as for my money, I'm so cunning, I always put that in a tooth-pick case, for fear of the lawyers. But as I study temperance, chastity, and sob—sobriety, I know of no shell-fish better for a man to eat than pigeon pie; so as I have dined, all the other emperors in Europe may go to dinner.

Here waiter, waiter, bring me a dish of water, and a glass of coffee, slice me like a lemon and chuck me in. I love's good punch. Keep it up, keep it up! Bucks have at ye all. This is life, damme!—(*Sings.*)—

I'm a lad full of punk, thro' the garden I reel,
 And for tipping, I'm always the sort;
 Bowls, glasses, and watchmen my courage all feel,
 By the vot'ries of Bacchus I'm taught;
 Keep it up, keep it up, with a song let us boast!
 For chaunting and drinking's divine!
 Fill the bowl with good nectar, I'll give you a toast;
 "May we never want women and wine."
 (Now I'll go home steadily to the Sha—Shakspeare)
 "May we never want women and wine."

 PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
 And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Prologue spoken by Garrick.

Then *Jonson* came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule ;
 His studious patience, and laborious art,
 By regular approach, essay'd the heart ;
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays ;
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise,
 A mortal born—he met the general doom,
 But left, like *Egypt's* kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of *Charles* found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wish'd for *Jonson's* art, or *Shakspeare's* flame,
 Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ,
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit ;
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend,
 They pleas'd their age, and did not mean to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days ;
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;
 Till Shame regain'd the post that *Sense* betray'd,
 And *Virtue* call'd *Oblivion* to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years, the powers of tragedy declin'd ;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till *Declamation* roar'd, while *Passion* slept :
 Yet still did *Virtue* deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though *Nature* fled.
 But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great *Faustus* lay the ghost of *Wit* ;
 Exulting *Folly* hail'd the joyful day,
 And *Pantomime* and *Song* confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage ?
 Perhaps if skill and distant times explore,
 New *Behns*, new *Durfeys*, yet remain in store ;
 Perhaps where *Lear* has rav'd and *Hamlet* died,
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride ;
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)
 Here *Hunt** may box, or *Mahomett*† may dance.

* A famous stage boxer.

† A rope dancer.

The Barber's Petition.

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste,
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate, our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws the drama's patron's give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence,
Of rescu'd Nature, and reviving Sense ;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth, and salutary Woe ;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

THE BARBER'S PETITION,

A COMIC-POETIC BAGATELLE :

WITH HIS WHIMSICAL DEFENCE OF WIGS ;

Particularly the Lover's Wig—the Doctor's Wig—the Counsellor's Wig—the Coachman's Wig—and his Own Wig.

(*Speaks without.*)—Peace, peace, good wife; or if thy tongue
wont stop,

Keep thou the parlour, and I'll keep the shop.

(*Enters.*)—So that storm's weather'd, safe now into harbour,
I'm at your service, gents,—(*Bows.*)—A village barber ;

My name is Joseph, but 'tis fit you know,

Boys, in derision, call me barber Joe :

Thus introduced, with leave, I'll lay before ye,

A barber's simple, but unhappy story ;

Gents, I am married :—first, let me be sure,

My wife's not list'ning t'other side the door :—

No, no, all's safe, she's busied in the charms

Of four fine daughters, and a son in arms ;

A fine fat bouncing boy, and wond'rous fair,

As like his daddy, too, as he can stare ;

The Barber's Petition.

The girls all like mamma, and, on my life,
Venus is not much handsomer than my wife ;
A happier pair I'm sure there could not be,
Did we not somehow always disagree ;
If I am mute, 'tis well ; but if I'm bold,
Then she, Lord bless us, is an arrant scold :
'Tis true, at this I should not much repine,
'Tis many a good man's lot, as well as mine ;
But when my wife, in bold defiance, dares
To snatch the wig from off my very ears,
My pride can't bear it, I can't then be mute ;
The wig—my wig's a serious subject for dispute ;
She wants this comely bob, judge, is it fair ?
Cast off, and I, a barber too, to dress my hair !
“ But no, good wife,” cries I, “ rather shall Joe
“ His lifetime in a flannel night-cap go ;
“ Rather shall French friseurs, with foreign face on,
“ Hang out for sign the barber's pole and bason,
“ Than I, a barber, frizzle locks
“ On any but my own plain simple blocks.”
“ Pooh !” cries my wife, “ be quiet, prithee do,
“ As fashions alter, we must alter too ;
“ Throw by the bob then, Joe, or devil take me,
“ If once I get fair hold on't, but I'll make ye.”
Rous'd, I reply'd, “ No mill-clack sure runs faster
“ Than that pert tongue of thine, 'gainst lord and master ;
“ Abuse aught else,—I value it not a fig ;
“ But prithee, wife, remember this,—a wig's a wig !”
Excuse my warmth, good folks, 'twixt man and wife,
Less things than *wigs* have caus'd a deal of strife.
I keep this shop, and doubtless you'll agree,
It were but gratitude the shop kept me ;
But no, the heads that used to be all bald and bare,
Now overgrown are with a fleece of hair :
To you, then, I present my just petition,
Will you wear wigs, and better my condition ?
Pray do, good folks, necessity is pressing,
Get your heads shav'd, and prithee leave off dressing
My wife, perhaps, may cease to scold and grumble,
My shop may thrive, and I shall be your humble.

The Barber's Petition.

Besides, from wigs, your merry smiling faces
 Will gain sure all imaginable graces;
 With leave, I'll prove it; and, like poets, big
 With theme sublime, tho' mine's an humble wig,
 I'll raise my voice, and in a barber's song,
 Chaunt all the praises that to wigs belong.

CHAUNT.

Of all the gifts dame Nature gives, and mighty man possesses,
 Tho' varied as they well can be, none equal to the face is;
 Yet wigs you must allow, nay I'll prove it by example,
 Lend force to every feature, and this bob is my sample;
 'Tis a pretty bob, and gives the face a sort of a *Moderation*.

I call this bob the Lover's Wig, because you see it made is,
 To play the very devil with the hearts of all the ladies;
 Nay, smile not, you'd scarce think it, but without the least
 design,

Scores of females have felt the power of this little bob of mine;
 Because, when I've smiled from under it, I've seen 'em all
 in a *Twitteration*.

Would you your Chloe's heart besiege, as soldiers do a city,
 First arm your heads, as mine is now, I warrant Joe shall
 fit ye;

Then from each eye let glances fly, thus, as it were, at
 random;

If lovers would but attack in wigs, the ladies could not
 withstand 'em;

Because, an ogle or a leer from a bob, puts their hearts in a
Palpitation.

To a Doctor, when he his patient asks to swallow draught
 or pill,

This wig would give a simple face a monstrous deal of skill;
 Each muscle full of gravity, what wisdom in the eye;

Pray, where's the doctor's wisdom, now the wig's thrown by?
 All simplicity, all vacant like mine, and full of *Stupification*.

This blockhead, now a lawyer, a moment let's suppose,
 All tricks and cases, quirks and statutes, mighty well he knows,
 This wig denotes him Counsellor, and wise he does appear;
 Unwigg'd, and he's empty as any blockhead standing here;

The Barber's Petition.

So you see in a lawyer, as well as a doctor, it's the wig makes all the *Alteration*.

With this snug knowing wig, pray let me now approach ye, It would, (that is, if it could but speak,) say it was made for Coachy.

Thus wigs give character to men, I speak it not in raillery, Without this wig, who'd know that was a coachman in the gallery,—

I don't mean that gemman with his arm round the lady's waist, and his face full of love and *Agitation*.

And to married folks, whose wives delight to scold and domineer,

I fain would speak a word or two in private in their ear: Let all your heads be closely shav'd,—and shaving, too, will cool 'em;

For depend on it, when your locks are off, your wives can never pull 'em;

Besides, the heads of married men should always be cool, clear, and in *Moderation*.

But stop, I fain would speak two words; I hope, good folks, you'll bear 'em;

Who'd rather part with powder'd locks, than give you gold to wear 'em?

Since you no longer need the puff, nor will be guinea-pigs, Oh, keep poor Joe! assist his trade,—and let him make your wigs,

Without a dust of power, for then you'd still be liable to *Taxeration*.

The times are monstrous hard, good lack! no frizzing in the nation,

But yet I hope, for poor Joe's sake, beards won't go out of fashion;

If you'll entrust him with your chins, all dangers he will brave,

And then, sirs, as in duty bound, honest Joe will ever—shave,

For a penny, cut hair for two-pence; with good razor, smoking hot lather, clean cloth, and all to *Admiration*.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

A TALE :—WRITTEN BY J. TAYLOR, ESQ.

And spoken by Mr. Fawcett.

There liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least, some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd Tom King !
A fellow, that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone ;
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood
Would crowd, his stories and bon-mots to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown ;
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er edge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left his game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials height :—
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the numerous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans ;
Known at that time by name of Refugees :
The rod of persecution, from their home
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam ;
And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were saunt'ring thro' the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,

Monsieur Tonson.

When, in a window near, a light they view;
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,—
 (The time, we may suppose, near two o'clock,)

“ I'll ask, (says King,) if Thompson lodges here ;”

“ Thompson ! (cries t'other,) who the devil's he ?”

“ I know not, (King replies,) but want to see

“ What kind of animal will now appear.”

After some time, a little Frenchman came,
 One hand display'd a rush-light's trembling flame,

The other held a thing they call culotte ;

An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,

A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,

Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,

And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,

Bending his head politely to his knee :

“ Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ?

“ I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vate ;

“ Pray, tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me ?”

“ Sir, (replied King,) I merely thought to know,

“ As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go,—

“ But, really, I've disturb'd your sleep, I fear ;

“ I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,

“ Among the folks who in this street may dwell,

“ If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here ?”

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find

The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,

Shrugg'd out a sigh ! that thus his rest should break ;

Then, with unaltered courtesy he spake,

“ No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.”

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,

While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed ;

But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,

Monsieur Tonson.

So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break, once more, the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before ;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.

King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain,
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last, King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what friend again disturb'd his sleep :

The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes,
“ Is there—a Mr. Thompson lodges here ? ”

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright,
“ Vy, sare, I'm sure I tell you, sare, last night,
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)

“ No Monsieur Tonson in de varld I know,

“ No Monsieur Tonson here,—I told you so,

“ Indeed, sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought, once more, repose.

The rogue, next night, pursu'd his old career ;
’Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a pitious cry,

“ Sare, pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,

Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster ;
Anxious she strove his errand to inquire ;

“ He said, ’twas vain, her pretty tongue to tire,

“ He should not stir till he had seen her master.”

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,

And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day ;
King told her, “ she must fetch her master down,

Monsieur Tonson.

“ A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
“ But first, had much of deep concern to say.”

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,

Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay;
At last, he wakes—he rises—and he swears,

But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,

When King attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,

To this tormentor mildly to complain,

And strait in rage his crest began to rear :

“ Sare, what de devil make you treat me so ?

“ Sare, I inform you, sare, tree nights ago,

“ Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife

Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,

Which should descend to chase the fiend away ;

At length, to join their forces they agree,

And strait impetuously they turn the key,

Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,

Collected to receive the mighty shock !

Utt'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood.

The name of Thompson rais'd the storm so high,

He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly ;

With, “ well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.”

In short, our hero, with the same intent,

Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went ;

So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :

They threw out water—for the watch they call—

But King expecting, still escapes from all ;

Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,

On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime ;

Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot,

At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,

He treads again on Britain's happy shore,

And his long absence is at once forgot.

 Garrick's Farewell Address.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well known haunt to trace ;
 " Ah ! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
 " My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead ;
 " Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes, he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
 Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !
 Had ta'en his old abode that very day ;
 Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears !
 The waistcoat, and the night-cap, seem'd the same,
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright ;
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore ;
 Then, starting, he exclaim'd in rueful strain,
 " By Got, here's Monsieur Tonson come again !"
 Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more.

 GARRICK'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It has been customary with persons, under my circumstances, to address you in a Farewell Epilogue: I had the intention, and turned my thoughts that way, but found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it—the jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment ; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon that spot, where

The Double Transformation.

that kindness and those favours were enjoyed.—(*Here, for a moment, he was unable to proceed, until relieved by a flood of tears.*)—Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impressions I have of your kindness will always remain here,—(*Putting his hand to his breast,*)—fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their stations than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your most obedient and grateful humble servant.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE :—WRITTEN BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Secluded from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;
 A fellowship at twenty-five,
 Made him the happiest man alive;
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
 And fresh-men wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
 Could any accident impair?
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
 Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
 O, had the archer ne'er come down,
 To ravage in a country town!
 Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
 O, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
 O!—but let exclamation cease;
 Her presence banish'd all his peace:
 So with decorum all things carried,
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
 The raptures of the bridal night?

The Double Transformation.

Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?
Let it suffice, that each had charms :
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like light'ning flew ;
The second brought its transports too :
A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;
The fifth was friendship, mix'd with bliss :
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still, the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle ;
'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency, so fine a thing ?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting :
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee :
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown :

The Double Transformation.

He fancies ev'ry vice she shews,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose ;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes ;
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
And, tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife,
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r,
Withers the beauty's transient flow'r.
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare,
Levell'd its terror at the fair ;
And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright :
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
To smooth her skin, and hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled, to behold,
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery, is seen,
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature ev'ry day :

The Effusions of Fancy.

Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE EFFUSIONS OF FANCY;
OR, 'TIS BUT A DREAM.

A HUMOROUS DRAMATIC VISION.

Tir'd with the tedious service of the stage,
The wrongs of Lear, and Zanga's vengeful rage;
Some friendly elbow chair receiv'd my weight,
Where, propp'd before the near-exhausted grate,
I clos'd my drowsy eyes, and snor'd in state. }
Methought I stood amidst a spacious court
Of antic shapes, a general resort;
Where high advanced imperial Garrick sat,
In all the mockery of mimic state:
Here rang'd the fool, the pedant, and the page,
With lisp'ing infancy and bearded age:
But passing vulgar times regardless by,
Towards the throne I cast a wond'ring eye,
Where stood a matchless form, brimful of mirth,
The god of humour presided at his birth;
Of ample bulk, round paunch, and jocund face,
The first in excellence, as first in place;
And thus he cry'd—"Boy, bring a cup of sack—
"Plague on all cowards—Go thy ways old Jack,
"Die when thou wilt, if courage ben't forgot,
"Cramp this full carcase in a gallipot;
"Well, soon or late, old honesty must die—
"Come,—t'other cup, you, fill, for sorrow's dry." *

Close to the pamper'd knight, a fustian knave,
In praise heroic loudly seem'd to rave;
Big were his looks, and stately was his stride,
Like dunghill cock, majestically wide.
"Base Phrygian Turk!" he thus began to rant,
"Shall Pistol yield? No, by the gods he shan't!

* Sir John Falstaff in Henry IVth.

The Effusions of Fancy.

"First crush, consume my stout Herculean blade,
 "Bankrupt the Fates, and cheat 'em of their trade."*

The next, which neither male or female seem'd,
 A mere naturæ lusus might be deem'd ;
 For woman's soul inspired the soul of man,
 And thus the dubious animal began :

"How can you serve me so, you naughty *creeter* ?

"I vow, miss, you're the giddiest thing in *nater*.

"Egad you've flurry'd me to such a tune,

"That—lud !—my drops, my drops, or I shall swoon !" †

Rage, grief, distraction pictur'd in his face,
 Here hobbling Av'rice next unfolds his case.

"Rogues ! rascals ! thieves !—I'm dead, murdered, slain !

"My gold ! my gold ! give me my gold again ?

"What ? who ? where ? I'm into madness hurl'd ;

"I'll hang, drown, burn myself and all the world." ‡

The next a Pop, ordain'd to shine a peer,
 To move in vanity's exalted sphere,
 And with soft nonsense charm the female ear. }

Light was his heels, yet lighter was his head,

And thus he spoke, while thus his nose he fed :

"Gads curse ! this quality's a charming thing,

"O' the delight of park, play, ball, and ring—

"Your ladyship's slave—My lord, I kiss your hand—

"Well, stap my vitals now, 'tis vastly grand." ||

Not far, with awkward air and shambling pace,
 A genuine son of Nature took his place,

The simple wit of some unletter'd race ;—

"Weast heart !" he cry'd, "I'm glad I've fun ye out ;

"Laud ! measter, measter ! such a waundy rout ;

"Some devil's prank or other aw th'long day :

"Well, marcy on us, whoam is whoam, I say." §

The next, an honest, tho' a formal fool,
 Who spoke by method, and who laugh'd by rule ;

* Pistol in Henry IVth. † Fribble in Miss in her Teens.

‡ Lovegold in The Miser.

|| Lord Foppington in The Trip to Scarborough.

§ John Mordgast in The Provok'd Husband.

The Effusions of Fancy.

Each step, each look was uniformly just,
And ev'ry step was measur'd by the first.

"He! he! he! your worship has no par—

"You'll pardon me for being jocular;

"Albeit there are three reasons good, therefore,

"First, nature willeth—stay, let's shut the door."*

Not least in name, appear'd amidst the ring,
The face of Winter in the garb of Spring;
Taste rul'd his head, and gallantry his heart;
Age and disease possess'd each other part.

"This cursed cough! here, Brush, the eau de luce,—

"So, pretty well—Canton, you dog, the news?

"Hey, by the lord, this girl has made me new,

"All powerful love can ever pain subdue,—

"O curse that twinge! the deuce, 'twill never do."†

Starch'd was the next, and strait was every lock,
The simple shepherd of a simpler flock;
By cant misled, and vague eccentric bawl,
He cries—"I wants to preach—I've had a call.—

"We used to keep a shop, sell beer and gin;

"But I don't now, I thinks it is a sin;

"So now I prays, and reads, and prays again,

"And now they says, as how I've turn'd my brain,"‡

Here thro' the court a murm'ring laugh was heard,
When, lo, a son of comic mirth appear'd;
Rous'd from the midnight slumbers of his bed,
One stocking grac'd his heel, and one his head.
"Thieves! murder! popery!" loud roar'd the knave,
"Oh, dear sir, take my life, spare all I have:
"Down on your marrow-bones! O lord! O lord!
"Just five and forty, sir, with fire and sword."||

The next a motley slave, whose sable face
Bespoke a man of Afric's sooty race,
Beneath a pond'rous hamper seem'd oppress'd,
And thus the loit'ring rogue himself address'd.

* Vellum in *The Drummer*.

† Lord Ogleby in *The Clandestine Marriage*.

‡ Maw-worm in *The Hypocrite*. || Scrub in *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

Speculation.

“ Dam old massa, now ! curse him heart,—old head !
 “ Send me one devil errand ; till me dead ;
 “ Here, dere, up, down, by day, by night—old dog !
 “ He make me toily, like a mule by gog.”*

And now by phrenzy forc’d a ghost to follow,
 Was seen a prince, a gentleman and scholar ;
 Whose filial duty wrought his troubled mind,
 His father’s foe and murderer to find.
 The players ready, urg’d by his direction,
 Hold forth the bane of woman’s disaffection.
 A father kill’d ; what son this act can pardon ?
 His name Gonzago—murder’d in the garden.

“ Let the stricken deer go weep,
 “ The hart ungall’d go play ;
 “ Some will watch while others sleep,
 “ So runs the world away.”†

Thus far mine eye receiv’d the mimic crowd,
 When, lo ! the nightly watchman bawling loud,
 With wonted accent roar’d “ past one o’clock,”
 That frighted Fancy trembled at the shock ;
 The powerful sound upon my slumber broke,
 I started, rubb’d my eyes, and so awoke.

SPECULATION ;

Or, A New Way of saving a Thousand Pounds.

Hazard, a careless fellow, known
 At every gambling-house in town,
 Was oft in want of money, yet
 Could never bear to run in debt ;
 Because, ’tis thought, no man was willing
 To give him credit for a shilling.
 Dependent on Dame Fortune’s will,
 He threw the dice, or well or ill ;
 This day in rags, the next in lace,
 Just as it happen’d, six or ace ;

* Mungo in *The Padlock*. † Hamlet.

Speculation.

Was often times, when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner.
One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
Had stripp'd him of his last half-crown,
Saunt'ring along in sorry mood,
Hungry perhaps for want of food,
A parlour window struck his eye,
'Thro' which our hero chanc'd to spy
A jolly round-fac'd personage,
Somewhat about the middle age,
Beginning a luxurious meal,
For 'twas a noble loin of veal ;
And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention ;
" Surely," thought he, " I know that face,
" I've seen it at some other place ;
" I recollect, 'twas at the play,
" And there I heard some people say,
" How rich this fellow was, and what
" A handsome daughter he had got ;
" That dinner would exactly do,
" A loin of veal's enough for two ;
" Could not I strike out some way
" To get an introduction, eh ?
" Most likely 'tis I may endeavour
" In vain ; but come, I'll try, however."
And now he meditates no more,
Thunders a rat-tat at the door.
The party-colour'd footmen come.
" Pray is your master, sir, at home ?"
" My master, sir, 's at home, but busy."
" Then he's engaged," quoth Hazard, " is he ?"
In voice as loud as he could bellow :
" I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
" It happens so, because I cou'd
" Your master do some little good :
" A speculation that I know,
" Might save a thousand pounds or so ;
" No matter, friend, your master tell,
" Another day will do as well."

Speculation.

"What's that you say," the master cries,
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tuck'd beneath his chin,
Bouncing from parlour, whence within
He'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds,
Of saving him a thousand pounds.

"My dear sir, what is that you say?"

"Sir, I can call another day ;

"Your dinner I've disturb'd, I fear."

"Do pray, sir, take your dinner here,

"You'll find a welcome, warm and hearty."

"I shall intrude, sir, on your party."

"There's not a soul but I and you."

"Well then I don't care if I do."

Our spark's design so far completed,
Behold him at the table seated,
Paying away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite.
Our host, who willing would have press'd
The thousand pounds upon his guest,
Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,
Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him,
So thought it better he should wait
'Till after dinner the debate.

And now, *"The king and constitution,"*

With *"Ill success to revolution,"*

And many a warm and loyal toast

Had been discuss'd, when our good host

Thought it was almost time to say,

"Let's move the order of the day."

Indeed he hardly could help thinking,

'Twas rather odd—his guest was drinking,

(The business not a jot the nearer,)

A second bottle of Madeira,

And that he seem'd to sit and chatter

'Bout this and that, and t'other matter,

Speculation.

As if he'd not the least intention
 This thousand pounds of his to mention ;
 Much did he wish to give a hint,
 Yet knew not how he should begin't ;
 At length, "*Sir, you've forgot, I fear,*
 "*The business that has brought you here ;*
 "*I think you gave some intimation*
 "*About a saving speculation."*
 " Ay, sir,—you'll find it not amiss,—
 " My speculation's simply this ;—
 " I hear you have a daughter, sir."
 " *A daughter? Well, and what of her ?*
 " *What can my daughter have to do*
 " *With this affair 'twixt me and you ?*"
 " I mean to make your daughter, (craving
 " Your pardon, sir,) the means of saving
 " The sum I mention—You'll allow
 " My scheme is feasible." "*As how ?*"
 " Why thus—I hear you've no objection
 " To form some conjugal affection
 " For this same daughter." "*No, provided*
 " *All other matters coincided."*
 " Then, sir, I'll suit you to a hair :—
 " Pray, is she not extremely fair ?"
 " *Why yes, there's many folks who praise her ;*
 " *But what is beauty now-a-days, sir ?*"
 " Ay true, sir, nothing without wealth :
 " But come, suppose we drink her health."
 " *Indeed I've drank enough already."*
 " Oh fie—consider, sir, a lady.
 " By rights we should have drank her first ;
 " Pray fill." "*Well, if I must, I must."*
 " And pray what age, sir, may she be."
 " *God bless me ! she's just twenty-three."*
 " Just twenty-three? faith, a rare age."
 " *Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."*
 " I was, and wish to know, in case
 " Such an occurrence should take place,

The Female Gamester.

- " The sum it might be in your power
 " To give with her by way of dower."
 " *Well then, sir, this is my intent,—*
 " *If married with my own consent,*
 " *I've no objection, on such grounds,*
 " *To pay her down ten thousand pounds."*
 " Ten thousand, sir, I think you say?"
 " *I do.*" " What on the marriage day?"
 " *The whole.*" " Then let it, sir, be mine;
 " I'll take her off your hands with nine,
 " And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds
 " For saving you a thousand pounds."

THE FEMALE GAMESTER.

Dorinda, cheerful, young and gay,
 Brilliant at balls, at park and play,
 Blest with a free engaging air,
 In short entirely debonnair.
 Shall I relate—excuse the truth—
 That bane of misled heedless youth;
 Gaming had quite engross'd her mind,
 To not a vice beside inclin'd.
 Oft would she melancholy sit,
 No partner near for dear piquet:
 At last a cruel spoiler came,
 Deep in the mysteries of the game;
 A son of Mars with brazen face,
 Furnish'd with impudence and lace;
 Yet could he fawn, and seem'd so mild,
 That innocence was sure beguil'd.
 Her intimacy soon he gains,
 She seem'd a prize deserving pains.
 Cards after nonsense came in course,
 By sap he surer works than force:
 The table set, the game begins,
 The captain soon her money wins;

The Female Gamester.

She can't desist, loses and frets ;
Her brilliant necklace then she bets ;
Would save her watch, but can't resist ;
A miniature can scarce be miss'd.
At last both watch and trinkets go,
A prey to the devouring foe !
Nay more, (if fame has told us true)
She lost her diamond buckles too :
Her bracelets next became his prize,
And in his hat the treasure lies.
Upon her virtue next he treats,
And honour's sacred name repeats,
Then swears with hand upon his breast,
That without her he can't be blest ;
Plies her with unremitting pains,
T' exchange her virtue for his gains.
Shame now with scarlet dyes her face,
He triumphs over her disgrace ;
Soon turns to jest her scruples nice,—
In brief, she falls a sacrifice.

So some fair flower its charms displays,
Conspicuous to the solar rays ;
Pride of the garden where it grows,
Guiltless and unsuspecting where it blows ;
Till some foul reptile under ground
The root approaches, fair and sound ;
From noxious bite the flower declines,
And all its beauteous tints resigns ;
Its verdure fades, it droops its head,
From cause unseen the plant is dead.

Spoil'd of her virtue in her prime,
The dread of shame succeeds the crime ;
Lost to the hopes of earthly joy,
Rage and despair her mind destroy.
Dorinda, gentle, hapless maid,
Bereft of Heaven's timely aid,
From consciousness, from Scandal's rod,
Rush'd without summons to her God !

Ye fair, if happiness ye prize,
Be warn'd,—shun gaming, and be wise.

JOHN BULL HALF AND HALF.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED BY MR. SHUTER, AT THE THEATRE
ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SCENE.—*A Room, a Table and Chair, with Pipes and
Tobacco on the Table.*

*Enter JOHN BULL, half and half, with a quart mug in his
hand, which he puts on the table.*

Why, Betty, Betty!—that jade keeps running up stairs all day, and never comes down again—get me a pint of ale—do you hear me?—you may dash it with a little beer, for I hate mix'd liquors—let it be all ale. (*He sits down, and with lighting his pipe he sets fire to his wig.*) Why I shall be light-headed presently,—There's my lord what d'ye call him, and t'other lord, and a great many noblemen of my acquaintance—So my lord's horse lost the first heat, and won the second—so says I—My lord, I hear your horse came first at last. So the bull, the bull broke loose, and ran down a street, and went up stairs into a dancing school, which frightened all the little misses—One miss having more courage than all the rest, for her father's a tailor—so she flung her cambric handkerchief, and hit him just over the forehead, tho' it did not hurt him much. I wonder whether 'tis true, —I was told last night by Sir Gregory Gazette, who is a very great politician, and knows what's in all the papers, before they are printed, that the French king was with child, and the Pope was to stand godmother: I think the Pope's a good honest sort of an old gentlewoman.—When will my dear wife come home—I like her very well, but she is a bitter enemy to religion—she knocks her heels off her shoes a Saturday, because she won't go to church a Sundays. There's my son Tom,—I believe he will be a very great scholar,—for he is acquainted with all the best authors of antiquity, such as the celebrated history of Jack the Giant Killer, Mother Bunch, Tom Thumb, and a great many more.—A young rogue, he knows I never let him want books or money to encourage him in his learning—and if I live

John Bull half and half.

long enough, I dare say Tommy will be as great a man as e'er a one of the twelve Cæsars.—His uncle came to see him t'other day to examine him in his learning; so says he, Tommy, my dear, how many does three and two make? and the young rogue told him seven—I always said he would be a great scholar.—And there's my daughter Bett, little Bett, a pretty little rogue—one day as her mother was ironing—the child, as most children will be along with their mothers when they are doing any thing notable—as she was standing playing by the table, she clapt her little hand on the box-iron—and the cunning jade took it off again directly without bidding.—I believe Bett won't live long, she is so devilish sensible. I was with 'squire Booby last night, at the devil—Ah, the 'squire is a very honest fellow, but will get drunk nine nights out of the week.—I remember he told me I was in liquor some time ago—and I was as sober as I am now—so says he, says I—you are certainly a very great fool, for as I hope to be saved, I never was in a beer-barrel in all my life—I remembered my boots were liquor'd and best part of my clothes, when I was at the 'squire's in the country—One day I only wanted to feel his cook-maid's garters, for she always gartered above knee; what does she do but takes the ladle and beats me out of the kitchen, and made me walk through the horse-pond.—So I and the 'squire went all the way home together: he went one way and I went the other—so we wish'd one another good night—for it was d—d late—past three o'clock in the morning—and who should I meet but my old friend Bob Breadbasket, laid all along in the kennel—so says he—says I—Bob, why don't you get up and go home—so says he, I cannot stand—and I being very good-natured, laid me down by him—So the watch came and asked us what we laid there for—I told him we were d—d tired, and were resting ourselves—but he told me he must rest us in the round-house—so says I, let it be round or square, if you will lead us, we will have a bottle together, d—mn me—So says he, come gentlemen, you must go before the justice.—So they had us before the justice, or the justice's wife, I don't know which—for he ask'd us such a pack of d—d impertinent questions

 Modern Justice.

that it was more than I could do to give him a reasonable answer. (*Searching his pockets.*)—I wonder whether I have any money in my pockets—for my wife always searches 'em every night before she says her prayers—well, let me see—I think I'll put it in the bible, for I'm sure she never looks in that—there is but one godly book she takes any delight in, and that's the whole duty of man; witness my pretty little children that she brings me.—Well, I'll go to bed; for last night when I waked I found myself asleep at the bottom of the stairs.—Why, Betty! Betty! (*Rises.*) bless my soul, how the room runs round, (*Takes up the mug, and sings.*)—

“ Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,

“ That every true and loyal soul,” &c. &c.

steady—(*Sings.*)—steady she goes, all's well.” (*Exit.*)

MODERN JUSTICE;
OR, THE CASE ALTERED.

A TALE.

Once on a time, if Fame say true,
For Fame will lie, and flatter too,
A country justice liv'd remote
From town, and had the laws by rote;
If e'er his neighbours suffer'd wrong
By vile abuses of the tongue,
Before his worship they must go,
And there relate the tale of woe;
His worship seated in the chair,
So stern his voice, so grave his air,
The parties trembling stand in awe,
And wait the sentence of the law.
Long in suspense the cause appears,
And each is rack'd by hopes and fears;
His worship (for it now grew late)
Thought it was time to end debate,
And thus pronounc'd the just decree;
“ Let me advise you to agree—

Modern Justice.

“ Make up the matter with consent—
“ Retire with friendship and content :
(Advice so good can never fail)
“ Shake hands, and, o’er a mug of ale,
“ Forget your wrongs, and live in peace,
“ And let your idle quarrels cease.”

This wise decree they all admire,
And toast the justice round the fire :
By this his worship was renown’d,
Esteem’d and honour’d ten miles round.

But now my Muse proceeds to tell
What to his worship soon befell,
A tale that tarnish’d all his glory ;
Come, aid me, Truth, to tell the story.

An honest farmer, near the spot,
By industry a living got ;
Always at work this man was seen,
His wife was neat, his children clean ;
His fields were till’d, his corn was sow’d,
His heart with future plenty glow’d :
He cheerful saw his harvest near ;
His corn was rip’ning in the ear.
One morn, at break of day, he rose—
Across the fields to work he goes ;
But sudden stopt, and look’d around—
His corn was trodden to the ground :
Strait he resolv’d the foe to trace,
For havock star’d him in the face ;
His neighbour’s hogs, so void of sense,
Who knew no bounds, had broke his fence,
And ravag’d freely, uncontroll’d,
Not us’d to fear, for hogs are bold ;
His pleasing dreams of plenty fled,
And nearer views the lack of bread ;
Pale Famine stood before his eyes,
And Fancy heard his children’s cries ;
Duns and rough bailiffs too he saw,
And all the tyranny of law :
Shock’d at the thought, he left the place,
Before his worship laid the case ;

The Negro's Complaint.

" Whether a neighbour's hogs had right
 " To break his fence, tho' in the night—
 " Whether for trespass he might sue,
 " And all the mischief that they do,
 " Their owner, must not he stand to?" }
 The justice heard, and thus replied :
 " The case is clear, 'twas ne'er denied,—
 " The owner of the hogs must pay
 " The damage you've sustain'd to-day :
 " Make out your bill, whate'er you've lost,
 " Whoe'er he be, shall pay the cost :
 " Justice I'll do, nor fear the great,
 " And laugh at all the knaves of state :
 " Come, honest farmer, let me know
 " Whose hogs they are that serv'd you so :"
 " Then hear me, sir, and be it known,
 " These hogs were all—your worship's own :"
 Startled at this, the justice falter'd ;
 " The hogs my own !—the case is alter'd."

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT ;
 OR, THE MISERIES OF SLAVERY.

A DRAMATIC ESSAY.

In Afric's realms, where Phœbus darts his ray,
 With scorching fervour each returning day,
 There, where each charm creative Nature gives,
 By dews refresh'd, a blooming verdure lives ;—
 On that lov'd coast poor negro man was born,
 And liv'd as happy as the rising morn—
 Ah, why does mem'ry, with reflection's train,
 Crowd on my fancy and awaken pain ?
 Oft have I hunted thro' the mazy wood !
 Then on the margin of the briny flood,
 Have dauntless leap'd into the foaming main,
 To tempt the capture of the finny train :
 With courage arm'd, and victory my plan,
 I conquer'd ev'ry savage beast—but man !

The Negro's Complaint.

At eve, when loaded with my vanquish'd spoil,
My ebon partner met me with a smile :
My children too, whose looks flash'd Nature's fire,
In sportive prattle ran to greet their sire.
'Twas then, entranc'd in ecstasy divine,
I fancied that the sun would always shine !

The branching foliage, screening solar heat
At noon's high fever, gave a cool retreat ;
At night a shrubby curtain we display'd,
And slumber'd peaceful in the mantled shade—
Alas ! I little dream'd what snares were near ;
As guilt I knew not,—so I knew not fear—
One wretched moment, snatch'd by lurking foes,
For ever, ever, robb'd me of repose !
That time when Cynthia hung her lamp on high,
And stars resplendent gleam'd along the sky ;
When storm-spent ocean hid its head in peace,
For naught was stirring, save the midnight breeze,
A band of *Christians*, shame upon the race,
Whose hearts are darker than our sable face,
Broke on our wicker walls with horrid din,
Then seiz'd with blood-stain'd hands their prey within.
My little infants, screaming with alarms,
Sought their known shelter in a mother's arms.
Her heaving sighs, and echo of distress,
Breath'd more than study'd language could express ;
Whilst Nature's still extracts the pearly dew,
Convulsive sobs each lab'ring word subdue :
Frantic at last, she rais'd a suppliant eye,
To draw down pity from the throne on high !
And now with savage haste they quickly bore
The hapless victims from their native shore ;
Wedge'd in a narrow hold, by chains secur'd !
What were the scourging tortures we endur'd !
How, as we've lain upon the *splinter'd* floor,
The ship's been painted with our crimson gore !

Soon as the vessel, scudding 'fore the gales,
Had made the port and furl'd the spreading sails,
Our naked limbs, a piteous sight, tho' true,
Were hours expos'd to heat and public view.

 The Bachelor's Reasons for taking a Wife.

My feeble mate, to ling'ring grief a prey,
 Without one last adieu was dragg'd away ;
 My helpless babes—Oh ! agonizing throe,
 Were sold and banish'd to a life of woe.
 Thus English planters, tho' themselves were free,
 Each social blessing basely stole from me !
 Hard is my lot, from ev'ry comfort torn,
 In abject slavery condemn'd to mourn,
 To count the minutes as they slowly creep,
 Each day to labour, and each night to weep :
 Far, far remote from any friendly shore,
 To combat horrors scarce conceiv'd before.

Thrice happy Britons, on whose favour'd isle
 Fair Freedom's banners on your commerce smile :
 What kingdom, girted by the silver sea,
 E'er shone in chartered liberties like thee ?
 " Who boast what history can seldom prove,
 " A king *enthron'd upon his people's love.*"
 To George's praise erect the sculptur'd bust,
 Nor lay a king's prerogative in dust.
Untarnish'd may the name descend from age to age,
Enroll'd upon the last recording angel's praise.

 THE BACHELOR'S REASONS
 FOR TAKING A WIFE.

Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life ;
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more ;
 Unaw'd by precepts, human and divine,
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join :

The Bachelor's Reasons for taking a Wife.

Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past ;
 But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heaven to please ;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day :
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
 But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare ?
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
 With matchless impudence they style a wife,
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
 A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.

All other goods, by Fortune's hand are given ;
 A wife, is the peculiar gift of heav'n !
 Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows, glide and pass away ;
 One solid comfort, one eternal wife,
 Abundantly supplies us all our life.
 This blessing lasts (if those who try, say true)
 As long as e'er a heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire, Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in paradise, unblest'd ;
 With mournful looks, the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade :
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman ! the last, the best reserve of God.

A wife ! ah, gentle deities, can he
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper—all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid, that Jacob won
 'His father's blessing from an elder son .
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :

The Stammerers.

Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe :
 At Esther's suit, the persecuting sword
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
 Be charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 And try that christian comfort, call'd a *wife*.

THE STAMMERERS.

A TALE.

While others fluent verse abuse,
 And prostitute the Comic Muse,
 In less indecent manner I
 Her comic ladyship will try.
 Oh ! let my prayer, bright maid, avail !
 Grant inspiration to my tale !
 A tale, both comical and new,
 And with a swinging moral, too.

In a small quiet country town,
 Liv'd Hob, a blunt, but honest clown ;
 Who, spite of all the school could teach,
 From habit, stammer'd in his speech ;
 And second nature soon, we're sure,
 Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.
 Ask him to say, hot rolls and butter,
 " A hag-a-gag," and " splitter-splutter,"
 Stopt every word he strove to utter.
 It happen'd, once upon a time,
 (I word it thus to suit my rhyme ;
 For all our country neighbours know,
 It can't be twenty years ago,)
 Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
 Was busy delving at his dyke ;
 Which, let me not forget to say,
 Stood close behind a public way ;
 And, as he lean'd upon his spade,
 Reviewing o'er the work he'd made,

}

The Stammerers.

A youth, a stranger in the place,
 Stood right before him, face to face :
 “ P-p-p-p-pray ! says he,
 “ How f-f-f-far may’t be
 “ To—o-” (the words would not come out)
 “ T-o Borough-Bridge, or there about ?”

Our clown took huff; thrice hemm’d upon’t,
 Then smelt a kind of an affront ;
 Thought he, “ This bluff fool-hardy fellow,
 “ A little crack’d perhaps, or mellow,
 “ Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
 “ Is come to fleer and make his sport :
 “ Wauns ! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
 “ I’d hoop the roynish rascal’s barrel !
 “ If me he means, and dares deride,
 “ By all that’s good, I’ll tan his hide !
 “ I’ll dress his vile calf’s-skin in buff,
 “ And thrash it tender, where ’tis tough.” }
 Thus, full resolv’d, he stood aloof,
 While t’other, in a kind of pain,
 Apply’d him to his tongue again.

“ Speak, friend ; c-c-c-c-can you, pray,
 “ Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way ?
 “ Nay, spe-a-eak !”—“ I’ll smoak thy bacon !”—
 “ You have a t-tongue, or I’m mistaken.”

“ Yes—that, th-that-I-I-I-have ;
 “ But not for y-y-you—you knave !”—
 “ What !” cried the stranger ; “ wh-wh-what ?
 “ D’ye mock ? T-t-take you that !”—
 “ Huh ! you mock—me !” quoth Hob, amain ;
 “ So t-t-take you—that again !”
 Then to’t they fell, in furious plight,
 While each one thought himself i’t’h’ right ;
 And, if you dare believe my song,
 They likewise thought each other wrong.

The battle o’er, and somewhat cool,
 Each half suspects himself a fool ;
 For when to choler folks incline ’em,
 Your argumentum baculinum,

The Hobby Horses.

Administer'd in dose terrific,
Was ever held a grand specific.

Each word the combatants now utter'd,
Conviction brought, that both dolts stutter'd;
And each assum'd a look as stupid
As, after combat, looks Dan Cupid :
Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought
He'd argue, ere again he fought.

Hence, I this moral shall deduce;
Would Anger deign to sign a truce,
Till Reason could discover, truly,
Why this mad madam were unruly,
So well she would explain their words,
Men, little use would find for swords.

THE HOBBY HORSES.

Dryden observes, and he was wond'rous wise,
Men are but children of a larger size !
And honest Shandy, that odd whimmy droll,
On hobbies, through life's journey makes us stroll;
While some on wilful headstrong tits do light,
Are often thrown, and left in woeful plight;
For hobbies are oft times hard mouth'd and stubborn,
And difficult, almost as wives, to govern.
The great man's favourite hobby is a place,
Which hobby oft falls lame, and leaves the chase.
The soldier's hobby, in the time of wars,
Is battles, breaches, ambuscades, and scars :
In peace, how different then their trade is,
In peace, the soldier's hobby is the ladies !
The ladies ! aye, the ladies, now and then,
Can get astride their hobbies like the men ;
Then, heaven preserve us ! none can stand before 'em—
Churches and five-bar gates, skip, they fly o'er 'em ;
And what's more strange, in every age and clime,
They'll ride you several hobbies at a time ;
Their lovers, and their husbands too, by fits,
They transform into manageable tits ;

The Cat o' Nine Tails.

And then they jockey us with so much ease,
 We amble, trot, and gallop, just as they please.
 Clients are lawyers' hobbies; but the curse is,
 That all law jockies gallop hard for purses !
 Onward they drive, and never do they stop
 Till the poor founder'd clients breathless drop.
 The statesman's hobby is fam'd for sportive tricks.
 And fiddlers ride upon their fiddle-sticks.
 The sailor's hobby's the triumphant wave,
 A heart to conquer, humanity to save :
 Sailors love singing, but not such notes
 As squeak bad English in Italian throats :
 " Give me," says he, " a song that I can sing ;
 " Here's Rule Britannia, and God save the King."
 Our manager, too—let me look around—
 His hobby in this theatre is to be found ;
 A stately nag, and to obtain your praise,
 He tries *his* hobby a thousand different ways ;
 So far I own him right, but *entre nous*,
 He rides his hobby and his actors too ;
 Onward he drives, and never looks behind him,
 And a d—d *spurring jockey* we all find him.
 But now, methinks, I hear you say to me,
 " You, my good sir, that are so wond'rous free
 " With others, what may your hobby be ?" }
 My hobby is, may it prove safe and clever, }
 Sound wind and limb, a grateful warm endeavour }
 To gain, what most I wish, your patronage and favour. }

POLITENESS; OR, THE CAT O' NINE TAILS.

A TALE.

Once on a time, as I've heard say,
 (I neither know the year nor day)
 The rain distill'd from many a cloud,
 The night was dark, the wind blew loud :
 A country 'squire, without a guide,
 Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,

The Cat-o'-nine-tails.

Attended by his servant, Jerry,
Was trav'ling tow'rds the town of Bury.
The 'squire had ne'er been bred in courts;
But yet was held, as fame reports,
Though he to wit made no pretence,
A 'squire of more than common sense.
Jerry, who courage could not boast,
Thought, every sheep he saw, a ghost;
And most devoutly pray'd he might
Escape the terrors of that night.

As they approach' the common's side,
A peasant's cottage they espy'd;
There riding up, our weary 'squire
Held it most prudent to inquire,
Being nothing less than wet to skin,
Where he might find a wholesome inn.
"No inns there are," replied the clown,
"Twixt this and yonder market-town,
Seven miles Nor-west, across the heath;
And wind and rain are in your teeth:
But if so be, sir, you will go
To yon old hall upon the brow,
You'll find free entertainment there,
Down beds, and rare old English fare,
Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish,
As good as any man need wish;
Warm stabling, too, and corn, and hay;
Yet not a penny will you pay:
'Tis true, sir, I have heard it said,
(And here he grinn'd and scratch'd his head)
The gentleman that keeps the house,
Though every freedom he allows,
And o'er night is so woundy civil
You'd swear he never dreamt of evil,
Orders, next morn, his servant John,
With cat-o'-nine-tails to lay on
Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,
On man and master, ere they mounted."
"With cat-o'-nine-tails! Oh!" cried Jerry,
"That I were safe at Edmund's Bury!"

The Cat-o'-nine-tails.

Our 'squire spurr'd on, as clown directed ;
This offer might not be rejected :
Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade.
The 'squire, more curious than afraid,
Arrives, and rings ; the footman runs ;
The master, with his wife and sons
Descend the hall, and bid him enter ;
Give him dry clothes, and beg he'll venture
To take a glass of Coniac brandy :
And he, who hated words to bandy,
In idle complimentary speeches,
The brandy took, and eke the breeches.
The liquor drank, the garments chang'd,
The family round the fire rang'd,
The mistress begg'd to know, if he
Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea ?
The 'squire replied, sans hesitation,
Or teasing trite expostulation—
“ A dish of coffee and a toast ! ”
The mistress smil'd : th' enraptur'd host
Cried, “ Sir, I like your frankness much ;
“ This house is yours ; pray think it such
“ While here you stay ; 'tis my request,
“ And you shall be a welcome guest !
“ Sans ceremony I would live,
“ And what I have I freely give.”
Tea ended ; once again our host
Demanded—“ Sir, of boil'd or roast,
“ Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
“ For supper ? ”—“ Why, indeed, good sir,
“ Roast duck I love.”—“ With good green pease ? ”
“ Yes, dearest madam, if you please ? ”
“ Well said ! Now, while 'tis getting ready,”
“ We two, my eldest son, and lady,
“ Will take a hand at whist ? ”—“ Agreed ! ”
And soon they cut for deal, and lead.
But now, to crimp my lengthen'd tale,
Whether the 'squire drank wine or ale,
Or how he slept, or what he said,
Or how much gave to man or maid ;

The Cat-o'-nine-tails.

Or what the while became of Jerry,
'Mong footmen blithe and maidens merry ;
Description here we can't admit,
For " brevity's the soul of wit."
Suffice to say, the morn arriv'd,
Jerry of senses half depriv'd,
Horses from stable saw let out,
Trembled, and skulk'd, and peer'd about,
And felt already every thwack
Of cat-o'-nine-tails on his back.
Each word, each action, was a blunder ;
But O how great his joy and wonder,
The stirrups held, the horses cross'd,
When forth the hostess, and the host,
With smiles, instead of lashes smarting,
Came out to take a cup at parting ;
Bestowing a thousand welcomes on 'em,
Unfeign'd, for all the honour done 'em !
Of thanks, what language could afford ;
Of cat-o'-nine-tails, not a word !

Mutual civilities repaid,
The 'squire had turn'd his horse's head,
To gallop off ; yet his desire
Grew every moment higher,
While bidding thus his last adieu,
To ask if what he'd heard were true :
For not alone the clown had said
The reckoning must in stripes be paid ;
But one o'th' footmen, whom he slily
O'er night interrogated, drily
Confirm'd the aforesaid peasant's tale ;
And said his master would not fail,
Next morn, to bid, in furious passion,
Strong John lay twenty times the lash on.
Determin'd then, to ease his doubt,
E'en tho' it bred a flogging bout ;
(Of that, howe'er, to be sincere,
He was not very much in fear :)
Once more he turn'd his horse's head,
And to his host thus, smiling, said—

The Cat-o'-nine-tails.

" Last night a peasant told me ; here,
 " As I have found, was noble cheer ;
 " But added, ere this morn I went,
 " You'd drub me to my heart's content ;
 " Yet this you have not put in act :
 " Is it a fiction or a fact,
 " After the kindness you've express'd,
 " You take your leave thus of each guest ?
 " And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
 " Have I deserv'd to be excepted."
 " Sir," answer'd he, " 'tis very true ;
 " No stranger e'er went hence, but you,
 " Who bore not, on his well-carv'd bark,
 " Of cat-o'-nine-tails many a mark.
 " None yet deserv'd, or I'm mistaken,
 " That I should pity, and spare their bacon :
 " A set of tiresome, troublesome knaves ;
 " Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves !
 " If a man ask'd what they'd prefer,
 " Oh, I love any thing, good sir !'
 " Would you choose coffee, sir, or tea ?
 " Dear ma'am, it's all the same to me !'
 " For beef or mutton give your voice :
 " Upon my honour, I've no choice !'
 " There's Cheshire, sir, and Gloster cheese ;
 " Which shall I send you ? ' Which you please.'
 " Curse on their cringing complaisance !
 " I've tutor'd some of them to dance
 " Such steps as they ne'er learn in France ;
 " But you, good sir, or I misdeem,
 " Deserve an honest man's esteem.
 " Your frankness, sir, I call polite ;
 " I never spent a happier night ;
 " And whensoe'er this road you come,
 " I hope you'll make my house your home :
 " Nay, more ; I likewise hope, henceforth
 " To rank a man of so much worth
 " Among my friends."—" Sir," said the 'squire,
 " 'Tis what I ardently desire :

The Old Cheese.

" Not twenty miles from hence my house,
 " At which your sons, yourself, and spouse,
 " Shall find such hospitality
 " As kindly here you've shewn to me."

The bargain struck, the 'squire and Jerry
 Again proceed for town of Bury.

And now the reader may, with ease,
 Extract this moral, if he please :
 Politeness cannot e'er become
 Impertinent and troublesome ;
 His breeding good he soonest proves,
 Who soonest tells you what he loves ;
 And who, in rapid eloquence,
 Their wordy compliments dispense,
 Have more civility than sense.

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THE OLD CHEESE ;
 OR, THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

A COMIC TALE, RECITED BY MR. FAWCETT, AT THE
 THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Young Slouch, the farmer, had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied,
 The wit which nature had to her denied ;
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
 This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own ;
 For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him *slippers* and lock up his *shoes*.
 Talking he loved, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted :
 Yet still into his story she would break,
 With—" Tis not so ; pray give me leaf to speak."
 His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
 Not diff'ring much from calling him a fool !
 Told him he must exert himself, and be,
 In fact, the master of his family !

The Old Cheese.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would shew,
 "Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
 "When their good company he would entreat,
 "To well brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
 With aching heart, home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose;
 And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
 He might appear as *master* of the feast!
 "I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
 "'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
 "Ho, Sue," cries Slouch, "Why dost not thou appear;
 "Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"
 "I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend
 "Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
 Slouch, by his kinsman Gruffy, had been taught
 To entertain his friends by finding fault;
 So made the main ingredient of the treat,
 His saying—"There was nothing fit to eat;
 "The boil'd pork stinks,—the roast beef's not enough,—
 "The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough,—
 "The veal's all rags,—the butter's turn'd to oil,—
 "And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
 "'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sat
 "Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
 "What teeth or stomachs strong enough, to feed
 "Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
 "Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be drest,
 "When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
 "This beer is sour,—'tis musty, thick, and stale,
 "And worse than any thing,—except the ale."
 Sue all this while many excuses made,
 Some faults she own'd, at other times she laid
 The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.
 Then cheese was brought,—says Slouch, "This e'en shall
 roll,
 "I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl;
 "This is *skim*-milk, and therefore it shall go;
 "And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

 Definition of Wit.

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste,
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.
 "Pray let me rise," says Sue; "my dear, I'll find
 "A cheese, perhaps, may be to lovey's mind."
 Then in an entry, standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends, might see,
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough, on this occasion, smelt,
 "I'll try, my joy," she cried, "if I can please
 "My dearest, with a taste of his *old cheese*."
 Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command;
 Knew well the twang,—"*Is't the old cheese, my dear?*
 "No need, no need of *cheese*," cried Slouch, "I'll swear,
 "I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor." }

 DEFINITION OF WIT.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.*

My easy friends, since ye think fit,
 This night to lucubrate on *wit*;
 And since ye judge that I compose
 My thoughts in rhyme better than prose.
 I'll give my judgment in a sang;
 And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
 But first of a' I'll tell a tale,
 That with my case runs parallel.
 There was a manting lad in Fife,
 Wha cou'd na, for his very life,
 Speak without stammering very lang,
 Yet never manted when he sang,
 His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
 Which gart the lad run breathless mourning;
 Hameward, with clever strides he lap,
 To tell his daddy his mishap.

* Allan Ramsay being but an indifferent orator, his friends alledged that he was not so happy in prose as rhyme; and, being at a club, when it was his turn to tell a story, he delivered this Definition of Wit.

Tythe in Kind.

At distance, ere he reach'd the door,
 He stood, and rais'd a hideous roar :
 His father, when he heard his voice,
 Stepp'd out, and said—" Why a' this noise ?"
 The callant gap'd, and glower'd about,
 But no ae word could he lug out.
 His dad cry'd, kenning his defect—
 " Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck !"
 Then soon he gratified his sire,
 And sung aloud, "*Your kiln's a-fire.*"

Now ye'll allow there's *wit* in that,
 To tell a tale so very pat.

Bright *wit* appears in mony a shape,
 Which some invent, and others ape.
 Some shaw their *wit* in wearing claiaths,
 And some in coining of new aiths ;
 There's crambo *wit* in making rhyme,
 And dancing *wit* in beating time ;
 There's mettled *wit* in story telling,
 In writing grammar, and right spelling ;
Wit shines in knowledge of politics,
 And wow ! what *wit's* among the critics.

So far my mates, excuse me while I play,
 In strains ironic, with that heavenly ray ;
 Rays which the human intellects refine,
 And make the man with brilliant lustre shine,
 Making him sprung from origin divine. }
 Yet many a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
 So may loose *wits* regard no sacred laws :
 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake ;
 So, 'midst his vices, sinks the *witty* rake.
 But when on first-rate virtue *wit* attends,
 It both itself and virtue recommends, }
 And challenges respect where'er its blaze extends. }

TYTHE IN KIND; OR, THE SOW'S REVENGE.

A TALE.

Not far from London liv'd a boor,
 Who fed three dozen hogs, or more ;

Tythe in Kind.

Alike remote from care and strife,
He crack'd his joke, and lov'd his wife.
Madge, like all women, fond of sway,
Was pleas'd whene'er she had her way ;
And (wives will think I deal in fiction)
But seldom met with contradiction :
Then, stubborn as the swine she fed,
She neither would be driven nor led ;
And Goodman Hodge, who knew her whim,
Was kind, nor row'd against the stream.

Subdu'd by Nature's primal law,
Young sows are ever in the straw :
Each week (so genial Fate decreed)
Produc'd a new and numerous breed.
Whene'er they came, sedate and kind,
The vicar was not far behind ;
Of pigs the worth and prime he knew,
And, parson like, would have his due.
He watch'd the hour with anxious ken ;
His heart grew warm at number ten :
The younger pigs he vow'd the sweeter,
And scarce allow'd them time to litter.

One morn, with smile and bow polite,
From Hodge he claim'd his custom'd right ;
But first inquir'd, in accents mild,
How far'd the darling wife and child ;
How apples, pears, and turnips grew,
And if the ale were old or new.

Hodge, who, from custom, took the hint,
Knew 'twas in vain a priest to stint ;
And, whilst his rev'rence took his swig,
Hodge stepp'd aside, and brought the pig.

"Humph!" cried the parson, "let us see
"This offering to the church and me ;
"I fear, my friend, 'twill never do ;
"Methinks 'tis lean, and sickly, too,
"Time out of mind 't has been confess'd,
"Parsons should ever claim the best."
This said, he eyed it o'er and o'er ;
Stamp'd, set his wig, and all but swore.

Tythe in Kind.

“ Such pig for me ! why, man alive,
“ Ne’er from this moment hope to thrive ;
“ Think you, for this, I preach and pray ?
“ Hence ! bring me better tythes, I say.”

Hodge heard ; and, tho’ by nature warm,
Replied, “ Kind sir, I meant no harm :
“ Since, what I proffer, you refuse,
“ The sty is open ; pick and choose.”

Pleas’d with the offer, in he goes—
His heart with exultation glows ;
He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,
And scarce can tell on which to fix :
At length he cries, “ Heaven save the king !
“ This rogue, in black, is just the thing !
“ Hence, shall I gain a rich regale !”
Nor more ; but seiz’d it by the tail.
Loud squeak’d the pig ; the sow was near—
The piercing sound assail’d her ear :
Eager to save her darling young,
Fierce on the bending priest she sprung ;
Full in the mire his reverence cast,
Then seiz’d his breech, and held him fast.

The parson roar’d, surpris’d to find
A foe so desperate, close behind :
On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid ;
But both were deaf to all he said.
The scene a numerous circle draws,
Who hail the sow with low applause :
Pleas’d, they beheld his rev’rence writhe,
And swore, ’twas fairly tythe for tythe.
“ Tythe !” cries the parson—“ Tythe, d’ye say ?
“ See here—one half is rent away !”—

The case, ’tis true, was most forlorn ;
His gown, his wig, his breech was torn :
And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.
“ Give, give me which you please !” he cried :
“ Nay, pick and choose,” still Hodge replied.
“ Choose ! honest friend ; alas ! but how ?
“ Heaven shield me from your murd’ring sow.

 Tythe in Kind.

" When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
 " I dare take Satan by the nose !
 " Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture ;
 " But who, that dreadful sty would enter.
 " Yet, whilst there's hope the prize to win,
 " By heaven ! to leave it were a sin."
 This said, he arms his breast with rage,
 And half resolves the foe t' engage.
 Spite of the parson's angry mood,
 The fearless sow collected stood ;
 And seem'd to wait the proffer'd war,
 With " touch them, scoundrel, if you dare !"

His last resource the parson tries ;
 Hems, strokes his chin, and gravely cries—
 " Ye swains, support your injur'd priest ;
 " Secure the pig, and share the feast."
 Staunch to his friend was every swain ;
 Strange, tho' it seems, the bribe was vain.
 And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,
 Exclaim'd, in triumph, " pick and choose !"

The parson's heart grew warm with ire ;
 Yet pride forbade him to retire.
 What numbers can his spleen declare,
 Denied, for once, his darling fare !
 How shall he meet the dreadful frown
 Of madam in the grogram gown ;
 Who, eager for her promis'd treat,
 Already turns the useless spit ?
 " Wretch !" he exclaims, with voice profound,
 " Can no remorse thy conscience wound ?
 " May all the woes th' ungodly dread,
 " Fall thick on thy devoted head !
 " May'st thou in every wish be cross'd ;
 " May all thy hoarded wealth be lost !
 " May'st thou on weeds and offals dine,
 " Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine !"

Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,
 The parson's wrath in sport derides :
 " No time in idle preaching lose ;
 " The sty is open—pick and choose !"

 Self-Taught Philosophy.

Loud plaudits rose from ev'ry tongue ;
 Heaven's concave with the clamours rung :
 Impatient of the last huzza,
 The tytheless parson sneak'd away.

 SELF-TAUGHT PHILOSOPHY.

A TALE.

Corin, a poor, but happy wight,
 In tranquil ease enjoy'd his mite ;
 Tho' small, 'twas comfort, while the clown
 Could justly call it all his own ;
 From debts, and duns, entirely free,
 Acquir'd by toilsome industry.
 If Fortune added to his store,
 Tho' grateful, he requir'd no more :
 If she deducted, 'twas her will ;
 Resign'd was grateful Corin still.
 By no capricious humour tost,
 In no foul gust of passion lost.
 A stoic he, without the rules,
 " Preach'd up in philosophic schools ;
 And, without knowledge, still was bless'd,
 By thinking all things for the best.
 Lord of his stock, though very small,
 One lamb, a cow, and honest Ball,
 A horse so old, so poor, and lame,
 He scarce deserv'd of horse the name ;
 Yet such the one that Fortune sent,
 And grateful Corin was content.
 Peaceful he trod the path of life,
 For (*Nota Bene*) he'd no wife.

All sorrow feel, or soon or late,
 None are below the reach of Fate ;
 And 'twas poor Corin's luck to feel
 Th' uncertain turns of Fortune's wheel.
 One night, some pilfering villains came,
 And carried off his playful lamb ;

Self-Taught Philosophy.

Next morn he found the sportling stole ;
At first, a sigh broke from his soul ;
But, by Reflection's mild relief,
He soon appeas'd his growing grief :
" Well, well," quoth he, " 'tis gone, I trow ;
" Thank God, they have not stole my cow."
Short comfort this ; another theft,
Poor Corin of his cow bereft.
" 'Twas cruel, hard ; zooks ! worse and worse ;
" But, patience, they have left my horse !"
And well the reason you may judge,
They could not get the beast to budge.
Misfortunes one another breed ;
Death snatch'd away his fav'rite steed.
To top the whole, his landlord sent,
And seiz'd the household stock for rent :
For now, by many ills beset,
The clown was in his worship's debt ;
Whose narrow soul, and thirst for pelf,
Began and ended all in self.
Now, stripp'd of all his former store,
What must he do ? Why, work for more,
And scrape as he had scrap'd before.
With this resolve, he quits the cot,
The seat of his once happy lot ;
And now, his mind and heart at ease,
Express'd himself in words like these—
" Why should I murmur at my fate ?
" There's Farmer Giles, tho' rich of late,
" Is now reduc'd to bitter want ;
" May heaven a speedy comfort grant ;
" Yet, youth and vigour bless my life ;
" And, God be prais'd ! I have no wife :
" What once they've done, these hands of mine
" Can do again ; then, why repine ?
" Come, come, to work, we must of course ;
" Thank Providence it is no worse."
Then o'er his back his flail he swung,
And, gaily whistling, jogg'd along.
Kind Fortune his endeavours crown'd,

 Both Right and Both Wrong.

And Corin's matters soon came round ;
 Riches, beyond his wish increase,
 And Plenty bless'd his days with Peace.

Hence this important truth we find,
 Content is centred in the mind :
 Our portion Heaven allots of care ;
 Most bless'd are they, who best can bear ;
 'Tis manly, never to despair.

 THE KNIGHTS;

Or, BOTH RIGHT AND BOTH WRONG.

A TALE.

When chivalry was all the taste,
 And honour stamp'd each dauntless breast ;
 When falsehood was esteem'd a shame,
 And heroes bled for virtuous fame ;
 To right the wrong'd, protect the weak,
 And dry the tear on beauty's cheek ;
 Two bearded knights, on milk-white steeds,
 Equipp'd for tilts and martial deeds,
 Perchance met on a spacious plain,
 Where stood a trophy to the slain :
 A mighty shield, on one side white,
 The other black as ebon night ;
 Emblem of spotless virtue's fall,
 And death's dark triumph over all !

Both stopp'd to view this curious sight,
 But view'd it in a different light :

“ Bless me !” cries one, “ how white this shield !

“ How bright it shines across the field !”—

“ White !” says the other, “ no such thing ;

“ 'Tis blacker than the raven's wing !”—

“ Recall your words, presumptuous youth ;

“ A knight should never jest with truth.”—

“ 'Tis you who want to jest, not I :

“ The shield is black !”—“ By Heaven, you lie !”

Both Right and Both Wrong.

“ Now, Truth, bear witness to my vow—
“ I’ll die, base knight, or make thee bow.”

While both with sudden passion storm’d,
And rage each angry face deform’d,
From wordy war to blows they turn,
And with revenge and fury burn :
On either helm the sword descends,
Each trusty helm the head defends;
And, on th’ impenetrable mail,
The sounding strokes fall thick as hail.
They prance their coursers round and round,
Each hopes to give the lucky wound ;
And each, convinc’d himself is right,
Maintains, with equal hope, the fight ;
Nor doubts to make his rival own,
Success attends on Truth alone.

By chance, a clown, who pass’d that way,
At distance saw the doubtful fray ;
Who, though he relish’d not hard blows,
Esteem’d it right to interpose.

“ Good sirs !” he cried, then made his bow,
Respectful, diffident, and low,
“ I’m but a simple man, ’tis true !
“ But wish to serve, and save you too ;
“ And he who’s wrong’d, I’ll take his part,
“ With all my soul, and all my heart !”

The knights, by this time almost spent,
To honest Hodge attention lent :
For e’en the presence of a fool,
Will sometimes stubborn stomachs cool ;
And when for trifles men fall out,
A trifle oft brings peace about.

Each, thinking Hodge must prove him right,
And justify his partial sight,
Made haste the matter to disclose,
That caus’d this war of words and blows.
And ask’d if black or white the shield,
That stood conspicuous on the field ?
For passion still had kept them blind ;
Passion, the shutters of the mind.

The Spirit of Contradiction.

"Faith," said the clown, and scratch'd his head,
 "Your honours straight shall be obey'd :
 "'Tis neither white nor black, but both ;
 "And this is true, I'll take my oath.
 "One side is black, the other white :
 "Each saw it in a single light ;
 "But had you view'd the shield all round,
 "Both would have right and wrong been found."

The wondering knights like stuck pigs star'd,
 While Hodge the simple truth declar'd :
 And each, asham'd of passion's sway,
 Lifts up his eyes ; when, bright as day,
 The shield both black and white appear'd,
 And both from falsehood's stain were clear'd.
 They thank'd kind Hodge, and parted friends ;
 Resolv'd for wrath to make amends,
 By looking twice ere once they fought,
 And always aiding strength with thought.

Hence we this precious moral draw ;
 Fix'd as the Medes' or Persians' law—
 That he who only one side sees,
 With erring judgment oft decrees ;
 And he who only one tale hears,
 'Gainst half the truth oft shuts his ears.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

The very silliest things in life
 Create the most material strife ;
 What scarce will suffer a debate,
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
 "It is," you say—I say, "'Tis not."
 —Why, you grow warm—and I am hot.
 Thus each alike with passion glows,
 And words come first, and after blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year ;

The Spirit of Contradiction.

And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums per ann.
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about :
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refined ;
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ;
Her age was neither young nor old ;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;
Her air not bad, but rather vain ;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's—very apt to change :
What she most hated was conviction ;
What she most lov'd, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife, ne'ertheless—
Tell me a thing she could not dress :
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies ;
Nought came amiss—she was so wise !
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mien.
She could not bear the sound of dame ;
No—Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue, with wondrous grace,
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace ;
But, tho' she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse ;
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too countryfied.
Such were our couple, man and wife ;
Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair,
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd, in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.

“ Here, Cicely, take away my gun :
“ How shall we have these starlings done ?”

The Spirit of Contradiction.

—“ Done ! what, my love ?—Your wits are wild—
 “ Starlings, my dear ! they’re thrushes, child.”—
 “ Nay, now, but look, consider, wife,
 “ They’re starlings.”—“ No, upon my life !
 “ Sure I can judge as well as you ;
 “ I know a thrush and starling too.”—
 “ Who was it shot them, you or I ?—
 “ They’re starlings !”—“ Thrushes !”—“ Zounds, you lie !”
 “ Pray, sir, take back your dirty word,
 “ I scorn your language as your bird ;
 “ It ought to make a husband blush,
 “ To treat a wife so ’bout a thrush.”—
 “ Thrush, Cicely !”—“ Yes.”—“ A starling !”—“ No.”
 The lie again, and then a blow.

Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
 And mar the powers of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well ;
 It were imprudence to rebel,
 Or keep the ball up of debate,
 Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll’d on in perfect ease,
 ’Twas, “ As you like !” and “ What you please !”
 ’Till, in its course and order due,
 Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
 Quoth Cicely—“ Ah, this charming life !
 “ No tumults now, no blows, no strife !
 “ What fools we were this day last year !
 “ Lord, how you beat me then, my dear !
 “ Sure it was idle and absurd,
 “ To wrangle so about a bird ;
 “ A bird not worth a single rush—
 “ A starling.”—“ No, my love, a thrush !
 “ That I’ll maintain.”—“ That I’ll deny.
 “ You’re wrong, good husband.”—“ Wife, you lie !”

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
 Again the lie, again the blows.
 Thus, every year, (true man and wife)
 Ensues the same domestic strife :
 Thus every year their quarrel ends,
 They argue, fight, and buss, and friends ;

The Power of Innocence.

'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling ;
 " You dog !"—" You b—h !"—" My dear !"—" My darling !"

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TALE.

A northern pair, we wave the name,
 Rich, young, and not unknown to Fame,
 When first the nuptial state they tried,
 With poets' gods in pleasure vied.
 New to the mighty charm, they feel
 A joy that all their looks reveal.
 We love whate'er has power to please,
 So Nature's ancient law decrees :
 And thus the pair, while each had power
 To bless the fond, sequester'd hour,
 With mutual love enraptur'd glow,
 And love in kind complacence show.

But when familiar charms no more
 Inspire the bliss they gave before,
 Each less delighting, less was lov'd,
 Now this, now that, was disapprov'd ;
 Some trifling fault, which love conceal'd,
 Indifference ev'ry day reveal'd ;
 Complacence flies ; neglect succeeds ;
 Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.
 The wish to please forsakes the breast,
 The wish to rule has each possess'd :
 Perpetual war, that wish to gain,
 They wage, alas ! but wage in vain,
 Now hope of conquest swells the heart
 No more—at length content to part.

The rural seat, that sylvan shade,
 Where first the nuptial vows were paid ;
 That seat attests the dire intent,
 And hears the parting settlement.
 This house, these fields, my lady's own,
 Sir John must ride to town alone.

The Power of Innocence.

The chariot waits—they bid adieu ;
But still the chariot waits in view.
Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe, and smokes it out.
“ Mysterious ! Wherefore this delay ? ”
The sequel shall the cause display.
One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more ;
The father’s, mother’s darling, she,
Now lisp’d and prattled at their knee.
Sir John, now rising to depart,
Turn’d to the darling of his heart,
And cried, with ardour in his eye—
“ Come, Betsy, bid mamma—Good bye.”
The lady trembling, answer’d “ No—
“ Go, kiss papa, my Betsy, go.—
“ Sir John, the child shall live with me.”—
“ The child herself shall choose,” said he.
Poor Betsy look’d at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns.
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
“ Will you not live with me, my dear ? ”
“ Yes,” half resolv’d, replied the child ;
And, half suppress’d her tears, she smil’d.
“ Come, Betsy,” cried Sir John, “ you’ll go
“ And live with dear papa, I know.”
“ Yes,” Betsy cried.—The lady then
Address’d the wond’ring child again :
“ The time to live with both is o’er,
“ This day we part to meet no more :
“ Choose, then—” here grief o’erflow’d her breast ;
And tears burst out, too long suppress’d.
The child, who tears and chiding join’d,
Suppos’d papa displeas’d, unkind ;
And tried, with all her little skill,
To sooth his oft relenting will.
“ Do,” cried the lisper, “ pappy ! do
“ Love dear mamma ! mamma loves you ! ”
Subdu’d, the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart belied ;

The Lover's Recantation.

The tender transport forc'd its way ;
 They both confess'd each other's sway ;
 And, prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.
 Each clasp'd their Betsy, o'er and o'er,
 And Tom drove empty from the door.

You who have passions for a tear,
 Give Nature vent, and drop it here !

THE LOVER'S RECONTATION.

“ Cease, snarling cynic ! vainly urge no more,
 “ The charms of Science, and dull Learning's lore ;
 “ The phantom Pleasure of a far-spread name,
 “ Transcendant Praise, and never-dying Fame.
 “ Away ! the laurel wreath, the civic crown,
 “ And hard-earn'd bubbles of a learn'd renown !
 “ Superior bliss my wiser choice shall prove ;
 “ Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure dwells with Love.
 “ Thou, wave-sprung goddess !* can more bliss impart,
 “ More sterling transport, to the conscious heart,
 “ In one short hour, than years of empty praise,
 “ Tho' after-ages hail th' unfading bays ;
 “ Tho' round the lifeless brow thick laurels bloom,
 “ And blushing honours crowd th' unconscious tomb.
 “ These I condemn, renounce, forget, resign ;
 “ Thou, matchless maid, bright Stella ! thou be mine.
 “ Come with thy smiles, all radiant as thou art,
 “ And shake these empty shadows from my heart !
 “ Or bid me fly, impatient, to thine arms,
 “ Pant on thy breast, and languish o'er thy charms :
 “ While Love, in all his raging passions dress'd,
 “ Flames at my eyes, and thunders at my breast ;
 “ And every sense in joys ecstatic roll,
 “ Till raptur'd Life seems bursting from her goal !
 “ Entranc'd in bliss, thus let me ever prove
 “ Thy arms my throne, my happiness thy love ! ”

Thus, ere the sex's changeful wiles I knew,
 My breast sincere its genuine feelings drew ;

* Venus—who is said to have sprung from the foam of the sea.

The Lover's Recantation.

Till Stella, (all unworthy of her charms)
For venal prospects, meanly fled my arms;
And taught, severe, my inexperienc'd heart,
The Disappointed Lover's torturous smart.
Tho' first envelop'd in a cloud of woes,
Soon, o'er my wrongs, my pride indignant rose;
Revers'd the glowing, panegyric strain,
For cold indifference, and severe disdain.
"Hence, Love!" I cried; "no more my peace molest;
"I spurn, renounce, and tear thee from my breast.
"An humble suppliant, prostrate at thy throne,
"Lo! three rich years of youth mispent have flown.
"Deceiv'd no more, thy changeful smiles are fled;
"Majestic Reason rises in their stead.
"Swift from her glance thy shadows slit away,
"As night recedes before the gairish day.
"Go, o'er the servile crowd despotic reign;
"Amuse the idle, and correct the vain.
"The lawyer, soldier, statesman, and divine,
"Triumphant lead to Folly's crowded shrine;
"There, at thy beck, refulgent shine in arms,
"And make the world own Dulcinea's charms.
"Seek Fashion's throng; and, from each tinsell'd slave,
"Expunge the little sense that nature gave:
"With madd'ning wishes crop the virgin's bloom,
"And give the tottering rake his well-earn'd tomb:
"The antiquated maid's fond wishes waste,
"In dreams of bliss, she waking ne'er shall taste:
"Make, and amaze the world, yon antic beau,
"His tinsel frippery, and his cane forego;
"And, if thou can'st, from yonder female brain
"Erase the pert, the giddy, and the vain!
"Thy conquests these; but me assail no more!
"Fair Science woo's me to her various lore.
"O Heaven-sprung Goddess! up thy heights sublime,
"Give me, with still-increasing power, to climb;
"Where Truth celestial beams refulgent rays,
"O'er cloud-capp'd Error's gloom-benighted maze;
"And, in her courts, the residence of Fame,
"With persevering toil, t' inscribe my name.

FASHION.

A SATIRE.

Sweet Goddess ! who, in ev'ry clime and age,
 Hast fir'd the Saint, the Hero, and the Sage ;
 Whose powers can each fantastic bliss impart,
 Thrill with keen ecstasy the human heart,
 And teach full many a votary to *swing*,
 Graceful, to Stygian shores ; thy charms I sing !

Sweet *Fashion*, see ! she waves her magic wand,
 And lo ! her ready slaves obedient stand.
 Here age and youth, and male and female, ape
 The same complexion, habit, size, and shape :
 Black, brown, and fair, in ev'ry point agree,
 The six-foot giant, and the dwarf of three !
 Eager they crowd before the awful throne,
 To gaze, to *imitate*, and—be undone.

Young Marcus now has reach'd his nineteenth year,
 The boasted offspring of a noble peer :
 The various paths of taste he has explor'd,
 And still is nam'd the *fashionable* lord ;
 Yet in *one* point young Marcus can't succeed,
 Because, alas ! the *fashion* is to READ !

Flora by most is thought to be a saint ;
 But still the reigning *fashion* is to paint :
 And Flora's charms attract by various ways,
 Each soul exulting with resistless praise.
 The live long week her face appears as pale
 As op'ning lilies in Idalia's vale.
 When *Sunday* comes, her lovely cheeks disclose
 Each blushing tint that gilds Arcadia's rose.
 Yet why, O cruel Fortune ! hast thou given
 Her power to charm but one day out of seven ?
 Hadst thou caress'd her with thy soft alarms,
 And given her *riches* to improve her charms,
Eternal fashion had adorn'd each grace,
 And ev'ry day put on her Sunday face !

Florio was witty, elegant and gay,
 The reigning *fashion* prompted him to play ;

Fashion.

Each throw was fatal, but the last the most,
 He stak'd his last score acres, and he lost !
 " I'll follow still the *fashion*," Florio said ;
 And forth to Bath the dice-struck hero fled,
 And there *pluck'd pigeons** for his daily bread !

Titus, a champion at the game of whist,
 No finish'd gamester ever could resist ;
 For Titus, tutor'd in the *modern school*,
 Finds sure success in this unerring rule—
 " Win fairly, if you can, aloof from sin ;
 " If not, at *any rate*, be sure you win."
 Thus he, with this good maxim full in view,
 From *Fashion* gains *one rule* that Hoyle ne'er knew.
 Should trumps or honours fail him in the *nick*,
 He wins the doubtful game by one—*odd trick* !

Bardolph fought duels ; and to shew his skill,
 Pick'd quarrels with his friend, against his will ;
 And many a hero his well-pointed thrust
 Has sent to mingle with his native dust.
 At length, disease (that foe to human race)
 Rag'd in his veins, and peel'd his purple face :
 Four days he linger'd ; ere the fifth was fled,
 The grisly phantom, *Death*, approach'd his bed.
 " I come," he cried, " to lay thy honours low ;
 " In me prepare to meet thy mortal foe."
 The gallant Bardolph started at the sight,
 And begg'd one minute to *prepare for fight*.
 " Thy prayer is vain," the king of terrors cried.
 " O ! spare me, then," the duellist replied,
 " One second, ere thy dreadful stroke I meet ;
 " Alas ! I never lack'd a *second* yet !"
 " No more !" cried Death : " to war we both incline ;
 " Thy trade *has been* to slay, and *still is* mine.
 " To *Fashion's* call thou ever didst reply ;
 " And well thou know'st the *fashion is to die* !
 " Then take thy distance, and forbear to start."
 He spoke, and struck a weapon to his heart.

* In the phraseology of the turf, to defraud a novice is termed Plucking a Pigeon.

THE SUSSEX CLOWN.

A TALE.

We argued, Dick, last night, at drinking,
What most directs the soul in thinking :
Much was advanc'd, both *pro* and *con*,
But nothing was resolv'd upon ;
More cool this morn, for thinking better,
I've hit the cause, and send this letter.

Philosophers, who search to find
What with most power sways the mind,
May safely all consent to this—
That prejudice that tyrant is :
For, just as that directs the sight,
Justice seems wrong, and wrong seems right ;
Firmly tenacious to a thought,
As first by priest or nurse we're taught.
But not to rhyme in learn'd essay,
In familiar, doggrel lay,
To clear this matter I'll not fail,
And thus I send a humble tale.

As you to Chichester go down,
In Sussex road there stands a town,
Where you would think the distant church
Had left its parish in the lurch :
For all who'd hear the parson preach,
Must walk a mile the church to reach ;
And, what was worse, some years ago,
All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
A long lane, dirty, stiff with clay,
Because there was no other way.
Hence, those who would not nags bestride,
Or those who had no nags to ride,
Often in winter had the luck,
In miry rut to be fast stuck ;
And, while one foot they rais'd with pother,
Deeper and faster sunk the other :
To the lane's end, from its beginning,
Was one continued scene of sinning ;

The Sussex Clown.

For, tho' from praying come, all swore
Loud as they sung their psalms before.
The sober clerk could not forbear;
Sometimes it made the parson swear.

Thus had this miry, toilsome lane,
A constant parish nuisance been ;
From sire to sire, from son to son,
All curs'd the way, yet kept it on :
Till a new vicar did persuade,
That a new path-way should be made,
On which the people clean might go,
And leave the miry slime below.
A vestry's call'd, and all agree
To have the path made instantly.

Now, without labour, pain, or toil,
They trip it o'er the gravell'd soil ;
Without splash'd cloaths, or dirty feet,
The lads appear all trim and neat :
The lasses no heart-achings know,
For the white coat or red-heel'd shoe ;
But clean along the old way's side,
Each seems a bridegroom or a bride.
You'd think that all would leave the lane,
And to the dirt prefer the clean.

" Aye, surely ; what a thought you've had !
" He who'd deny it must be mad."

Yet one there was within the town,
Call'd Hodge, a headstrong, stubborn clown,
With miry boots, and coat high girt,
Would still trudge thro' the ancient dirt.

" Trudge through the dirt, sir ! what pretence ;
" 'Tis e'en against all common sense."

What seems 'gainst common sense to you,
He thought to reason strictly true.

For, when once jeer'd at by a friend,
Who clean on the high path did go,
He did his folly thus defend,

And surly answer'd from below—

" As long as I remember can,

" Nay, past the memory of man,

The Sussex Clown.

" Our fathers, and their fathers too,
 " This very dirty lane went thro' :
 " And surely, Tom, you must agree,
 " Our fathers were as wise as we ;
 " As well as we they could have laid
 " Their gravel, and that path-way made :
 " But thro' this lane they took their route ;
 " And had their reasons for't, no doubt.
 " Altho' their reason's now unknown,
 " Yet still our duty should be shown :
 " For swerving from our father's rules,
 " Is calling all our fathers fools.
 " This prejudice in me ye name,
 " In you it is the very same :
 " The only diff'rence I'll unfold ;
 " Yours is for new things—mine for old.
 " Therefore, let no dispute be had,
 " I think your way, you think mine, bad ;
 " I say you're fools, you say I'm mad. }
 " But say, my friends, whate'er you will,
 " I'll keep my sense and humour still ;
 " Still trudge the old paternal way,
 " Stick in hereditary clay ;
 " Not turn a madman to be clean—
 " Keep you your path, and I my lane."

THE MORAL.

I'd have you know, my Sussex clown
 The picture is of some in town :
 For all whom prejudice can sway,
 Who're led by that in a wrong way,
 Firmly tenacious to their will,
 Plod in paternal folly still ;
 The fair plain truth they see, yet hate,
 And errors keep in church and state ;
 Like sacred oracles, adore 'em,
 Because—their fathers did before 'em.
 Thus all who, strict to ancient rules,
 Prove mere hereditary fools ;

 An Old Ballad.

Whether to patriots they resort,
 Or pension have, or place at court ;
 Whether they think it most their glory
 To be firm Whig, or strenuous Tory ;
 Or, if high-flown, for church they stickle,
 And rail with zeal 'gainst conventicle,
 Or, if non-cons they fire the people
 With pious hate against a steeple ;
 All who paternal faults admire,
 Down from his grace, to humble 'squire,
 From his lordship in cathedral stall,
 To Master Plain at Salter's-hall ;
 All, in their way, must be confess'd,
 To be mere Hodges at the best.

AN OLD BALLAD:

UPON which, it is the opinion of the ingenious author of observations on Spencer's Fairy Queen, that Shakspeare raised his whole superstructure for his excellent play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE** ; as the ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakspeare's play ; because if it had been written after it, it would have been more full and circumstantial ; whereas, at present, it has too much the nakedness of an original.

A SONG,—shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a Marchant an Hundred Crownes, would have a Pound of Fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed.

In Venice town not long agoe,
 A cruel *Jew* did dwell,
 Which lyved all on usurie,
 As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the *Jew*,
 Which never thought to dye,
 Nor never yet did anye good
 To them in streets that lye,

An Old Ballad.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That lyveth many a daie,
Yet never once doth anye good,
Untill men will him slaie.

Or like a fillthie heappe of dung
That lyeth in a hoord:
Whiche never can doe anye good,
Till it be spreddē abroad.

So fares it with this usurer,
He cannot sleepe in rest,
For fear the theefe doth him pursue
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on manye a wile
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shillinge,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that's double worthe,
If that yowe will have anye.

And see (likewise) yowe keepe your daie,
Or else yowe lose it all.

This was the living of his wife,
Her cowe she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that tyme
A *Marchant* of great fame,
Whiche being distressed in his need,
Unto *Gernutus* came;

Desiring him to stande his friend,
For twelve-months and a daie,
To lend to him an hundred crownes,
And he for it would paie,

Whatsoever he would demande of him,
And pledges he should have:

No (qd. the Jew with fleering lookes)
Sir, aske what yowe will have.

An Old Ballad.

No penny for the loane of it
 For one yeere yowe shall paie;
 Yowe may doe mee as good a turne,
 Before my dying daie.
 But we will have a merry jeast
 For to bee talked long:
 Yowe shall make mee a bond (quoth hee)
 That shall bee large and strong:
 And this shall bee the forfeiture,—
 Of youre own fleshe a pound:
 If yowe agree, make yowe the bond,
 And here's a hundred crownes.

The second part of the Jew's cruelties; setting forth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant.

With right good will the Marchant said,
 And so the bond was made,
 When twelve months and a daie drew on,
 That back it should be paide.

The Marchant's ships were all at sea,
 And money came not in;
 Whiche way to take or what to doe,
 To thinke he dothe begin.

And to *Gernutus* straight he comes
 With cap and bended knee,
 And sayd to him of curtesie
 I pray yowe bear with mee.

My daie is come, and I have not
 The monie for to paie,
 And little good the forfeiture
 Will do yowe I dare saie.

With all my heart *Gernutus* said,
 Commande it to yowre minde:
 In things of bigger weight than thys
 Yowe shall me ready finde.

An Old Ballad.

He goes his way ; the day once past,
 Gernutus does not slacke
To get a serjeant presentlie,
 And clapt him on the backe ;
And layd him into prison strong,
 And sued his bond withall ;
And when the judgement daie was come,
 For judgement he doth call.
The Marchant's friends come thither fast,
 With manye a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find
 But he that day must dye.
Some offered for his 100 crownes
 Five hundred for to paie,
And some a thousand, two, or three,
 Yet still he did denay.
And at the last 10,000 crownes,
 They offered him to save,
Gernutus said, I will no gold,
 My forfeit I will have.
A pound of fleshe is my demande,
 And that shall bee my hyre,
Then said the judge, yet my good friend
 Let mee of yowe desyre,
To take the fleshe from suche a place
 As yet yowe let him lyve ;
Doe so, and lo an 100 crownes
 To thee here will I gyve.
No, no, quoth hee, no, judgement here,
 For thys it shall be tryde,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
 From under his right syde.
It grieved all the companie
 His crueltie to see,
For neither friend or foe could help
 But he must spoyled bee.

An Old Ballad.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloude of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.
And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
Stay (quoth the judge, thy crueltie,)
I charge thee to doe so :
Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of fleshe a pound,
See that yowe shedde no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound ;
For if thou doe, like murtherer,
Thou here shalt hanged bee :
Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut
No more than 'longs to thee ;
For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt bee hanged presentlie
As is both law and right.
Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,
And wote not what to say :
Quoth he at last, 10,000 crownes
I will that he shall pay,
And so I grant to set him free.
The Judge doth answere make,
Yowe shall not have a penny given,
Your forfeiture now take.
At the last he doth demande
But for to have his own ;
No, quoth the Judge, do as yowe list,
The judgement shall be showne.
Either take yowre pound of fleshe (qd. hee)
Or cancell mee yowre bond.
O cruell Judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against mee stand,

The Monk and the Jew.

And so with griped griev'd minde
 He biddeth them farewell.
 All the people prays'd the Lord
 That ever this heard tell.

Good people that do hear this song,
 For truth I dare will saie,
 That manye a wretch as ill as hee
 Dothe lyve now at this daie ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
 Of many a wealthie man,
 And for to trap the innocent
 Deviseth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver mee,
 And everie Christian too,
 And send to them like sentence eke,
 That meaneth so to doe.

THE MONK AND THE JEW ;
Or, CATHOLIC CONVERT.

A TALE.

Stern Winter, clad in frost and snow,
 Had now forbade the streams to flow ;
 And skaited peasants swiftly glide,
 Like swallows o'er the slipp'ry tide ;
 When Mordecai—upon whose face
 The synagogue you plain might trace—
 Fortune, with smiles deceitful, bore
 To a curs'd hole, but late skimm'd o'er !
 Down plumps the Jew ! but, in a trice,
 Rising, he caught the friendly ice.
 He gasp'd, he yell'd a hideous cry ;
 No friendly help, alas ! was nigh ;
 Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran
 To snatch from death a drowning man !
 But, when the holy father saw
 A limb of the Mosaic law,

The Felon.

His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
 "For Heav'n's sake, help!" exclaim'd the Jew.
 "Turn Christian first," the father cries.
 "I'm froze to death!" the Jew replies.
 "Froze," quoth the Monk, "too soon you'll know,
 There's fire enough for Jews below.
 Renounce your unbelieving crew,
 And help is near."—"I do, I do!"—
 "Damn all your brethren, great and small."—
 "With all my heart—Oh, damn 'em all!—
 Now help me out."—"There's one thing more—
 Salute the cross, and Christ adore."
 "There, there! I Christ adore."—" 'Tis well;
 Thus arm'd, defiance bid to hell.
 And yet, another thing remains
 To guard against eternal pains:
 Do you our papal father hold
 Heav'n's Vicar, and believe all told
 By holy church?"—"I do, by G—d!
 One moment more, I'm food for cod!
 Drag, drag me out! I freeze, I die!"—
 "Your peace, my friend, is made on high:
 Full absolution, here, I give;
 Saint Peter will your soul receive,
 Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriv'n—
 New converts always go to heav'n.
 No hour for death so fit as this:—
 Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss!"
 So said, the father, in a trice,
 His convert launch'd—beneath the ice!

 THE FELON.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

Oh, mark his wan and hollow cheek!
 And mark his eye-balls glare;
 And mark his teeth in anguish clench'd,
 The anguish of despair!

The Felon.

Know, since three days, his penance borne,
Yon FELON left a jail ;

And since three days, no food has pass'd
Those lips so parch'd and pale.

“ Where shall I turn ? ” the wretch exclaims,
“ Where hide my shameful head ?

How fly from scorn ? Oh ! how contrive
To earn my honest bread ?

This branded hand would gladly toil ;
But when for work I pray,

Who sees this mark—A FELON ! cries,
And loathing turns away.

“ This heart has greatly err'd, but now
Would fain revert to good ;

This hand has deeply sinn'd, but yet
Has ne'er been stain'd with blood.

For work, or alms, in vain I sue ;
The scorers both deny :—

I starve ! I starve !—Then what remains—
This choice—to *sin*, or *die* !

“ Here virtue spurns me with disdain ;
Here pleasure spreads her snare ;

Strong habit drags me back to vice,
And, urged by fierce despair,

I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
To fly from shame in vain.

World ! 'tis thy cruel will ! I yield,
And plunge in guilt again.

“ There's mercy in each ray of light,
That mortal eyes e'er saw ;

There's mercy in each breath of air,
That mortal lips e'er draw ;

There's mercy both for bird and beast
In God's indulgent plan ;

There's mercy for each creeping thing—
But *man has none for man* !

“ Ye proudly honest ! when ye heard
My wounded conscience groan,

Merry Andrew.

Had generous hand, or feeling heart,
 One glimpse of mercy shewn,—
 That act had made, from burning eyes,
 Sweet tears of virtue roll ;
 Had fix'd my heart, assured my faith,
 And *Heaven had gain'd a soul!*"

MERRY ANDREW.

BY PRIOR.

Sly merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair,
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear :
 So peevish was the edict of the May'r,)
 At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd
 To please our masters, and his friends, the crowd ;
 A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
 His left was with a good black pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage :
 Why, how now, Andrew ! cries his brother Droll,
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull :
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematic worship mean ?
 Quoth Andrew ; honest English let us speak :
 Your emble—(what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence :
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was, which thou art now ;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
 With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
 I, for this conduct, had what I deserv'd ;
 And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 O, dearest Andrew, says the humble Droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control ;

The Shepherd and his Dog.

Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
Bow, then, says Andrew; and for once I will.
Be of your Patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.

A reverend prelate stopp'd his coach-and-six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks;
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on, (he cried,) this fellow is no fool.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

BY THE LATE G. S. CAREY.

On a green slope, beneath an hawthorn's shade,
Poor Will, the shepherd, carelessly was laid;
His nibbling flocks were busied all around,
Some on the high, and some the low-land ground;
The faithful Trusty watching near his side,
In which his master took a world of pride;
And now the swain uplifts his pensive eyes,
Surveying round the clear expanded skies,
Beheld the sun with mid-day lustre shine,
From which he learnt it was his hour to dine;
His humble viands from his scrip he took,
And from his pouch a tatter'd pious book,
From which some grateful orison he read,
Ere he partook his scanty share of bread,
For small is now, alas! each poor man's lot,
And meagre hunger stares from out each cot;
Yet, whatsoe'er might prove the shepherd's fare,
He scorn'd to stint his Trusty in his share,
But, while he eats, his usual portion gives,
Which his poor slave right thankfully receives,
Wags his frank tail, and fondles at his feet
For crumbs of bread—for he had seldom meat.

Masonry.

Now, while he huswifes out his humble meal,
 Trying how much to Trusty he can deal,
 Pats his lean sides with many a tender stroke,
 Then strait as tenderly to him he spoke
 “Thou little know’st, poor Trusty, of thy state;
 Thou little know’st what miseries await
 On thee, I fear, and all thy wretched kind,
 Plann’d and contriv’d within some human mind :
 As, with Fidelity, they were at strife,
 A price is set upon thy harmless life.
 Faithful to me thou’st been, and to my fold,
 In burning summers, and in winters cold ;
 In early morning, or in evening late ;
 In darksome nights, a guardian to my gate ;
 In roads of peril hast thou been my guide,
 Thro’ wayward paths, o’er dreary heaths, and wide ;
 And when we’ve ceas’d the wearying hills to roam,
 Thou’st cheer’d my heart with little tricks at home.
 Must I resign thee?—that shall never be !
 Or tamely part with such sincerity ?
 No—while these hands possess the pow’r to toil,
 Or while these lands yield nurture from the soil,
 Thou shalt partake, while here on earth I live,
 Then beg to *die*, when I’ve *no more to give*.”

MASONRY.

A COLLOQUIAL SCENE.

BY A MASON.

Speakers—FATHER, MOTHER, AND DAUGHTER.

Curtain rises, and discovers the Mother seated at a Table, knotting ; the Daughter (a Child) reading a Play-bill.

Dau. Mamma, I do not understand this—“BY DESIRE
 OF THE UNION LODGE :”—Allow me to inquire
 What is this Union Lodge they talk of here ?

Moth. A lodge, or company of Freemasons, dear.

Masonry.

- Dau.* Freemasons! la, Mamma, do tell me, pray;
I long to know—what sort of things are they?
- Moth.* My love, I could not tell you if I would,
Since women from their order they exclude.
- Dau.* Do they, Mamma? Indeed, that's very rude.
Fond as I am of plays, I'll not be seen
At any play bespoke by such vile men.
- Moth.* Call them not vile—I Masons much approve—
And there is one whom you with fondness love—
Your father—ask of him—he'll plainly shew
All that of Masonry we ought to know.

Enter the FATHER—CHILD runs to him.

- Dau.* Papa, are you a Mason?
- Fath.* Yes, my dear,
And proud I am of that high character.
- Dau.* Tell me, Papa, what is this Masonry?
- Mamma, too, longs to know as well as me—
- Moth.* Fie! child.
- Fath.* Nay, blush not, love, your modest zeal,
Not curiosity, is laudable.—
Then, list, while freely I'll unfold to you
For what great end our Order rose to view:
And though by you (*to the Child*) 'twill scarce be
understood,
You'll learn enough, in knowing it is good.
When, thro' the murky void of gothic gloom,
The star of science 'gan our shore t' illumine;
When, by its glimmering light, men gaz'd dismay'd
On the wild havoc which themselves had made,
And throwing all their mental fetters by,
They hail'd the rising Sun of Liberty.
Then Masonry uprear'd her beauteous head,
And shew'd the grand use for which man was made;
'Twas thus our sacred order was design'd
To expand the human heart, and bless mankind,
Wisdom herself contriv'd the mystic frame,
Strength to support, Beauty t' adorn it came.
By it we're taught, with grateful hearts, t' adore
The god of all—the Universal Power.

Masonry

All children of one gracious Father are,
 To whom no ranks of rich and poor appear.
 "He sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
 "A monarch perish, and a beggar fall."
 We're taught our conduct by the Plumb to try,
 To make it upright to the nicest eye—
 To be good subjects—ne'er in plots to join,
 Nor aught against the nation's peace design—
 Always to work by the unerring *square*,
 And, by our tongues, let our whole hearts appear.
 The *compass* is presented to our eyes,
 And circumscribe your actions, loudly cries—
 Whene'er we see a fellow-creature lie,
 Wounded by sorrow, want, or misery,
 To search each latent hurt we are enjoin'd
 To pour in oil and wine, and gently bind,
 On our own hearths to place him—to convey—
 Where all may strive to wipe his tears away.

Moth. Go on, ye good Samaritans, to bless,
 And may such hearts as your's ne'er know distress.

Fath. While stern Philosophy, with rigid law,
 And brow austere, her votaries strives to draw,
 We seek, by gentle and alluring ways,
 To make fair Virtue and her lessons please;
 We, at our work, are rationally gay,
 And Music call to tune the moral lay;
 Intemp'rance never at our lodge appears,
 Nor noisy riot there assails our ears:
 True, at each meeting we a banquet find,
 But 'tis the still sweet lux'ry of the kind,
 To nurture genius, to refine the sense,
 Or plan new projects of beneficence.
 Our secrets, only fram'd our hearts to bind,
 The upright man who seeks, may always find——

Moth. But women, ever seeking, seek in vain—

Fath. This seeming myst'ry I will explain:
 Though women from our order we exclude,
 Let not that gentle sex at once conclude
 We love them not, or fear they would reveal
 What we enjoin'd them strictly to conceal—

The Pig.

We fondly love, and think we might impart,
 Sure of their faith, our secrets to their heart.
 But we're afraid, if once the lovely fair
 Were at our happy lodges to appear,
 That fire-eyed Jealousy would enter there. }
 Then, rivals turn'd, our social bonds destroy'd,
 Farewell the pleasures now so much enjoy'd :
 We're taught to build 'gainst vice the strongest
 fence,

And round us raise the walls of innocence.
 Happy, thrice happy! could we Masons see
 Such perfect workmen as they're taught to be.
 Could we behold them ev'ry where appear
 Worthy the honourable badge they wear—

Moth. I see your secret now—'tis clear—'tis plain—
 It is *the touch-stone of an honest man.*

Fath. True, and whoe'er believes in one First Cause,
 And strict obedience pays to moral laws,
 Who knows how to distinguish right from wrong,
 And knowing, humbly walks amid the throng,
 Of whatsoever faith or clime he be,
 He shall receive a Brother's love from me;
 For though we here such diff'rent roads pursue,
 All upright Masons, all good men, and true,
 Shall meet together in the lodge above,
 Enjoy full bliss in everlasting love.

[*The FATHER casts his eyes fervently to Heaven—the
 MOTHER tenderly presses one of his hands between hers
 —and the DAUGHTER hangs upon the other.—The cur-
 tain falls.*]

THE PIG.

Jacob! I do not love to see thy nose
 Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.
 It would be well, my friend, if we like him,
 Were perfect in our nature! Why dislike
 The sow-born grunter?—"He is obstinate,"
 Thou answerest; "ugly, and the filthiest beast

The Pig.

That banquets upon offal,"—Now, I pray you
Hear the Pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?—

We must not Jacob, be deceived with words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit and not his. He hath not learn'd
That pigs were made for man ; born to be brawn'd
And baconised ; that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take ;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege !
Perhaps——hark, Jacob ! dost thou hear that horn ?*
Woe to the young posterity of pork !
Their enemy's at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face,——nay, Jacob, Jacob, were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille ?
Fancy he's drest, and with salt-petre roug'd
Behold his tail my friend ; with curls like that
The wanton fair marries her stately spouse.
So, crisp in beauty, Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagin'd change
Could e'er improve this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the peacock's pride ;
Give him the swan's white breast ; for his horn-hoofs,
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crouded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from th' enamour'd sea arose ;—
Jacob thou canst but make a monster of him :
All alteration man could think, would mar
His pig-perfection.

* The Sow-gelder's.

 Bucks have at ye all.

The last charge,——he lives
 A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
 With noble and right-reverend precedents;
 And shew, by sanction of authority,
 That 'tis a very honourable thing
 To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
 On better ground th' unanswerable defence.
 The Pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt! Jacob, what is dirt?
 If matter,—why, the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged epicure, to the last morsel.
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates is no more.
 If matter be not; but, as sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, tho' finely modified,
 Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire
 Wherein he stands knee-deep!

And there! that breeze
 Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
 Of *beans* it came, and thoughts of *bacon* rise.

 BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

Ye social friends of claret and of wit,
 Where'er dispers'd, in merry groups ye sit.
 Whether below ye gild the glitt'ring scene;
 Or in the upper regions oft have been;
 Ye Bucks assembled at your Ranger's call,
 Damme, I know ye—and have at ye all.
 The motive here that sets our Bucks on fire,
 The gen'rous wish, the first and last desire;
 If you with plaudits echo to renown,
 Or urg'd with fury tear the benches down;
 'Tis still the same—to one bright goal ye haste,
 To shew your judgment and approve your taste.
 'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
 No, damme, Bucks exist but in a riot.

Bucks have at ye all.

For instance now—to please the ear and charm the admiring crowd,

Your Bucks o'th' boxes sneer and talk aloud :

To the green box next with joyous speed you run,

Hilly ho ! ho ! my Bucks ! well, damn it, what's the fun ?

Tho' Shakspeare speaks—regardless of the play,

Ye laugh and loll the sprightly hours away :

For to seem sensible of real merit,

Oh, damme, it's low, it's vulgar—beneath us lads of spirit.

Your Bucks o'the pit are miracles of learning,

Who point out faults to shew their own discerning ;

And critic-like bestriding martyr'd sense,

Proclaim their genius and vast consequence.

The side long row, whose keener views of bliss,

Are chiefly center'd in some favourite miss ;

A set of jovial Bucks who here resort,

Flush from the tavern, reeling, ripe for sport :

Wak'd from their dream oft join the gen'ral roar,

With bravo, bravo—bravissimo, et damme, encore.

Or skipping that behold another row,

Supply'd by citizens or smiling beau ;

Addressing miss, whose cardinal protection,

Keeps her quite safe from ranc'rous detraction :

Whose lively eyes beneath a down-drawn hat,

Give hint she loves a little—you know what.

Ye Bucks above who range like gods at large,

Nay pray don't grin, but listen to your charge.

You who design to change this scene of raillery,

And out-talk players in the upper gallery :

Oh there's a youth, and one o'th' sprightly sort,

I don't mean you—damme, you've no features for't.

Who sily skulks to hidden station,

While players follow their vocation,

Whistle, off, off, off? Nosee, Roast Beef—there's education. }

Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',

And set each country's little faults to view :

In the right sense receive the well-meant jest,

And keep the moral still within your breast ;

Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,

Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end.

Gray

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's-shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did their harvest to the sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Elegy.

Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,

Elegy.

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind !
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate.
Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
" Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantastic root so high,
" His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,

Elegy.

" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 " Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :
 " The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 " Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*
*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*
*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea ;
 The ship was still as she could be ;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.
 Without either sign, or sound of their shock,
 The waves flow'd o'er the Inchcape rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

Inchcape Rock.

The Abbot of Abberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock.
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And bless'd the Abbot of Abberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the Rover, walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, " My men put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Abberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Abberbrothok.

Sir Ralph, the Rover, sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

Sylvester Daggerwood.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
 They cannot see the sun on high;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "it will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
 For methinks we should be near the shore."

"Now where we are, I can not tell,
 But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fall'n they drift along,
 'Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
 "Oh Christ, it is the Inchcape rock!"

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
 He curs'd himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on ev'ry side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear;
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

SCENE.—*Fustian and Sylvester: (Daggerwood discovered asleep in a chair.) the Clock strikes Eleven.*

Fust. Eight, nine, ten, eleven,—Zounds! eleven o'clock; and here I have been waiting ever since nine, for an interview with the manager.—(*A Servant crosses the Stage, from R.H.*)—Harkye, young man, is your master visible yet?

Serv. Sir!

Fust. I say, can I see your master?

Serv. He has two gentlemen with him at present.

Fust. Who is this gentleman asleep in the corner?

Sylvester Daggerwood.

Serv. Oh, that, sir, is a gentleman who wants to come out.

Fust. Come out! then wake him, and open the door.—Gad, the greatest difficulty at this house is to get in.

Serv. Ha, ha! I mean he wants to appear on the stage; 'tis Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company.

Fust. Oh, a country candidate for a London truncheon, a sucking Prince of Denmark,—D—m'me, he snores like a tinker; fatigued with his journey, I suppose.

Serv. No, sir—he has taken a nap in this room these five mornings—but has not been able to obtain an audience here yet.

Fust. No, nor at Dunstable neither, I take it.

Serv. I am loth to disturb him, poor gentleman, so I never wake him till a full half hour after my master is gone out.

Fust. Upon my soul that's very obliging—I must keep watch here, I find, like a lynx. Well, friend, you'll let your master know Mr. Fustian is here, when the two gentlemen have left him at leisure.

Serv. The moment they make their exit. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Fust. Make their exit!—this fellow must have lived here some time, by his language, and I'll warrant him lies by rote like a parrot.—(*Takes out a M.S.*)—If I could nail this manager for a minute, I'd read him such a tragedy.

Dag. “Nay, an thou'lt mouth,—I'll rant as well as thee.”

Fust. Eh? dam'me, he's talking in his sleep, acting Hamlet, before twelve tallow candles, in the country.

Dag. “To be, or not to be?”

Fust. Yes, he's at it—let me see—(*Turning over the leaves of his Tragedy.*) I think there's no doubt of its running.

Dag. “That is the question.”—“Who would fardles bear?”

Fust. Zounds! there's no bearing you—his Grace's patronage will fill half the side boxes—and, I warrant, we'll stuff the critics into the pit.

Dag. “To groan and sweat”—“when he himself might his quietus make.”

Fust. Quietus,—I wish with all my heart I could make yours—The Countess of Crambo insists on the best places

Sylvester Daggerwood.

for the first night of performance ; she'll sit in the stage box.

Dag. "With a bare bodkin."

Fust. O the devil ! there's no enduring this.—Sir, sir, (*Waking him.*) do you intend to sleep any more ?

Dag. (*Waking.*) Eh, what, when ?—"Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more."

Fust. Faith, sir, you heard something very like it, and that voice was mine.

Dag. Sir, I am your respective servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood—whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction—You'd make an excellent Macbeth, sir.

Fust. Sir ?

Dag. "Macbeth doth murder sleep,—the innocent sleep,—balm of hurt minds,—great nature's second course."—Faith, and very often the first course, when a dinner is unavoidably deferred by your humble servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

Fust. I am very sorry, sir, you should ever have occasion to postpone so pleasant a performance.

Dag. Eating, sir, is a popular entertainment for man and horse, as I may say,—but I am apt to appear nice, sir—and somehow or other, I never could manage to sit down to dinner in a bad company.

Fust. Has your company been bad then, of late, sir ?

Dag. D—n'd bad, indeed, sir ;—the Dunstable company—where I have eight shillings a week, four bits of candle, one wife, three shirts, and nine children—

Fust. A very numerous family.

Dag. A crowded house to be sure, sir, but not very profitable. Mrs. Daggerwood—a fine figure, but, unfortunately, stutters ; so of no use in the theatrical line. Children too young to make a *debut*, except my eldest, Master Apollo Daggerwood, a youth of only eight years old, who has twice made his appearance in Tom Thumb, to an overflowing and brilliant barn—house, I mean—with unbounded and universal applause.

Fust. Have you been long on the stage, Mr. Daggerwood ?

Sylvester Daggerwood.

Dag. Fifteen years since I first smelt the lamps, sir : my father was an eminent button-maker at Birmingham, and meant to marry me to Miss Molly Metre, daughter to the rich director of the coal-works, at Wolverhampton ; but I had a soul above buttons, and abhorred the idea of a mercenary marriage,—I panted for a liberal profession—so ran away from my father, and engaged with a travelling company of comedians ; in my travels, I had soon the happiness of forming a romantic attachment with the present Mrs. Daggerwood, wife to Sylvester Daggerwood, your humble servant to command, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction—so you see, sir, I have a taste.

Fust. Have you ?—then sit down, and I'll read you my tragedy : I am determined somebody shall hear it before I go out of the house. *(Sits down.)*

Dag. A tragedy ! sir, I'll be ready for you in a moment ; let me prepare for woe. *(Takes out a very ragged pocket-handkerchief.)* "This handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give."

Fust. Faith, I should think so—and to all appearance, one of the Norwood party.

Dag. Now, sir, for your title, and then for the dramatic personæ.

Fust. The title, I think, will strike : the fashion of plays, you know, is to rescue certain characters from the illiberal odium with which custom has marked them. Thus we have a generous Israelite, an amiable cynic—and so on.—Now, sir, I call my play *The Humane Footpad !*

Dag. What !

Fust. There's a title for you ! Isn't it happy ?—Eh, how do you like my Footpad ?

Dag. Humph—Why, I think he'll strike—but then he ought to be properly executed.

Fust. Oh, sir, let me alone for that. An exception to a general rule is now the grand secret for dramatic composition :—Mine is a freebooter of benevolence, and plunders with sentiment.

Dag. There may be something in that, and for my part.

Sylvester Daggerwood.

I was always with Shakspeare,—“Who steals my purse, steals trash.” I never had any weighty reason yet for thinking otherwise. Now, sir, as we say, please to “leave your d—nable faces, and begin.”

Fust. My d—nable faces!

Dag. Come—“We’ll to’t like French falconers.”

Fust. (*Reading.*) Scene first—A dark wood—night.

Dag. A very awful beginning.

Fust. (*Reading.*) The moon behind a cloud.

Dag. That’s new; an audience never saw a moon behind a cloud before—but it will be difficult to paint.

Fust. Don’t interrupt—where was I? oh, behind a cloud.

Dag. “The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces.”

Fust. Hey, the devil; what are you at?

Dag. Beg pardon; but that speech never comes into my head, but it runs away with me. Proceed.

Fust. (*Reading.*) Enter—

Dag. “The solemn temples,”—

Fust. Nay, then, I’ve done.

Dag. So have I. I’m dumb.

Fust. Enter Egbert, (*musings.*)

(*Reading.*)

Dag. O.P?

Fust. Pshaw! what does that signify?

Dag. Not much—“The great globe itself.”

Fust. (*Reading.*) Egbert, (*musings.*) “Clouded in night I come.”

Dag. (*Starting up.*) “The cloud-capt towers,
“The gorgeous palaces,
“The solemn temples—”

Fust. (*Gets up.*) D—me, he’s mad! a bedlamite! raves like Lear, and foams out a folio of Shakspeare without drawing breath!—I am almost afraid to stay in the room with him.

Enter a SERVANT.

Oh, I’m glad you are come, friend! now I shall be delivered: your master would be glad to see me, I warrant.

Serv. My master is just gone out, sir.

Fust. Gone out!

Sylvester Daggerwood.

Dag. "Oh, day and night, but this is wondrous strange."

Fust. What, without seeing me, who have been waiting for him these three hours!

Dag. Three hours! pugh!—I've slept here for five mornings in his old arm chair.

Serv. He ordered me to tell you, gentlemen, he was particularly sorry, but he is obliged to hurry down to the theatre, to meet Mr. Bannister and Mr. Suett upon particular business.

Fust. He is! and what the devil, friend, have I to do with Mr. Bannister? D—n Mr. Bannister!

Dag. And d—n Mr. Suett! what the devil have I to do with Mr. Suett? Now he has shirtd us. I'll lay you an even bet, he has gone to neither of them.

Fust. Pretty treatment! pretty treatment, truly! to be kept here half the morning, kicking my heels in a manager's anti-room, shut up with a mad Dunstable actor.

Dag. Mad! zounds, sir! I'd have you to know, that "when the wind's southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

Fust. Tell your master, friend; tell your master—but no matter; he don't catch me here again, that's all; d—me, I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on't, and bring it out at one of the winter theatres. [Exit.]

Dag. (*To the Servant.*) Young man, you know me; I shall come to the old arm-chair again to-morrow, but must go to Dunstable the day after, for a week, to finish my engagement—wish for an interview—inclination to tread the London boards, and so on—you know my name—Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

Serv. I shall be sure to tell him, sir.

Dag. "I find thee apt—

"And duller wouldst thou be, than the fat weed

"That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,

"Would'st thou not stir in this."

Open the street door: "go on, I'll follow thee." [Exeunt.]

Theatrical Anecdotes, Bon Mots,

&c. &c.

MOLIERE.

Moliere, the celebrated French comedian, was esteemed the brightest genius of the age in which he lived; and therefore we may be sure he had all the choice spirits in his retinue. In his latter days, he was confined to a milk diet; but when he was at his country-house near Paris, his friend, Chapelle, used to invite the guests, and be the master of the ceremonies. Moliere withdrew one evening, leaving his friends at their bottle. About three in the morning the talk happened to fall on mortality. "What an insignificant thing is this life of ours," cried Chapelle, "the gall infinitely outweighs the honey: thirty or forty years are often thrown away in the pursuit of a pleasure, which at last does not fall to our share, or deceives our expectation: our poor childhood is perpetually plagued by our parents, in stuffing our heads with a pack of nonsense: what a plague is it to me, whether the sun or the earth circulates; or whether that crazy fellow Descartes, or that visionary Aristotle, be in the right? yet my blockhead of a tutor was continually thumping such stuff into me, and teasing me with his Epicurus; though indeed him I liked well enough. Well, we are no sooner out of the clutches of these pedants, but a settlement is brought on the carpet; by Jupiter, women are sworn enemies to man's quiet: look round on every side of this fine life, there is nothing but care, vexation, misfortune, and confusion." Jourdain rose and embraced him, "Spoke like thyself, my dear friend, life is a scurvy business indeed; let's leave it to

Moliere.

“ grovelling fools; and lest such good friends should be separated, let’s even go and drown ourselves together; we have but a step to the river.” “ That’s my hero,” said Nugent, “ this is the very nick of time to die good friends and in high spirits; besides, the whole nation will ring with this exploit.” This friendly motion being unanimously applauded, up start these inebriated gentlemen, and staggered away to the river. Baron (Moliere’s pupil) run out for help, and called up his master, who was the more terrified at this project, as he knew them to be so far in liquor. These frantics had already reached the river and were putting off a boat, in order to drown themselves in the deepest water; but luckily some of the servants and villagers, being at their heels, drew them on shore. Enraged at being prevented in destroying themselves, they drew their swords upon their helpers, and these took to their heels towards Moliere’s house, who, meeting his furious friends, said to them, “ What’s the matter, gentlemen? what have these rascals done to you?” “ Done!” replied Jourdain, who was the most forward to begone, “ these scoundrels have interrupted our drowning ourselves. Now, dear Moliere, you are a man of wit, and so may judge whether we are not greatly in the right: wearied out with this paltry world, we were upon mending our condition in the other; to which the river seemed the shortest cut; and these dogs of rustics have frustrated our expedition; don’t they deserve our swords in their guts?” “ Is it so?” replied Moliere; “ that’s too good for them; begone, ye scum of the earth,” said he, in a seeming anger to the poor men, “ or I’ll break every bone in your bodies: such fellows as you presume to thwart gentlemen in their noble design! Now, gentlemen,” continued Moliere, “ in what have I deserved, that you should not have acquainted me with such an exalted purpose? What! to drown yourselves, and leave me in this sneaking, fickle, miserable world, I thought you had loved me better.” “ He is indeed in the right,” said Chapelle; “ ’twas not friendly in us; well, come along, the more the merrier.” “ Fair and softly,” replied Moliere, “ this

Moliere.

"requires some deliberation ; it is the last act of life, and should be attended with all its merit ; were we to drown ourselves now immediately, the spiteful world would not fail to say, we did it in the night, like folks in despair, or in a mad fit of drunkenness. Let us take the season that will dignify the achievement, and set it in its full lustre ; about eight or nine in the morning, fresh and fasting, we will solemnly proceed hand in hand to the river, before a multitude of spectators, and then a good rid-dance of the world." "His reasons are unanswerable," said Nugent, "I like them well." "The devil's in it," continued la Motte, "we are but mere idiots, in comparison of this Moliere ; so agreed, we will put it off till to-morrow ; and, in the mean time, let's to bed, for I can hardly keep my eyes open." Thus, without Moliere's happy presence of mind, there would have been an horrid complication of guilt and mischief ; for his friends were bent upon revenge ; but a sound sleep reconciled them to the world, and they rewarded those who had put a stop to their precipitate departure.

Moliere had an excellent heart, of which many instances might be given. One day his pupil, Baron, bringing him word a man, whom extreme distress hindered from shewing himself, and that his name was Mondargo ; "I know him," answered Moliere ; "he was one of us in Languedoc ; what will it be proper to give him ?" Baron, after a pause, said, "four pistoles-" "Well," replied Moliere, "I am going to give him four for myself, and do you give him these twenty." To this handsome present Moliere added many tender expressions, and a very rich theatric habit for tragedies.

The same, who was frequently very absent in mind, one day hired a coach to carry him to the theatre, but he being in haste, and the carriage not proceeding with the rapidity he wished, he got out, placed himself behind, and endeavoured to push it forward. Notwithstanding the loud and general laughter this act occasioned, he was not sensible of his folly. On arriving at the theatre, he was covered with mud, and abused the coachman for having such a dirty

Moliere.—Edward III.

carriage, and it was not without much ado that he was made to understand the truth.

The same, having thrown out alms one day to a beggar, the man called out to the coachman to stop; and coming up, "Sir," said he, "I suppose this piece of gold was not 'intended for me?' Moliere, after a moment's pause, cried out, "In what holes does virtue nestle itself! Here, friend, there is another."

The company of comedians, of which Moliere was the head, proposed a very pompous funeral for him; but the archbishop of Paris would not allow him so much as Christian burial. Moliere's widow, willing to make some amends by her respect to his corpse, for the uneasiness she gave him while living, went and threw herself at the king's feet for redress; the king told her, "that it being an affair 'within the archbishop's jurisdiction, he was the person she must petition.'" However, his majesty sent a message to the prelate, recommending the matter to him, as his refusal would make a great noise, and give offence. This induced the archbishop to recall his prohibition, provided that the funeral should be plain and silent; accordingly it was performed by two priests, without singing, a great number of friends attending, each with a torch in his hand; but Mrs. Moliere, who was always upon extremes, several times exclaimed, "What! is a funeral denied to a man 'who deserved altars?'"

EDWARD THE THIRD.

The devout archbishop of Paris seems to have favoured plays as little as Edward III. of England, who ordained, "that a company of men called vagrants, should be whipt 'out of London, because they represented scandalous 'foolish things in ale-houses and other places, to crowds 'of people.'" This severe edict put the players upon contriving religious representations: for a few years after, the clergy and scholars of St. Paul's school petitioned Richard II. "to prohibit a company of unexpert people 'from representing the history of the Old Testament, to 'the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been

La Fontaine.—Dominic and Santeuil.

“at great charge and expence, in order to represent it publicly at Christmas.”

LA FONTAINE.

La Fontaine was seized with a dangerous illness in 1692, When the priest had talked to him of religion, concerning which he had lived in extreme carelessness, though he was far from being an infidel or libertine, La Fontaine told him, “I have lately bestowed some hours in reading the New Testament; I assure you that it is a good book; yes, as I have a soul to be saved, it is a very good book; but there is one article which staggers me,—that is, everlasting punishment;—do you think it is not against the goodness of God?” His difficulty was soon levelled; and being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, the priest represented to him, that he had certain intelligence of a dramatic piece of his, which had been read with universal applause, and was soon to be put into the actors’ hands for representation. “Sir,” continued he, “the profession of an actor is counted infamous by the laws; their persons are excluded from the sacraments by the church; consequently, to contribute to uphold such a profane calling, is wrong; and I tell you I must not, that I cannot, give you absolution upon your confession, unless you promise never to deliver that piece to the actors.” Upon which, this sincere penitent threw the piece into the fire, without so much as keeping a copy.

DOMINIC AND SANTEUIL.

Dominic, the incomparable harlequin of the Italian theatre, was for having some Latin verses put under a print of him, and goes to Santeuil, the celebrated Latin poet; who abruptly asked him, “Who he was? what brought him? and who sent him?” and immediately shut the door against him. Dominic perceiving that such a humourist was not to be dealt with in the common way of address, leaves him, and comes again to the cloister, dressed in his harlequin habit and mask, with a scarlet cloak over it. He knocked at the door; and the poet, after bidding him come in five or six times to no purpose, cried out, “If thou art the devil, come in.” Dominic, then throwing by

 Mr. Ross.

his cloak, stalks in. This stopped Santeuil's mouth; he stared, with his arms stretched, imagining it was no other than the devil. Dominic, having stood for some time in a posture correspondent to the poet's terror, began to trip it about the room with a thousand diverting antics. This removed all Santeuil's apprehensions of an infernal visitor; so that he started up, and fell to the same gesticulations. Dominic, seeing the sport take, drew his wooden sword, and gave him several slaps on the cheeks, shoulders, and fingers; which Santeuil, a little nettled, endeavoured to return with his fists; but his adversary was too nimble for him. Then Dominic loosened his girt, and Santeuil taking off his amictus, the harlequin and monk fell to swinging one another, till the monk, finding his adversary above his match, called out, "Well, if you are the devil, I must know your name." "My name?" answered Dominic, "I am the *Santeuil* of the Italian theatre." "Odds fish! is it so?—then," replied Santeuil, "I am the *Dominic* of St. Victor's." Upon which Dominic, unmasking, after a hearty embrace, told Santeuil he wanted a Latin inscription for his picture; and Santeuil immediately gave him—*Castigat ridendo Mores.*

MR. ROSS.

A few evenings after the second part of Mr. Kelly's *Thespis* appeared, in which the then principal performers of Covent-garden theatre were unmercifully treated, and particularly Mr. Ross; a gentleman, at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Church-yard, seeing Mr. Kearsley, the publisher, come in, and neither of them knowing that Mr. Ross was in the room, asked him in a low tone of voice, if he had read the pamphlet? "Yes," replied Kearsley, "and Kelly has given them all a handsome dressing; but as to Ross, he has played the devil with him." Mr. Ross, in the instant, got up, and delivered himself to the company, in the following impressive lines, which met with universal applause:—

"I should have blush'd,
 "If Cato's house had stood secure,
 "And flourish'd in a civil war."

 Burbadge.—Handel and Arne.—Curious Correspondence.

BURBADGE.

If truth, perspicuity, wit, gravity, and every property pertaining to the ancient or modern epitaph, may be expected united in one single epitaph, it is in one made for a Mr. Burbadge, a tragedian, in the days of Shakspeare; but whether it comes from the pen of that great poet, I cannot determine. Its brevity particularly recommends it, the following being the whole—"EXIT BURBADGE.

HANDEL AND ARNE.

Handel and Arne, though somewhat rivals in musical excellence, were always upon very good terms as friends and acquaintance. Although they were the very reverse in point of size, they possessed most excellent stomachs, if eating a great deal, and of the best, can be so called. The chairmen would seldom carry Handel from the Oratorios, on account of his unwieldy weight. Arne was as a feather, courted by the chairmen of Covent-garden district. One night, the great Handel,—great in every sense of the word,—being carried home by a *team* of six, (for they are at best, but *beasts* of *burthen*,) being importuned about his *fare*, and his *size*, told them, with all the phlegm of Germanic observation, "The doctor Arne does dine with me "to-morrow, and dough he loves sour crout better dan "myself, he does not weigh half so much." This may be called chairman's comfort, but Handel did not part with a farthing more than the usual fare.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Martyr's Letter, the morning after Miss Young's marriage to Mr. Pope:—

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to be one of the first in offering congratulation; I have no doubt of your happiness, for I will confess, that, if his Holiness had attacked me, I should not have had the resolution to die

A MARTYR.

ANSWER,

DEAR MADAM,—Accept my best thanks for your congratulations; this is not an hour for criticism; but I will

Cooke and Harris.

whisper softly to my friend, that Pope's Essays are in perfect harmony with Young's Night Thoughts. Yours, &c.

A POPE.

EXTRACT FROM DUNLAP'S, LIFE OF THE LATE GEORGE COOKE.

"It was settled, that while the horses were changing, Cooke should walk to Mr. Harris's, and that Cooper, who did not wish to be seen in the business, should drive to the common near the manager's house, and wait for them. Cooke accordingly went. Cooper congratulating himself that the veteran would have no opportunity of renewing his excess, and might be carried to town recovered, and in prime order for playing, took some refreshment, and after allowing what he thought a reasonable time for settling the business, got into a post-chaise, and drove for the common. No sign of Cooke. He drives round the common. A quarter, a half, three quarters of an hour pass on, and no Cooke. Impatient and alarmed at the delay, the postillion is ordered to drive to Mr. Harris's.

What passed with Mr. Harris, in the absence of Cooper, was collected by him from Cooke's own account, and from other sources. Mr. Harris, after dinner, left his company, and came to Cooke, whose second bottle was nearly empty. "Ah, Mr. Cooke, how d'ye do. Glad to see you, well! Business, ha? what is it? left my company? what is it? what is it? what is the business?"

Cooke. Sit down, and we'll take a glass of wine.—(*Filling the glasses, and emptying the bottles.*)—You look very well, sir; here's to your health!—(*Drinks.*)

Harris. Thank you. Your health, Cooke. Well, what is it? what is it?

Cooke. You are my best friend, and I have come to ask of you a particular favour.

Harris. Well, well, well, what is it? what is it?

Cooke. Money, money, money,—(*With his particular and inimitable expression of countenance, and a peculiar sharp and emphatic tone, which his mimick easily succeeded in copying.*)

Cooke and Harris.

Harris. What?

Cooke. Money.

Harris. Why, why, Cooke, what can you want of money, with your salary, and the benefit you have received?

Cooke. All gone. I never could bear to lock up a guinea; I have too much love for my royal master, to put even his image in confinement. "Who rules over free-men, should himself be free." In serious earnest, sir, the end of the season is fast approaching, with a long vacation, and it will find me without a shilling.

Harris. Well, but vacation, you make as much money as you please in the summer.

Cooke. But you know, sir, I must have something to start with, I know what harpies managers are.—(*Country managers.*)—I must not appear to want, and then I can make my bargain.

Harris. Well, well, well, that's true enough; must not be bare—well, well, how much, how much?

Cooke. Why, sir, fifty pounds will do to start with.

Harris. Well, well.—(*Writes an order, and gives it to Cooke.*)—There, and now good bye, good bye.

Cooke. (*Seizing and pressing Harris's hand.*)—My best friend, thank you, thank you, and now—

Harris. Company waits; good bye, good bye.

Cooke. You are the best friend I ever had in the world. I must drink your health before I go.—(*Looking at the empty bottle.*)—One glass more.

Harris. (*Rings, and orders another bottle.*)

Cooke. Your health, my best of friends.

Harris. Well, good bye.

Cooke. My good friend, one word more before I go. One thing more.

Harris. Well, sir, what is it?

Cooke. Cooper, of Drury-lane; he has been very ill used, and he's a good fellow.

Harris. What do you mean, sir?

Cooke. Cooper, Holcroft's pupil, you know he played

Harris and Cooke.

at our house some years ago ; he played Hamlet in ninety-five.

Harris. Aye, aye, remember well, what of him ?

Cooke. Has his benefit at Drury Lane, the 10th of June, and wants me to play for him.

Harris. No, no, no, no.

Cooke. A good fellow, sir, and very ill used.

Harris. No Cooke ! impossible. You play at Drury Lane ! quite out of the question ; can't ! won't ! No, no, no.

Cooke. The best creature in the world, sir. I know him well, and love him much, sir ; and can't bear to see him trampled upon by those damn'd rascals at Drury Lane. Sheridan, to bring him from America, where he was every thing in his profession ; bring him from his wife and family, promised him an engagement ; here he has played part of the season, and the poor beggarly rogues won't give him a farthing, but offer him a benefit, like all the *tricks* and shuffling of their *pack*, every actor ought to cut them.

Harris. Why, now, you know, Cooke, that I would ; but impossible, you know.

Cooke. Offer him a benefit in the middle of June ; poor dogs, that costs them nothing,—a benefit, he a stranger, no friends, Lord Erskine's his friend, though ; only think, sir, of the meanness of the rogues, the unfeeling scoundrels.

Harris. Why, it's very bad treatment, but—

Cooke. Sir, I know you, and I know that you would feel indignant at such treatment ; and in my confidence, my certainty of your generosity, I pledged myself, I am in honour bound to play for him.

Harris. Well, well, then you must.

Cooke. My dear, my best of friends, thank you, I must drink your health, thank you, thank you, my dearest friend, you have granted the three things I had most at heart ; you have lifted a burthen, three burthens from me. Money, Manchester, Cooper. I shall return to London light as the gossamer. I will first finish my wine, (*pouring the balance of the bottle into a tumbler.*) and then, (*displaying the wine, and raising his voice from the low level tone to its high sharp key.*) my voice will be as clear as your liquor ;

Anachronisms.—Speakers of Prologues.

Ahem ! I shall play in my best style to-night, I promise you.

Harris. What ? what's that ? you play to-night.

Cooke. I shall give it them in my best style. Aha ! Ahem ! Aha, Aha ! Haw.

Harris. Play to-night ! and here at this time, and in this situation, John, Thomas,—(*ringing the bell violently.*)—where's the carriage that brought Mr. Cooke ?

Servant. On the common, sir.

Cooke. Aha ! common, that's right ; I am to join Cooper on the common, but there's no hurry ; let's have another bottle, another bottle, my good friend.

Harris. No, no, no, no ! No more, go away, quick ; here John, lead Mr. Cooke.

Cooke. Stand away, fellow ! what do you mean, sir ? Is this treatment for a gentleman ? A gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, to be treated thus by the son of a soap-boiler ! Pah ! Fat ! Is this the way you treat a man who has made your fortune ? Fat !

Harris. Well, my dear Cooke, go ! consider the audience, the time of day, your friends.

Cooke suffered himself to be soothed and led away by the valet, leaving the astonished manager to anticipate the hisses and rioting of a disappointed public, and perhaps the discordant crashes of his lamps and chandeliers."

ANACHRONISMS.

Among the old plays or mysteries, is one called "Candlemas Day, or the Killing of the Children of Israel," 1512. In this play, the Hebrew soldiers swear by Mahomet, who was not born till 600 years after ; Herod's messenger is named Watkin ; and the knights are directed to walk about the stage, while Mary and the infant are conveyed into Egypt.

SPEAKERS OF PROLOGUES

Were formerly dressed in black cloaks, as appears by the following extract from the Prologue to Heywood's "Four Prentices of London," 1604 ; and hence seems to

 Whig Dog.—Shakspeare's Chair.

have been derived the custom of delivering those introductory parts of our dramatic entertainments in a suit of black:—

“PROLOGUE.—*Enter three in black coats, at three doors.*

1st. What mean you, my masters, to appear thus before your time? Do you not know that I am the prologue? *Do you not see this long black velvet cloak upon my back?* Have you not sounded thrice? Do you not look pale, as fearing to be out in my speech? nay, have I not all the signs of a prologue about me?”

WHIG DOG.

In a play of Mrs. Behn's, we find a *Whig* knight calling his house-dog “Tory.”

SHAKSPEARE'S CHAIR.

Mr. Burnet, in his “View of the present state of Poland,” p. 257, gives the following account of this interesting relic of our bard:—

“The princess Czartoryska has amassed a considerable collection of curiosities, of various descriptions. Amongst these, the reader may judge of my pleasing surprise, on discovering in Poland—the *chair of Shakspeare*! It was one day sent for to the Saloon: a pretty large chair soon made its appearance, and seemingly consisted of one entire piece of wood, the back being plain, and somewhat ornamented at the sides; but what appeared to me the strangest circumstance of all was, that the whole was painted or stained of a faint or delicate green colour. Being left to wonder for awhile at appearances, which I found myself unable to explain, from the little knowledge I possessed of the antiquities of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, some hand was placed on the back of the chair, a great *case* was uplifted, and, behold, a little, plain, ordinary and whitish wooden chair appeared, such as might haply be found in most of our cottages of the present day! This relic of our reverend bard, the Princess procured some years ago when she was in England, and paid for it a very considerable sum; I was told, as much as three hundred pounds!”*

* It is said the Princess was duped, as others have been, and

Cooke,—Dr. Kenrick.—Character of Ophelia.

COOKE

Had a sovereign contempt for private theatricals, and used to relate a story in point, told by Garrick. The English Roscius having been invited to see a play performed by Lords, Knights, Honourables, and Ladies, he, with all the delicacy of a gentleman, sat not only patiently, but expressed his approbation to the nobility and gentry who surrounded and attentively observed him. It was,—“Well,”—“Very well,”—“Ah! very well indeed; Very fair,” &c. At length, in a subordinate character of the piece, (all the great parts having been duly distributed to the great folks,) a provincial actor, who was unknown to Garrick, and had been hired as a kind of drill-sergeant, made his appearance. As soon as Roscius saw him and heard him speak, his eye was fixed, and without thinking of the inference, he exclaimed, “Ah, ha! I see they have got an actor among them.” Some of my readers will call to mind certain actors they have seen, and then perhaps exclaim—“These ladies and gentlemen must have been very bad indeed.”

DR. KENRICK.

When Mr. Garrick heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give lectures on the beauties of Shakspeare, in Mary-le-bone gardens, “Well,” says he, “let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents,—*a fall in the garden*”

ON THE CHARACTER OF OPHELIA.

By Goethe.

Of *Ophelia* much need not be said; her character is completed by a few master strokes, her whole essence consists in ripe sensual feeling. Her inclination for the prince, to whose

that this chair in reality had never belonged to Shakspeare. The persons who lived in the house in which he was born, finding that all their visitors were extremely desirous of possessing something which had belonged to the bard, manufactured, amongst other things, a number of chairs, which were all of them disposed of, one after the other, *as the identical chair in which Shakspeare had been accustomed to sit.*

Garrick and Dr. Hill.

hand she is entitled to pretend, flows so entirely from this fountain; the good heart resigns itself so completely to its desires, that her father and brother both fear, and both warn her in direct and even gross terms. Decorum, like the gauze on her bosom, cannot hide the emotion of her heart; it is rather a betrayer of these gentle sensations. Her imagination is infected: her still modesty breathes voluptuous desire; and should the convenient goddess opportunity shake the tree, the fruit would fall forthwith.

When she sees herself abandoned, rejected, put to shame; when the mind of her lover is turned topsy turvy; and instead of the sweet goblet of love, he presents her the bitter cup of sorrow; her heart breaks, and the whole frame of her existence starts out of its joints; her father's death then falls on it, and crushes the beautiful structure to atoms.

But should not the poet, it may be said, have put different songs in her mouth during her madness! Could he not have chosen fragments out of melancholy ballads? Why provide a noble virgin with *double entendres*, and scraps of indecent ditties?

In this I cannot abate a tittle. In these singularities, and in this seeming indecorum, there is a profound meaning. We know at the outset with what idea the mind of the poor girl is occupied. She lived quietly to herself, but scarcely hid her wishings and longings. The tones of wontonness secretly sounded in her soul; and how often, like an improvident nurse, may she have tried to lull the feelings to rest with songs that only served to rouse them the more? At last, when she has lost all command over herself, and her heart dwells upon her tongue, that tongue becomes her betrayer; and, in the innocence of insanity, she diverts herself in the presence of the king and queen with the echo of her beloved amatory airs; of the maid who was won; of the maid who steals to her lover's chamber.

GARRICK AND DR. HILL.

Garrick's epigrams, which usually turned upon some little circumstance of the day, have much point. They fre-

 Voltaire.

quently drew forth additional “ flashes of merriment ” from his friends, and sometimes a retort from those at whom they were aimed, as in the case of the following, on the renowned and eccentric Dr. Hill, on the damnation of his farce called the “ Rout,” in Dec. 1759 :

“ ON DR. HILL.

“ For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is,
 “ His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.”

The two next, written by some of Garrick’s friends, were afterwards inserted in the public prints.

“ TO DR. HILL.

“ Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
 “ At once the disgrace, and the pest of the age ;
 “ The worst that we wish thee, for all thy damn’d crimes,
 “ Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.”
The Junto.

“ ANSWER TO THE JUNTO.

“ Their wish must be in form revers’d,
 “ To suit the Doctor’s crimes ;
 “ For if he takes his physic first,
 “ He’ll never read his rhymes.”

Another Junto.

This was too bad, and the Doctor sent to one of the papers, the following answer :—

“ TO THE JUNTO.

“ Ye desperate Junto, ye great or ye small,
 “ Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil and all ;
 “ Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,
 “ Your impertinent curses shall never prevail.
 “ I’ll neither take dock, sage, valerian, or honey,
 “ Do you take the physic, and I’ll take the money.”

VOLTAIRE,

In a conversation with Mr. Sherlock, said, “ The tragedy of Cato is admirably well written ; Addison had a great deal of taste, but the abyss, between taste and genius, is immense.

Mrs. Siddons.—Garriek.

Shakspeare had an astonishing genius, but no taste; *he has spoiled the taste of the English!!* He has been their favourite for two hundred years; and what is the taste of a nation for two hundred years, will continue so for two thousand."

MRS. SIDDONS.

It is presumed that the reader will not object to the following extract, relating to this lady. Her well-earned fame might hereafter, without such evidence after a well-known example, lead different places to contend for the honour of having given her birth:

"In this street, (the High-street, Brecknock,) at a public house called the Shoulder-of-Mutton, was born the celebrated Mrs. Siddons: I know not whether I may or not, without offence, state her age; but presuming that there is no impropriety in my inserting a copy of the register of her baptism, I take the liberty of stating, that it was on the 14th July, 1755; her father is therein erroneously called George Kemble, a comedian, instead of Roger Kemble. I am informed that Hereford has been considered as the place of her birth; but the fact is beyond controversy, as otherwise, it might have been proved a very few years ago, by a woman now dead, who was present at Mrs. S.'s birth; and perhaps even now it may not be difficult to establish the circumstance, if necessary."

Jones's History of Brecknock.

GARRICK.

This great and illustrious actor, the Roscius of the English, or rather of the moderns, for great talents have no country, but belong to all who know how to appreciate them, this David Garrick has kept his word with us; he has passed six months with us on his way from Italy, and returned to England three months ago. He would be ungrateful if he were not sorry to quit France, where he has been so well received; but where he confined himself, from preference, to the society of the philosophers, whose regrets he has taken with him, and whose air, manner, and infor-

Garrick.

mation he cherishes in turn. I ask pardon of the English, but I have usually observed that they have exaggerated their advantages, and raised their men of moderate talents to a rank above all that is distinguished and illustrious in other nations. This is the first time that I have not been deceived by their encomiums. Garrick is, in truth, above all eulogy, and to form any idea of him he must be seen. *He, who has never seen Garrick, has never seen a drama performed.*

It is easy to disfigure a face ; this may be conceived ; but Garrick neither grimaces nor overcharges his parts ; all the changes which affect his features, arise from his internal emotions ; he never exceeds the truth ; and he is possessed of that other inconceivable secret of embellishing himself without any further aid than that of passion. We have seen him play the dagger-scene in " Macbeth " in a room, dressed in his usual clothes, without the assistance of any theatrical illusion ; and in proportion as he followed with his eyes the suspended dagger traversing the air, he became so admirable that he forced an exclamation of applause from all the company. Who could imagine that the same man, the instant afterward, could counterfeit with equal perfection a pastry-cook's boy, who, in carrying his little *pates* on his head, while he is gaping in the streets, lets his tray fall into the kennel, and, after standing for a minute, astonished at the accident, ends with bursting into tears ?

In the same perfection he plays all those parts, of which the models are to be found in nature : the only characters he cannot act, are those fictitious beings who resemble nothing, and have no foundation but in the wild and poverty-stricken imagination of the poet. He affirms, that, to be a good tragic actor, it is necessary to be a good comedian, and I believe him to be in the right. He asserts, that Racine, so beautiful, so enchanting in the closet, cannot be adapted to the stage, because he says every thing, and leaves nothing to the actor. We have ever been of the opinion of *Roscius Garrick* on this point ; we, who are but a little flock of true-believers, who recognize Homer, *Æschylus*, and *Sophocles* for the law and the prophets ; we

Supernatural Appearance.

who are delighted with the gifts of genius wherever they may be found, without exception of language or of nation : —the English Roscius is of the religion professed by our little flock.

DE GRIMM.

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

The belief in a possibility of this kind existed about the beginning of the last century, even in London, where at this moment it is not wholly extinguished. In the “ Sorcerer,” a celebrated pantomime, produced by Rich, at Lincoln’s Inn Fields, a dance of infernals was exhibited. They were represented in dresses of black and red, with fiery eyes, and snaky locks, and garnished with every appendage of horror. They were twelve in number. In the middle of their performance, while intent upon the figure in which they had been completely practised, an actor of some humour, who had been accommodated with a spare dress, appeared among them. He was, if possible, more terrific than the rest, and seemed to the beholders as designed by the conductor for the principal fiend. His fellow-furies took the alarm; they knew he did not belong to them, and they judged him an infernal in earnest. Their fears were excited; a general panic ensued, and the whole groupe fled different ways; some to their dressing-rooms, and others, through the streets to their own homes, in order to avoid the destruction which they believed to be coming upon them, for the profane mockery they had been guilty of. The ODD DEVIL was *non inventus*. He took himself invisibly away, through fears of another kind. He was, however, seen by many, in imagination, to fly through the roof of the house, and they fancied themselves almost suffocated by the stench he had left behind.

The confusion of the audience is scarcely to be described. They retired to their families, informing them of this supposed appearance of the devil, with many of his additional frolicks in the exploit. So thoroughly was its reality believed, that every official assurance which could be made

Theatrical Fracas.—Beggars Opera.

the following day, did not entirely counteract the idea. This explanation was given by Rich himself, in the presence of his friend Bencraft, the contriver, and perhaps the actor, of the scheme, which he designed only as an innocent frolic to confuse the dancers, without adverting to the serious consequences that succeeded.

THEATRICAL FRACAS.

“ Last night, between the play and farce at Drury-lane Theatre, a disturbance arose, which continued for a full hour. Mr. Weston, it appeared, was in debt to the managers, on which account they had impounded all the cash received on his benefit-night; this the comedian did not like, and therefore sent word yesterday that he could not play, as he was arrested, and detained in a spunging-house, but desired that no apology should be made of his being *suddenly taken ill*, (the usual stage plea) as it would be an egregious falsehood. After the play, Mr. Vernon came forward, and announced that Mr. Weston was “ suddenly taken ill,” and could not perform. Weston immediately started up in front of the upper gallery, and informed the house that he was not ill, but in the custody of an officer, and if the audience would have patience, he would acquaint them with the whole affair. A long altercation ensued; the managers sent on Mr. Vernon repeatedly, and after much *pro* and *con* matter, Weston went down, and played his part of *Jerry Sneak*. The Managers *promised* the town a publication of the whole affair.”—*London Papers*, April 22, 1772.

BEGGARS OPERA.

Age nor time has not been able to stale this celebrated opera. Every species of performers have attempted it, from the Theatre Royal, to barns and puppet-shows. Not longer ago than the year 1799, it was played at Barnstaple, in Devonshire; when Mackheath had but one eye—Polly but one arm—the songs supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled to the tunes—whilst the manager could not write.

 Song in the Rovers.

SONG, IN THE ROVERS.

A German Drama.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I am rotting in,
 I think of those companions true,
 Who studied with me at the U-

NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

(*Weeps, and pulls out a blue handkerchief, with which he
 wipes his eyes ; gazing tenderly on it, he proceeds*)—

Sweet 'kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in !
 Alas ! Matilda then was true,
 At least I thought so at the U-

NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

Barbs ! barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew,
 Her neat post-waggon trotting in ;
 Ye bore Matilda from my view,
 At least I thought so at the U-

NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

This faden form, this pallid hue,
 This blood my veins is clotting in ;
 My years are many—they were few,
 When first I enter'd at the U-

NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen ;
 Thou wast the daughter of my TU-
 TOR, law professor at the U-

NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu !
 That kings and priests are plotting in ;
 Here doom'd to starve on WATER-GRU-
 EL, never shall I see the U-

NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

 Forfeit.—Anachronisms.

FOOTE.

An artist named Forfeit, having some job to do for Foote, and keeping it long after the time when he promised to bring it home, was making his apology by saying that he had got into a foolish scrape about *the antiquity of family* with another artist, who gave him such a drubbing as confined him to his bed for a considerable time. “Forfeit! Forfeit!” said Foote, “Why surely you have the best of the argument; as I can prove your family to be not only *several thousand years old*, but at the same time *the most numerous* of any on the face of the globe. “Aye!” said the man, quite transported with joy; “pray on what authority?”—“On the authority of Shakspeare:—

“All the souls that are, were *forfeit* once.”

 ANACHRONISMS, AND SOME OTHER INCONGRUITIES OF
 SHAKSPEARE.—BY MR. DOUCE.

The transgressions against the rules of chronology committed by those who, in recording the events of preceding ages, introduce matters which have originated in subsequent periods, seem almost exclusively to belong to authors whose works, in point of date, are to be separated from those admirable compositions which are usually styled Classics. In the latter, such instances seldom, if ever, occur; whilst in the writers, as well as the artists, of the middle ages, they are innumerable. Nor do these absurdities diminish as we approach periods more enlightened, as to general science. From the time of *Chaucer* to that of *Shakspeare*, there is scarcely an author to be found, who is not implicated in this accusation: and about the age of Elizabeth, the dramatists in particular, seem to have been remarkably inattentive to the unities of time and place. It has been observed, that *Ben Jonson* is almost the only writer against whom the charge of uniting dissimilar manners, and discordant periods, is not to be laid; and though the poets of the ensuing century are not wholly free from the imputation in question, it is certain, that from about the reign of King James the First, more care was taken to preserve

Anachronisms.

a due attention to the manners and customs of particular ages, or at least to avoid any very palpable anachronisms, than had already been done. But whilst the compositions of dramatic writers remained pretty free from these blemishes, the directors of the theatres continued to practise their, perhaps innocent, impostures on the public; and every absurdity that could be devised, or distortion of reality in costume, still continued to disgrace the stage. We were not, indeed, more absurd in this respect than other European nations, nor was it until a short time before the late revolution that the French theatre had reformed itself in this respect. Many persons now recollect the state of the English stage in *Garrick's* time, when that excellent performer used to exhibit his *Hamlet* in a common French suit of black velvet and a cocked hat, and his *Macbeth* in a scarlet coat, with broad gold lace, like the uniform of a modern general. *Quin* is said to have played *Othello* in a flowing powdered perriwig. How *Shakspeare's* characters were habited on the stage in his time, it would be difficult, or even impossible to ascertain with accuracy, at present, except in a few instances; but we have no reason to suppose that much propriety was manifested on the occasion. Unluckily for us, it was not then the practice to decorate the printed plays with frontispieces; and the theatrical prints and pictures even of succeeding times are not very commonly to be met with. It is on this account that the cuts to *Rowe's* edition of *Shakspeare*, and those to the first octavo edition of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, are at present extremely valuable; as they serve to record many pleasant absurdities that will not fail to excite a smile in the beholder:

It was reserved for the great actor, who, to the scenic talents of a *Garrick*, unites that managerial skill and judgment in the costume of nations which the other wanted; to reform these follies; and, by exhibiting to us times as they were, to render the stage what it should be, a true and perfect mirror of history and manners.

The above very slight notice of the subject before us, may perhaps be sufficient for the purpose of introducing the mention of those anachronisms that are ascribable to

 Anachronisms.

Shakspeare: and this has not been done with any view to exhibit him as more culpable in this respect than most of his contemporaries, but solely for the purpose of collecting them together as an object of amusement; nothing, however, could have been less judicious than the conduct of *Mr. Pope*, when he placed them to the account of the publishers. Nor is the catalogue offered as a complete one; the diligent and critical reader will discover some that are here unnoticed.

But the negligence of writers in the due observance of costume is but trifling, when compared to what is to be laid to the charge of painters and other artists. Volumes have been professedly filled, and the number might still be augmented, with the errors of even the best of the old painters. Nor are the modern by any means to be acquitted on this score. We too frequently see works of the greatest intrinsic worth, both in composition and execution, depreciated by the most absurd violations of historical accuracy, and a want of adherence to the manners of the times they refer to. In this case they are not what they profess to be; and whilst they delight the eye they delude the understanding. It is extremely pleasing to observe the zeal which manifests itself among the leading artists of the present day, to obtain correct notions of the manners of former times, whenever they have occasion to depict them. The works of many of our best painters will not only excite the admiration, but the gratitude of posterity, for the faithful delineation of their subjects, and the labours of future antiquaries will be reduced in proportion as pictures of this kind shall increase.

To return to *Shakspeare*.—In the *dramatis personæ* of many of his plays, we find a medley of ancient and modern names that is often extremely ridiculous. At Ephesus we meet with *Pinch*, a schoolmaster; at Mitilene with *Boulton*, a clown; and at Athens with *Snug*, *Bottom*, *Snout*, *Quince*, &c. In his later stories, English names are given to foreigners. Thus, at Vienna, we have *Froth* and *Elbow*: in Navarre, *Dull*, *Costard*, and *Moth*; and in Illyria, *Sir Toby Belch*, and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*. But these, strictly speaking, are not anachronisms, but, on the whole, justifiable

Anachronisms.

licences; for it would have been impossible to transmit the humour of such characters as the above to an English audience under the disguise of foreign names, though it must be admitted that mere English characters, as well as names, are sometimes introduced. Nor is *Shakspeare* always responsible for such whimsicalities, for they are occasionally to be traced in the materials whereof his plays were constructed; and others belong to those authors whom he had only assisted in dramas, the whole composition of which has been improperly ascribed to him.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The incidents in this play are supposed to belong to the reign of Henry the Fourth, and consequently the introduction of the *Shillings of Edward the Sixth*, and the mention of *Machiavel*, are improper; as well as the then newly introduced terms of the fencing-school, ridiculed by Shallow. Perhaps *Ancient Pistol*, and *Corporal Nym*, are objectionable titles.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

The introduction of the *Bed of Ware* may be justified, because it is referred to as in England; but the same defence cannot be made for *the Bells of St. Bennett*; as they are specifically alluded to.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

We have here an English Jury in a German Court of Justice.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The scene of this play lies at Athens, in the time of Theseus, but we find the mention of *guns*; of *French crowns*, and *French crown-coloured beards*; of *Churchyards*, and *Coats in Heraldry*; of *clean linen*, *new ribbons to pumps*, and *masks*; of *Jack and Gill*, the *nine mens' morris*, and *blessing the bridal bed*, *carols*, inasmuch as they are applicable to songs in general; and, in an antiquated sense, to dances, may be doubtful, though the allusion was, in all probability, to Christmas carols. *Hermia* is made to speak of the fire which burned the *Carthage Queen*.

Anachronisms.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

English Juries are introduced into the Venetian republic.

WINTER'S TALE.

The transactions of this play arise in Sicily and Bohemia, and though the characters are imaginary, they are supposed to exist in pagan times. Notwithstanding this, we have *Whitsun* pastorals, *Christian* burial, a *hobby horse*, an Emperor of Russia, and an Italian painter of the fifteenth century.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

In the *ancient* city of Ephesus we have *ducats*, *marks*, and *guilders*, and the *abbess of a nunnery*; mention is also made of several *modern* European kingdoms, and of America; of *Henry the Fourth of France*; of *Turkish* tapestry, a *rapier* and a *striking clock*; of *Lapland* sorcerers, *Satan*, and even of *Adam* and *Noah*. In one place Antipholus calls himself a *Christian*. As we are not acquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakspeare is answerable for these anachronisms.

MACBETH.

The errors here are confined to the introduction of *cannon* and of *dollars*.

KING JOHN.

In this play we also find *cannon*, with *angels*, *half-faced groats*, and *three farthing pieces*; *cards*, too, are introduced, and *Basilisco*, a character of the time of Shakspeare.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

The anachronisms are very numerous in the plays of this reign. We have *pistols* and *silk stockings*; gilt *two-pences* and *ten-shilling pieces*; a ballad with a *picture* on it, evidently alluding to the wood-cuts on those compositions; the game of *shove-groat* or *slide-shrift*, which was not invented before the reign of Henry the Eighth. Mention is also made of *John Chogan*, jester to Edward the Fourth, and of *Arthur's show*, though not introduced till a long time afterwards.

 Anachronisms.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

The Turks are put into possession of Constantinople, which did not fall into their hands till upwards of thirty years after Henry's death.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Machiavel, who was not born till 1449, is twice introduced in these plays. *Printing* is also prematurely mentioned.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

An old woman is made to talk of carved *three-pences*; but these pieces were not known in England till the reign of Edward the Sixth, though some are said to have been coined in Ireland during the reign of Edward the Fourth.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Hector quotes *Aristotle*; Ulysses speaks of the bull-bearing *Milo*; and Pandarus of a man born in *April-Friday* and *Sunday*, and even *minced-pies* with dates in them, are introduced.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Paper is mentioned in this play. In a Roman drama it might have passed, but we have no evidence that the Greeks used the papyrus plant at this early period.

CORIOLANUS.

Alexander, *Cato*, and *Galen*, are improperly alluded to, all being posterior to the time of Coriolanus. Other anachronisms are, the mention of graves in a holy *church-yard*; *groats*, *mummers*, *lockram*, and a kitchen *malkin*. Coriolanus describes the populace by the names of *Hob* and *Dick*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cassius speaks of a *masker* and *reveller*, and of the clock *striking three*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony talks of *packing cards*, and deals out his *knaves*, *queens*, *hearts*, and *trumps*, as if he were a whist player. His bestowing the epithet of *gipsey* on Cleopatra is whimsical, but may perhaps admit of defence.

Anachronisms.

CYMBELINE.

The British tribute being estimated at three thousand pounds, strikes on the ear as a modern computation. Imogen calls her supposed master, a valiant ancient Briton, by the name of *Richard du Champ*. We find mention of the recreation of *bowling*, of *paper*, of *rushes* strewed in apartments, of a *striking-clock*, of *cherubim* and a *chapel* as a *burial-place*. Cymbeline is made to knight Bellario and his sons on the field of battle, by *dubbing* them, according to the fashion of the middle ages.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The period in which the incidents in this play are supposed to have happened (for they are all fictitious) is difficult to ascertain. There was an usurper called Saturninus during the reigns of Gallien and Aurelian; but he was not the son of any Roman Emperor, as stated in the *dramatis personæ*. From the introduction of the Goths, the author perhaps adverted to the time of the above sovereigns. At all events the play has many absurdities to answer for. A child is sent to Aaron the Moor to be *christened* by him. He accuses Lucius of twenty *Popish* tricks, talks of an *idiot's bauble*, and says he can blush "like a black dog, as the saying is." A clown invokes "God and *Saint Stephen*." Aaron calls for *clubs*, as if addressing the *London 'prentices*; and Demetrius speaks of a *dancing rapier*. *Cards* and a *monastery* are also introduced.

PERICLES.

The story, though altogether fabulous, belongs to a period a little antecedent to the Christian æra: and, therefore, it is a manifest inconsistency to introduce *crowns of the sun*, *sequins*, a *pistol*, *cambrick*, a *Spanish ruff*, *signs of inns*. *Monsieur Veroles*, a *French knight*, a *Spanish* name and motto, and the *lues venerea*. Amidst numerous invocations to heathen gods, there is an immediate allusion to the unity of the Deity.

KING LEAR.

We have here a plentiful crop of blunders. Kent talks,

 Additions to the Anachronisms, &c.

like a good protestant, of *eating no fish*; and Gloster of not standing in need of *spectacles*. We have *Turks*, *Bedlam* beggars, *Childe Roland*, *Saint Withold*, a *Marshal of France*, *steeple*s, *dollars*, *paper*, *holy water*, and the *French disease*. There is an allusion to the old theatrical *moralities*; and *Nero*, who did not live till several hundred years after *Lear*, is mentioned by *Edgar* as an angler in the lake of darkness.

HAMLET.

The Danish history has placed Hamlet in fabulous times, long before the introduction of Christianity into the North of Europe; and, therefore, there is great impropriety in the frequent allusion to Christian customs. Hamlet swears by *Saint Patrick*, and converses with Guildenstern on the *children of the chapel of Saint Paul's*. In several places *cannon* are introduced, and a good deal of the theatrical manners of Shakspeare's own time. We have a *Danish seal-royal* long before seals were used; an *university* at *Wittenberg*; *Swiss* guards, *serjeants* or *bailiffs*, *bells*, *ducats*, *crown pieces*, *modern heraldry*, *rapiers*, and terms of *modern fencing*.

Additions to the Anachronisms, &c. of Shakspeare.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The scene of this play is laid in ancient Rome, nevertheless, Titus has a *French* phrase put into his mouth:—

“With horn and hound we'll bid your grace *bon jour*.”

Act 1. Scene 2.

It is, however, but fair to infer, that, although Titus speaks *French*, he was in reality an Irishman; witness the following most tremendous *bull* which he is guilty of in the second scene of the first act, and which would not disgrace the most blundering native of the “green isle.”

“Lavinia live, *outlive* thy father's days,

“And fame's *eternal* date, for virtue's praise.”

In another place the old gentleman, in one of his cus-

 Additions to the Anachronisms, &c.

tomary passions, makes a resolution, which I suspect he would have found himself puzzled to put into execution:—

“ Give me a sword,—I’ll chop off my hands too.”

It is not very easy to discover how *Titus*, when he had chopped off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopped off the other. Mr Stevens proposes that we should read “ *or chop off.*” He adds, “ Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays; that, perhaps, no very conclusive argument against the authenticity of “ *Titus Andronicus*” can be adduced from the particular absurdity of the anachronisms it contains: yet they are so supremely ridiculous, that I cannot persuade myself that even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.

In this play Mr. Douce has omitted to notice the absurdity of the allusion to a *cloister* in Athens, introduced in the following speech by Theseus:—

“ Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
 “ Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 “ Whether, if you yield not to your father’s choice,
 “ You can endure the livery of a *nun*;
 “ For aye to be in shady *cloister* mur’d,
 “ To live a barren sister all your life,
 “ Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.”

Act 1. Sc—

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Troilus speaks of those “ who with cunning gild their copper crowns.”

KING JOHN.

In this play the *Dauphin* is gifted with foresight somewhat above his fellows, seeing that he alludes to a volley of shot before gunpowder was invented:—

“ O, bravely came we off,
 “ When with a *volley* of our needless *shot*,
 “ After such bloody toil, we bid good night.”

Act 5. Sc. 5.

 Mr. Kean's Cup.

In another place, (*Act 3. Sc. 3.*) *King John* talks to *Hu- bert* of the *midnight* bell sounding *one*, but this may, perhaps, admit of defence.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

There is an evident impropriety in the allusion to the "Lord's Prayer" in *Portia's* address to the *Jew* in the 4th act of this play; it would rather have an irritating than a lenitive effect.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

It seems rather strange that *Capulet*, an inhabitant of *Ve- rona*, should mention the curfew-bell as having rung, (*Act 4. Sc. 5.*) but I own I am not sufficiently acquainted with the derivation of the word to determine whether its use here is to be classed amongst the incongruities of Shakspeare.

 MR. KEAN'S CUP.

On the 25 June, 1816, Mr. Kean received from the hands of Mr. Palmer, (the father of the Drury-lane stage,) the magnificent *Cup* which the Committee and the Performers awarded him for his admirable performance of *Sir Giles Overreach*. The ceremony took place at two o'clock on the stage.

After reading the names of the donors, viz—

The Right Hon. Lord Byron, Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, Hon. G. Lamb, S. Davies, Esq., Chandos Leigh, Esq., Messrs. Oxberry, Pope, Palmer, Dibdin, Rae, Wewitzer, Harley, Knight, Powell, Braham, Pyne, Hughes, Wyatt, G. Smith, Peake, Madame Storace, Mrs. Billington, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Mardyn, Mrs. Orger, and others of the Drury-lane corps, amounting to upwards of fifty persons—

Mr. Palmer, in presenting the *Cup* to Mr. Kean, said, it would be impossible for him, by any observation of his own, to add to the high and merited eulogium which had been unanimously expressed by his colleagues in the tribute which they offered by him to Mr. Kean's admirable talents. "But, believe me, Sir," said Mr. Palmer, "you cannot feel more satisfaction in receiving this Cup, than I have pleasure in

Mr. Kean's Cup.

presenting it by the desire of the Ladies and Gentlemen whose names are inscribed upon it. Permit me to wish you long life, health, and happiness to enjoy it."

Mr. Kean then returned his thanks for the honour done him, in the following manner:—

"Gentlemen, if ever I lamented the want of eloquence, I must do so on the present occasion, when I feel how incapable I am to express what I feel, or to reply to my friends in the glowing language which they have used. I cannot but lament my deficiency, and trust they will accept the honest dictate of my heart in the declaration that I consider this as the proudest moment of my existence. In public favour there has been, there will be those that hold a superior rank to myself; I truly value the public approbation, but the favour I have gained in the opinion and attachment of my professional colleagues is most flattering to the best feelings of my heart, and the recollection of it shall never be effaced from my memory. It has ever been my study to obtain their good opinion, and this token of their regard I proudly conceive to be a testimony of the success of my endeavours.

"I shall study to be brief, but I must be insensible if I did not truly appreciate the honour conferred upon me in the present tribute, and the past attentions of the father of the stage. A just and commendable prejudice exists in favour of early impressions, and a compliment is increased when it comes from a veteran (who remembers and venerates the old school) by whom the talents of Garrick and Barry are held in reverence, and who trod the stage along with them. The approbation of Mr. Palmer therefore comes to me with peculiar gratefulness.

"Permit me to conclude by saying, that however honourable to my feelings, I should receive this valuable mark of your commendation with diffidence, did not my heart whisper me that my professional success gratifies me the most by its affording me the means of serving those who may not be so fortunate as myself—for I trust that no one, however hostile, can say of me that I am changed by fortune. I offer you individually, my sincere thanks; assuring

Curious Play Bill—Theatrical Elopement.

you that it shall always be my study to preserve your good wishes, and that the memory of this hour shall be engraven on my heart to its latest pulsation."

First Play Bill of Drury Lane Theatre.

The first establishment of a *regular* play-house in Drury-lane, was in the year 1663, when Sir W. Davenant, having erected a theatre on the site of the old Cock-pit, the King's company removed thither from their house in Gibbon's Tennis-court, Clare-market; and, as appears from the following bill, commenced their performances on the 8th April, 1663, with Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Humorous Lieutenant*," which was acted twelve nights successively:—

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the New Theatre in Drury-lane.

This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663;

Will be acted, A Comedy call'd

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

The King, Mr. Wintersel, Demetrius, Mr. Hart,

Seleucus, Mr. Burt, Leontius, Major Mohun,

Lieutenant, Mr. Clvn.—Celia, Mrs. Marshall.

The Play will begin at *three o'clock* exactly.

Boxes, 4s.—Pit, 2s. 6d.—Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d.—Upper Gallery, 1s.

THEATRICAL ELOPEMENT.

An elopement once took place at the Edinburgh theatre. A fishmonger, named Stirling, ambitious of displaying his powers in the character of *Hastings*, obtained leave from the manager to gratify his vanity. When he had gone nearly half through the part, amidst the din of catcalls, hisses, and roars of laughter, he retired, but it was supposed would return to finish what he had so ludicrously begun; when, to the utter disappointment of the laughter-loving critics, Mr. Bland, uncle of Mrs. Jordan, made his appearance, and thus addressed the audience:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—Mr. Stirling, a very good *fishmonger*, has been so much mortified by your disapprobation of his performance in *Hastings*, that he has not only

Peg Fryer—Mrs. Clive.

made his escape suddenly from the theatre, but, I vow to Gad, Ladies and Gentlemen, has taken away with him Mr. Ross's best *pair of breeches*."

PEG FRYER

Was a favourite actress in the reign of Charles the Second, and after a long absence returned to the stage, merely by way of a visit, in the reign of George the First. Charles Molloy, Esq. took a farce, called the "Half-pay Officer," from a tragi-comedy of Sir William Davenant's, entitled "Love and Honour," and prevailed on Mrs. Fryer to take once more her original character of *Lady Richlove*, which being that of an old woman, suited her years. Accordingly she was thus announced in the bills of Lincoln's-in-fields Theatre:—" *Lady Richlove* by the famous Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon the stage for these fifty years, and who will dance a jig at the end of the farce." A few remembered her, and went to the theatre to see an old favourite; but most went out of curiosity to see Mrs. Fryer, then (1720) eighty-five years of age. This extraordinary woman sustained her part with great spirit, and was received with the most gratifying applause. But when she was to dance, she came on the stage, apparently quite exhausted by her exertions, and scarcely able to support herself, made her obedience to the audience, and was about to retire, when the orchestra struck up the Irish trot, and the animated old woman danced her promised jig with the nimbleness and vivacity of five-and-twenty, laughing at the surprise of the audience, and receiving unbounded applause. Mrs. Fryer, after this, kept a tavern and ordinary at Tottenham-court; and her house was continually thronged with company, who went out of curiosity to converse with this extraordinary old woman.

MRS. CLIVE.

Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," was one of Mrs. Clive's favourite characters, though it was far from being one of her best, and became still worse as she grew old and corpulent. Garrick saw this, and hinted to her to give it

Gothic Green Room—Puppet-Show—Edwin.

up. "I will," said she, "when you give up *Ranger*; for I am sure I am as good a figure for *Portia* as you are for the other." Seeing this would not do, Garrick produced an epigram, the concluding verse of which ran thus:—

"Dear Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,

Since I must the truth on't reveal;

For when I mount the ladder, and you wear the breeches,

We shew what we ought to conceal."

but neither of them profited by this remark: Mrs. Clive was the *Portia*, and Garrick the *Ranger* of Drury-lane, till the period of their respective retirements.

GOthic GREEN-ROOM.

The dean of Westminster, on being applied to for a niche in Poet's Corner, for Mrs. Clive, refused the request by saying, "If we do not draw some line in this theatrical ambition to *mortuary fame*, we shall soon make Westminster Abbey little better than a *gothic green-room*."

COUNTRYMAN AND PUPPET-SHOW.

A countryman, who had often seen a puppet-show at his village, having come up to town, went for the first time in his life to see a play. When he heard the people round him applauding Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, &c. he looked on them with great contempt. "What," said he, "are you such fools as to take them for men and women? If you had been behind the scenes, as I have been, you would see them hanging upon wires."

EDWIN.

Edwin, travelling towards Wrexham, to join a company of comedians, took up his quarters at the Cannon, a little public-house. The civilities of his Welsh host and hostess, who were wonderfully fond of the marvellous, and in which they were plentifully supplied by their guest, made the hours pass imperceptibly 'till midnight, when a chasm in the conversation took place, and a general yawn pronounced it time to retire. Edwin, after a hearty squeeze from the landlord, sought his chamber, and in an instant threw off his

Mr. Love.

clothes, and committed himself to the arms of the drowsy god, but his slumbers were of short duration. An assembly of rats were playing their gambols in his apartment, one of whom, in his way to the caxon, which was placed beneath the pillow, thither allured by the scent of the grease it contained, traversed the visage of the sleeping Thespian. The cold pats of the Norwegian immediately loosened the bands of Morpheus, and, in the utmost trepidation, he started up in the bed—in a few minutes he recollected himself, and guessed by the squeaking what his visitants were, set his wits to work how to get rid of them. Stealing with all imaginable caution, to that corner of the room which seemed most thronged, he discharged the contents of the jordan upon the convocation—but this manœuvre had not the desired effect; the quadrupeds, in less than ten minutes, returned to the charge with a large reinforcement; he now sent the pillows and bolster among them with all the force and good will he was master of—this was of no more effect than the former, the rats recovered their ranks as if in contempt of his indignation; however, he at last thought of an expedient which answered his purpose—he was an excellent mimic, and thought he would make bold with the organs of madam puss: the imitation was most successful—he mewed three times; on the first they pricked up their ears, their tails stood erect, and the symptoms of retreat were visible; the second they began to file off, and the third left not a rat behind.

MR. LOVE.

When Mr. Love appeared at Drury-lane in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the newspapers, upon his excellency in the part; all which, however, availed but little, as he never could bring a full house. One Bignell, sitting with a few of the players at the Black Lion, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopped, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, "Egad, gentlemen, I am like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I am not able to *draw*."

 Mr. Twiss—Wha-wha Actor—Royal Criticism.

MR. TWISS.

Mr. Twiss, the celebrated tour writer, was asked by a lady, on his return from Ireland, what sort of dramatic exhibitions he had seen in that kingdom? Those in Dublin, he said, came nearer to the representations in London, than what he had seen in any other city there; the people of that city, madam, said he, have more money and less pride, and consequently better manners. When I was in Limerick, that sink of the kingdom for pride and beggary, for insolence and ignorance, I attended the representation of two of Shakspeare's best tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*; when, to my astonishment, the instant the funeral of Juliet appeared, and the band of ringers began the dirge, the major part of the audience set up the Irish howl, taking it for a funeral. And when the grave-digger in *Hamlet* began the first stave of his song, a number of fellows from the gallery pelted him with apples, pronouncing him the most unfeeling rascal in the world, nor would they suffer him to proceed, but called out for another grave-digger; whom their spokesman questioned thus:—"Can you sing, Mr. Whatcho'cum?"—"Not I, faith and troth," said the fellow; "don't you remember hissing me, my jewel, in old Jenkins, last night?" "Very true," replied the gallery hero, "then you may dig away as fast as you can."

WHA-WHA ACTOR.

Cumberland, was one evening behind the scenes of Drury-lane theatre, during the performance of his own "*West Indian*," in which Mr. Elliston played *Belcour*, and was introduced, as the representative of that character, to Mr. C. who lavished the most extravagant encomiums upon his performance. When he had left the Green Room, to pursue his duties, Mr. Cumberland turned round to a gentleman, who stood at his elbow, and with a sarcastic grin, "Pray, sir," said this candid dramatist, "who is that *wha-wha* actor?"

ROYAL CRITICISM.

In a second folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, formerly

Garrick—Hissing.

in the possession of Mr. Steevens, and once belonging to King Charles the First, his majesty has made a verbal correction in the third part of "King Henry VI." Act 5, Sc. 7, by assigning this speech from Clarence to King Edward:—

"Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks."

GARRICK.

In the year 1755, Garrick expended large sums of money in preparing a grand spectacle, called "The Chinese Festival," on a most magnificent scale. It was represented for three nights, to the most tumultuous disapprobation, on the last of which, the benches were torn up, the actors driven from the stage, and the scenery was destroyed. Thus far Davies and Murphy have noticed the subject, but the following anecdote has not been related.—Some nights after this transaction, Garrick appeared in the part of Archer, and was imperiously called upon to beg pardon of the audience. His indignation was aroused by this injustice; he had suffered a pecuniary loss to an immense amount, and undergone the heaviest inflictions of outrage for an act of tasteful splendour. "Smarting," therefore, "with his wounds, being gall'd to be so pester'd," he came resolutely forward, and having stated the injury his fortune had sustained, assured them he was above want, superior to insult, and unless permitted to discharge his duty to the best of his abilities, would never—never appear upon the stage again. The audience was struck with the firmness and propriety of his appeal, and by an instantaneous burst of applause, bore a strong testimony against the riotors in favour of this spirited manager.

HISSING.

In 1772, the king of Denmark prohibited hissing in the Copenhagen theatres, or any equivalent marks of disapprobation.—This despotic order was occasioned by a riot at one of the houses, which arose from an author having exposed a critic upon the stage, who had treated his works with uncommon severity.

 The Village Lawyer—Portrait of Garrick—Fielding—Madame Mara.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

This excellent afterpiece is spuriously printed, and assigned, without foundation, to the pen of Mr. Macready, who wrote "The Irishman in London." It is a translation from the French, by Mr. Charles Lyons, the conductor of a school in the vicinity of Dublin, where he takes an annual benefit, at the Crow-street Theatre, and produces a manuscript comedy, called "Templars' Tricks," with an annunciation of the fact we have just recorded.

PORTRAIT OF GARRICK.

In June, 1771, Mr. Fisher, superintendant of the Empress Catharine's Theatre, at St. Petersburg, offered Mr. Garrick two thousand guineas for four performances at that place, which, of course, were refused.—About the same time, a full-length picture of this great actor was painted in London, by order of the King of Denmark, to be placed in his palace at Copenhagen.

HENRY FIELDING.

One of this author's farces having been hissed from the stage, when published, instead of the usual annunciation, "As it was performed," &c. he substituted a more correct reading, "*As it was damned* at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane." This laudable species of candour has not since been copied by any of those writers whose productions have experienced the same fate, but we earnestly recommend it to their imitation.

MADAME MARA.

At the Salisbury Music Meeting, in 1793, while this distinguished singer was executing a very complicated embellishment in the song of "He was despised," a Quaker-lady, well-known in that city, entered the middle aisle of the cathedral, in the heart of these vocal evolutions, and lifting up her eyes and hands, very loudly ejaculated, "It is all idolatry, and vain profanation." The effect of this serio-comic interference was too ludicrous to be conveyed by description.

 Ridicule—Macklin—French Stage.

RIDICULE.

It is an old and true maxim, that ridicule is by no means a test of truth, and yet it is an equally ancient remark, that many a serious truth has been put out of countenance by ridicule, and that ridicule not supported by wit or humour.—In a song of Garrick's, sung by Mrs. Cibber, there was this line—

“The roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast,” of the justice of which no man can entertain a doubt. Foote, however, parodied the line thus:—

“The turtles will coo when there's peas in the crow,” and actually destroyed the popularity of the song.

MACKLIN,

Sitting one night at the back of the front boxes with a friend, before the alterations at Covent Garden took place, a lobby lounge stood up immediately before them, and his person being rather large, prevented a sight of the stage. Macklin took fire at this, but managing his passion with more temper than usual, patted the intruder on the shoulder with his cane, and gently requested him, “when any thing entertaining occurred upon the stage, to let him and his friend be apprized of it; for you see, my dear sir,” said the veteran, “that at present we must totally depend upon your kindness.” This had the desired effect, and the nuisance was removed.

DYING UPON THE FRENCH STAGE.

The French have such an aversion to any of their Dramatis Personæ dying on the stage, that in the opera of “Artaxerxes,” when Artabanes falls lifeless in the arms of the attendants, he generally gives a little kick with his foot, as the curtain drops, to shew that he has not violated the rules, by *dying upon the stage*.

BY-PLAY ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

There is no by-play on the French stage. No Othello there becomes the victim of a passion, artfully awakened in

 Talma and Buonaparte.

an unsuspecting heart. Its first indication could not there be made perceptible, dawning in faint shadows on the tremulous form, and quivering nether lip, struggling with contending evidences in the heaving breast—sickening, agitating the entire frame, glooming on the curved brow, distorting the altered feature, flashing from the rolling eye, and wound up by all the frightful indications of doubt, fear, hope, conviction, rage, and confirmed despair. This wondrous composition, which, in combining the highest powers of dramatic genius, in the author, demands the fullest exercise of histrionic ability, in the actor, could have no parallel on the French Theatre. A French Othello would hear an account of his wife's perfidy, perhaps, in a neat and appropriate speech of a hundred and fifty lines; and no countenance, however flexible and mobile, could shift and change its expression, during a space of a quarter of an hour. The French Othello, therefore, would hear the tale of Iago (who would divide it logically, according to scholastic rule) fairly and politely out—he would then fall into a violent passion, and shake his head, and clench his trembling hands, and recite his rage, and syllogize his fury, according to every classical authority and established rule.

TALMA AND BUONAPARTE.

Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with Buonaparte; and the ex-Emperor, (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer) accorded the *petites-entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the Théâtre Français. Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to *give him lessons*, an invention at which Buonaparte and Talma both laughed; but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the emperor; while the emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with “Eh bien! Talma vous n'avez pas seu de vos moyens hier au soir.” Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, “Si vous préférez la comédie, c'est parceque vous vieillissez.”—“Et vousz, Sire,” replied Monsieur —

 French Language deficient in Accent—Moliere.

“vous aimez la tragédie parceque vous êtes trop jeune.” Buonaparte constantly attended the theatres : and frequently without the least parade, and quite unexpected by the audience ; who always received these impromptu visits as marks of confidence, and applauded accordingly.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE DEFICIENT IN ACCENT.

The French language, as pronounced on the stage, especially in tragedy, is most particularly deficient in *accent*, and to be made up of syllables rather than of words. A friend of Diderot, who accompanied him to the Theatre one night, perceived that he put his fingers in his ears during the whole act, yet was affected, *even to tears*, at the representation. He naturally expressed his astonishment. “You hear nothing,” said his friend, “and yet you are deeply affected.”—“Chacun a sa manière d’écouter,” replied Diderot ; “I know this tragedy by heart ; I enter strongly into the fine pathetic conceptions of the author, and my imagination lends an effect to the situations, which the *tones* of the actors, if I listened to them, *could not express*, and perhaps *would even destroy*.”

MOLIERE.

“Who is the greatest man that has illustrated my reign?” demanded Louis XIV. of Boileau. “Sire, c’est Moliere,” was the candid and just reply ;—Corneille and Racine are allowed to have rivals among their successors ; Moliere stands alone. Corneille imitated, and Racine paraphrased the drama of other nations ; Moliere invented : and if France has a national Theatre, she owes it to Moliere. This great writer, stampd with all the original characteristics of genius, is alone, of all the dramatists France has produced, comparable to Shakspeare. He has not, indeed, his sublimity ; he is deficient in his pathos ; he wants those powerful touches, which an imagination that “exhausted old worlds, and created new,” flung in splendid prodigality over the pages that breathe of inspiration. He wants the fairy powers of the aerial fancy ; the high-wrought character, and incidents, and stories of Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet,

Affecting Appeal.

&c. &c. &c. are far beyond the reach of Moliere's conception. Wholly destitute of those brilliant conceptions, which glance from "earth to heaven," and take within the range of their combination all that material and immaterial world present to their view, Moliere was yet, like Shakspeare, a wit, a humourist, a philosopher, a deep searcher into human character, a shrewd detector of the follies and vices that disfigure it, and he held up *to life and manners a mirror*, so faithful to their reflection, that his dramas were more calculated to benefit the morals, improve the taste, extend the philosophy, correct the manners, and benefit the various relations of society of his day, than all that was ever written and said by Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, or all the combined talents of the age he adorned,—one simple, modest exception only admitted, in favour of the delightful "philosophe, sans s'en douter," the admirable La Fontaine.

AFFECTING APPEAL.

Linton, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, was murdered by street robbers, who were afterwards discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children; and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints.

"THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

"For the Benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

"The Widow," said Charity, whispering me in the ear, "must have your mite; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box-ticket."

"You may have one for five shillings," observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, slipped out.

"Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Justice, "what are you about! Five shillings! If you pay but five shillings for go-

Said you, this would wash ?

ing into the Theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And I shall owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the Widow's house.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand.

"Is your mother at home, my dear?" said I, to a child who conducted me into a parlour.

"Yes," answered the infant; "but my father has not been at home for a great while; that is his harpsichord, and that is his violin.—He used to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a tune, my boy?" said I.

"No, sir," answered the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched; for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry."

I looked on the violin—it was unstrung. I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune. Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in my ear, it could not have insinuated to my heart thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt. It was the spirit in unison with the flesh.

"I hear my mother on the stairs," said the boy.

I shook him by the hand—"Give her this, my lad," said I, and left the house.—It rained—I called a coach—drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.

SAID YOU, THIS WOULD WASH ?

Not many years before Mrs. Siddons's retirement, this celebrated actress went down to Brighton, to play a few of her favourite characters. One morning, coming from rehearsal, she called in at a shop, to purchase some article of dress. Wholly absorbed in the part she was to perform, whilst the shopman was displaying his muslins, &c. Mrs. S. took one in her hand, and fixing her eyes full on the man, exclaimed in a solemn voice, "Said ye, sir, this would wash!" The poor fellow, in great alarm, began to think the intellects of

 Curious Play-Bills.

his customer were not right; but Mrs. S. recalled to recollection by his astonishment, with a smile apologised for her absence of mind, and repeated the question in a voice better suited to the occasion.

CURIOUS PLAY-BILLS.

The original of the following is in the British Museum, and about a century old:

“ At Crawley’s Booth,
over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the
time of Bartholomew Fair
will be presented a little opera called
THE OLD CREATION OF THE WORLD
yet newly revived with the addition of
NOAH’S FLOOD.

Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does represent Noah and his family coming out of the ark with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air are seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank which presents a double prospect, one for the sun the other for a palace; when will be seen 6 Angels *ringing of bells*. Likewise machines descend from above double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus is seen in Abraham’s bosom, beside several *figures* dancing *jiggs*, *sarabonds*, and country dances to the admiration of the spectators, with the merry conceits of Punch.”

The following curious play-bill may not prove uninteresting to theatrical amateurs. It is taken from the Daily Advertiser of August 26, 1731.

“ AT FIELDING’S, HIPPISELY’S, AND HALL’S
Great Theatrical Booths

In the George Inn Yard, West Smithfield. By a company of Comedians from both Theatres, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a new dramatic opera called the

 Correction of Gifford's Massinger.

EMPEROR OF CHINA, GRAND VOL-GI,

Or The Constant Couple, and Virtue Rewarded.

Written by the author of the Generous Freemason, with the Comical humours of Squire Shallow in his treatises of marriage &c, and his man Robin Booby, intermixed with a variety of songs to old ballad tunes, and country dances.—

The part of Shallow the Welch Squire, by Mr. Hippisley, being the first time of his appearing in the fair.

Emperor of China, Mr. Roberts; Carlos, the British Resident, Mr. Huddy; Hali, Mr. Roscoe; Eugenio, Mr. Cross; Fidella, Mrs. Templer; and the part of Robin Booby, by Mr. Hall.

Sir Arthur Addlepot, by Mr. Penkethman; Freelove, Mr. Berry; Sly, Mr. Rainton sen; Smart, Mr. Excell; and the part of Loveit, the Chambermaid, by Mrs. Eggleton.

With several entertainments of dancing between the acts, by Master Fisher Tench, and Miss Brett.—Also

A New Dialogue of the Chimes of the Times, sung by Mr. Excell, and Mrs. Eggleton.

And the scenery entirely new painted, by a great Master, with New Habits proper to the characters. The whole ending with the

Great Chorus in the Opera of Porus,

accompanied with Hautboys, Trumpets, and Kettle-drums.

N.B. Mr. Fielding entertains the audience before the Opera begins, with a variety of postures, the most surprising ever seen, by the inimitable Mr. Phillips.—

Beginning every day exactly at 1 o'clock.

CORRECTION OF GIFFORD'S MASSINGER.

The perusal of Mr. Gifford's valuable edition has suggested the following remarks upon two passages.

In "*The Maid of Honour*," Act II. Scene 2, the *Page* says to *Sylli*—

Hold my cloak

While I take a leap at her lips; do it and neatly,
Or having first tripped up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my footstool.

 Dog's Salary—Billy Brown.

Sylli. Tamerlane in little!

Am I turn'd Turk! What an office am I put to!

The Editor's note upon having *turn'd Turk*, is, "Is my situation or occupation changed!" But it is a manifest allusion to the historical anecdote, that *Tamerlane*, after making a captive of the Turkish emperor *Bajazet*, set his foot upon his back while he mounted his horse.

In "*The Picture*," Act III. Scene 6, on the passage—
Such a soldier and a courtier never came
To Alba Regalis.

A note says, "Mr. Mason reads *Aula Regalis*. Why this change should be thought necessary I cannot tell. *Alba Regalis* was no uncommon expression at that time, and indeed is used by more than one writer for the English court."

It would have been gratifying to the curious reader, if Mr. G. had adduced his instances; but, in fact, *Alba Regalis* is the name of the ancient capital of Hungary, in which country the scene of this play is laid.

THE DOG'S SALARY.

In the season of 1813, a dog was introduced upon Drury Lane stage as a pantomime actor, and at a considerable salary. Now as performers, receiving upwards of 15*l.* a week are entitled to cards, and those who have ten, are allowed free admissions, called *bones*, it became a question in the green-room, which the dog, as a performer, was entitled to—"Why," said a noted comedian, "*I do not pretend to say what his salary is, but I know that he has bones.*"

BILLY BROWN AND THE COUNSELLOR.

At the time when Mr. Sheridan so ably in court pleaded his own cause, and that of the Drury Lane Theatre, an Irish labourer, commonly known amongst the actors by the name of Billy Brown, was called upon to give his evidence. Previous to his going into court, the counsellor began to instruct him as to his replies; but, being shocked at the shabby dress of the witness, began to remonstrate with him on this point—"You should have put on your Sunday clothes, and not think of coming into court covered with lime and

 Mrs. Siddons in Dublin.

brick-dust—it detracts from the credit of your evidence.”
“Be cool, Mr. Counsellor,” said Billy, *“only be cool, you’re in your working-dress, and I am in mine; and that’s that.”*

MRS. SIDDONS.

The following whimsical account of this lady’s first appearance in Dublin, is taken from an old Irish newspaper : when it was first published, her friends were outrageous against the author, who, however, kept himself concealed.

“On Saturday, Mrs. S——, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person for the first time at Smock Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel, but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal gooddess.

“The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold ! with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight ! This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence !—this star of Melpomene !—this comet of the stage !—this sun of the firmament of the muses !—this moon of blank verse !—this queen and princess of tears !—this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl !—this empress of the pistol and dagger !—this chaos of Shakspeare !—this world of weeping clouds !—this Juno of commanding aspects !—this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes !—this Proserpine of fire and earthquake !—this Katterfelto of wonders ! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all powers of description ! She was Nature itself ! She was the most exquisite work of art ; she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberosa, sweetbriar, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wall-flower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary, in short she was the bouquet of Parnassus.

“Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance, but it was the audience who were injured ; several fainted even before the curtain drew up ! but, when she came to the scene of parting

Mrs. Siddons in Dublin.

with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon-player's eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choaked the finger-stops, and making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat.

"But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented this mistake between the *flats* and the *sharps* being discovered.

"One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, and ninety-five had strong hysterics: the world will scarcely credit the truth when they are told, that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, lattices, and boxes, to increase the briny flood in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were, in that position, up to their ancles in tears.

"An act of parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass, for she has infected all the volunteers, and they sit reading 'The Fatal Marriage,' crying and roaring the whole morning, at the expectation of seeing this Giant's Causeway, this Salmon-leap of wonders, at night. An address has been presented to the good Earl of Charlemont, by the principal volunteers, and backed by Dr. Quin and the faculty of Dublin, praying him to stay at home the evening of her appearance, else they are convinced she'll tear his infirm frame in pieces with her terrific screams, when she's dragged from the corpse of Biron, and they'll lose the greatest general that ever headed an army. Nature most assuredly, in one of her bountiful moments, in one of her charitable and humane leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her all-sorrowing gladsome years, made this human lump of clayey perfection.

Mrs. Siddons in Dublin.

“Oh, happy Hibernia! blessed Ierne! sanctified land of saints! what a hearse load, what a coffin-full, what a church-yard tree of the brightest excellence of excellencies now stands on the turf of thy fruitful earth!”

“From Cork, from Killarney, from Galway, from Ballinasloe, from Eyrecourt, from the east, from the west, from the north, from the south, from Island Bridge, from Lazor’s Hill, from the banks of the canal to the new road at the back of Drumcondra, shall millions come to Smock Alley, to see this astonishing woman.

“The streets round the theatre shall be crowded, and the very gabbards that carry coals to Island Bridge shall stop at the Blind Quay, and land their unpolished watermen to spend threepence for a seat in the upper gallery when *Isabella* is performed.

“O thou universal genius! what pity it is that thy talents are so confined to tragedy alone. No age, nay, the Roman theatre—the stage at Constantinople—Nero himself never performed the scene of sadness, of grief, of joy, of woe, of distress, of sorrow, and of pity, so well as Mrs. S——.

“May the curses of an insulted nation pursue the gentlemen of the college, the gentlemen of the bar, and the peers and peeresses whose wisdom and discernment have been so highly extolled, that hissed her on the second night. True it is, Mr. Garrick never could make any thing of her, and pronounced her below mediocrity; true it is, the London audience once did not like her; but what of that? Rise up, bright goddess of the sock and buskin, and soar to unknown regions of immortal praise, for

“Envy will Merit as its shade pursue.”

ESQUIRE AND VAGABOND.

Macklin, going to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would please to have his name entered. “Entered,” replied Macklin; “Why, I am only plain Charles Macklin, *a vagabond, by act of parliament*; but in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, *Esquire*, as they are now synonymous terms.

Original Titles of Shakspeare's Plays.

ORIGINAL TITLES OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

- The Hystorie of Henrie the Fourthe*, wythe the Battayle of Shrewsburie, betweene the Kynge and the Lorde Henrie Hotspurre, of the Northe, wythe the merrie-conceyted Veyne of Syr Johnne Falstaffe. 1592, 1599, 1602, 1622.
- An excellent conceyted Tragedie of *Romeo and Juliette*, wythe the wranglynge of the two famouse Houses of Mountague and Capulette. 1593, 1597, 1599.
- The moste lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*, wythe the Death of wicked Aaron, the Black Moore. 1595, 1603, 1611.
- The Seconde Parte of *Kynge Henrie the Fourthe*, contaynyng unto his Deathe, and Coronatione of Henrie the 5th, wythe the Humours of Syr Johnne Falstaffe and the Swaggering Pistol. 1595, 1597, 1600.
- A moste pleasaunte Comedie, called *A Midsummer Night's Dreame*, wythe the Freakes of the Fayries. 1595, 1600, 1610.
- A moste pleasaunte, excellent-conceyted Comedie of *Syr Johnne Falstaffe*, the fat Knight, wythe the quainte Conceits of the Merrie Wives of Windsor, intermix'd wythe sundrie Humours of Syr Hugh, the Welsh Parson, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin Mr. Abraham Slender, wythe the swaggering Vaine of Ancient Pistol and Corporal Nym: wythe Dr. Caius, his Frenche Figaries. 1596, 1598.
- A pleasaunte-conceyted Comedie, call'd *Love his Labour loste*, as it was presented before her Highnesse (Queene Elizabeth) this last Christmas, newly corrected and augmented. 1597, 1598.
- The excellent and true Historie of *The Merchaunte of Venice*, wythe the extreme Crueltie of Shylocke the Jew, towards the Merchaunte Antonio, and the obtayninge of Portia the ryche Heyre, by the choyce of three Caskeets. 1597, 1598, 1600, 1603.
- The Tragedie of *Kynge Richard the 3d*, contaynyng his treacherous Plottes against his Brother Clarence, and the

Original Titles of Shakspeare's Plays.

Murther of his innocent Nephewes in the Tower; wythe the whole Course of his detestide Lyfe, and his most deserved Deathe, slaine by Henrie Earle of Richmonde, in the bloudie Bataylle of Bosworthe Fielde, in Lestershire. 1597, 1598, (with alterations,) 1602, 1609.

The true Chronicle of *Kynge Henrie the 8th*, wythe the costlie Coronatione of Queene Anne Bulleyne, the Cunnigé of Cardinal Woolsay, wythe his Disgrace and Deathe, wythe the Byrthe and Chrystianing of our gracious Princess Elizabeth. 1597.

The true and wonderful Chronicle Historie of *Leare Kynge of Englande*, wythe his lyfe and deathe, with the unfortunate lyfe of *Edgar* heyre to the Earle of Gloster and his sullen and assumed humour of *Tom a Bedlame*. 1598, 1608.

A wittie and pleasaunte comedie, called the *Taminge of the Shrewe*. 1598—1607, 1608, (there are great alterations in the two last editions of this comedie.)

Hamlet Prince of Denmarke his Tragedie, wythe his just revenge on the adulturous *Kynge Claudius* and the poysoning of the *Queene Gertrude*, 1599, 1605, 1609.

The true Chronicle Historie of *Henrie the 5th*. wythe the famousse and memorable battayle of *Agincourte* his espousal wythe the Princess of France, wythe the Valiante humoures and conceits of the Welsh Captain Fluellyn, 1599, 1607, 1611.

The famousse and excellent Historie of *Troilus and Cressida*, expressinge their loves beginninge wythe the conceyted wooinge of *Pandarus* Prince of *Lycia*, the reckless wars and sackings of Troy, 1600, 1607, 1611.

The Tragedie of *Macbeth*, shewinge how by treacherie and manifold murders, he obtain'd the crown of *Scotland* wythe his well deserved deathe, 1605.

Othello the Moore of Venice wythe his deathe and strangling the fair *Desdemona*, 1606, 1613.

Dramatic Relic.

The Treasurer's account of the Receipts and Expences of the King's Company of Comedians, on two Separate Nights, viz. the 12th and 26th of December, 1677.

ALL FOR LOUE.

The King's Box	000	00	00
Mr. Hayle's boxes.....	003	00	00
Mr. Mohun's boxes	001	12	00
Mr. Yeat's boxes.....	000	12	00
James boxes.....	002	00	00
14 Mr. Kent's pitt82	} 117*	014 12 06
10 Mr. Britan's pitt.....35			
30 Mr. Bracy's gall.....42	} 63	004 14 06
18 Mr. Johnson's gall.....21			
Mr. Thomson's gall...33 *	001	13 00
			028 04 00

House Rent005 14 00

Musick000 00 00

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.†

The King's box	001	10	00
Mr. Hayle's boxes.....	002	16	00
Mr. Mohun's boxes	003	16	00
Mr. Yeat's boxes.....	001	15	06
James boxes.....	002	04	00
34 Mr. Kent's pitt112	} 191	023 17 06
16 Mr. Britan's pitt..... 79			
30 Mr. Bracy's gall.....100	} 144	010 16 00
40 Mr. Johnson's gall.... 44			
Upper gall.....119	005	19 00
Mrs. Kempton	000	05	00
			052 19 00

House Rent005 14 00

Musick000 00 00

* The admission to the Pit, at this period, was 2s. 6d.—to the Lower Gallery, 1s. 6d.—to the Upper Gallery, 1s.

† “*All for Love*,” and “*Alexander the Great*,” were both pro-

 Quin.—Shuter.

QUIN

Had many eccentricities of character and temper, as is well known, but there was one which seems to have escaped the notice of all his Biographers, and that was, an annual excursion he used to make for about two months before the opening of the Winter Theatres. He called these his *autumnal excursions*, and his mode was as follows:—He selected some lady of easy virtue amongst his numerous acquaintance, and agreed with her to accompany him on this tour, which was only to last as far as *one hundred pounds* would carry them—Quin reserved this sum for the occasion, and on this they set out with little or no premeditation, but what accident suggested.—At all the places they stopped at, Quin gave the lady his name, for the better convenience of travelling, and when the money was nearly spent they took a parting supper at the Piazza, Covent-garden, where he paid her regularly the balance of the one hundred pounds, and then dismissed her, usually with the following words:—“Madam, for our mutual convenience I have given you the name of Quin for these some weeks past, to prevent the stare and impertinent inquiry of the world.—There is no reason for carrying on this farce, here then let it end; and now, madam, give me leave to *un-Quin* you, and you pass by your own name for the future.”—Thus ended the ceremony.”

SHUTER.

This truly humourous and excellent, though sometimes *outré* actor, in the early part of his life was engaged at Covent-garden theatre, where his irregularities having, it is probable, more than once offended the manager, he was oftentimes sent upon the stage in parts not suited to his genius and talents. It will be recollected that the weeping muse had no share in the composition of Ned, whose very appearance was an antidote to grief; yet he was one night sent on

duced this year, viz. 1677, and were at this period at the height of their attraction. The names which appear against the several sums, except that of Mohun, I presume are those of the respective money-takers. Mohun, probably on account of his excellence as a performer, received a share of the nightly emoluments,

Cibber at Whist—George Lambert.

to act the part of *Balthazar*, in “*Romeo and Juliet*,” a character which though short, certainly required that sort of gravity of deportment, which it was impossible for him even for a moment to assume.—Garrick was the *Romeo* of the night, and as Shuter undertook the part with great reluctance, he, it appears, resolved not to be speedily called upon to tragedize again; in the tomb scene where *Romeo* drives him away, and threatens to “tear him joint by joint, and strew the hungry church-yard with his limbs, if he returns;” to which *Balthazar* replies, “I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.”—*Romeo* answers, “So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that—live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.” Shuter at this, looking up at the audience, with that characteristical humour which he so well knew how to assume, continued in the words of the author.

“For all this same I’ll hide me here about,
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.”

So I’ll go behind the tomb and put the candle out.

The last line was an addition of his own, and it is needless to state the effect his manner of reciting it had upon the audience. The burst of laughter which almost shook the house, banished sorrow for the remainder of the scene—when *Balthazar* again appeared, mirth was renewed, and it was said this circumstance effectually prevented the Manager from sending him on the stage in such parts in future.

CIBBER AT WHIST.

One night, when playing a party of whist at his club, whilst Garrick was on the tapis, he renounced the suit of diamonds, which appearing odd to his partner, from the situation of his own hand, he cried out—“What, Mr. Cibber, no diamond?”—“Diamonds, my lord! (in some confusion,) yes, a million, by G—.”—“And why would you sacrifice three tricks by not playing one?” One of the party answered—“*Because Garrick would not let him.*”

GEORGE LAMBERT.

With this artist originated the “Beef-steak Club,” at the

Miss Mason.

Theatre Royal, Covent-garden. Lambert was a person of great respectability, both in character and profession, and was often visited by persons of the first distinction, while scene painting. As it frequently happened that he was too much hurried to leave his engagements for a regular dinner, he contented himself with a beef-steak broiled on the fire in the painting-room. In this hasty meal, he was often joined by his visitors, who were pleased to participate in the humble repast of the artist. The flavour of the dish, and the conviviality of these accidental meetings, inspired the parties with a resolution to establish a club, which was accordingly accomplished under the title of "The Beef-steak Club," and the party assembled in the painting-room.—The members were afterwards accommodated with a room in the Theatre, where the meeting was held for many years; but after the house was rebuilt, the place of assembly was changed to the Shakspeare Tavern. Here the club was held till the failure of the proprietor, when it was again removed back to the Theatre, and the portrait of Lambert, painted by Hudson, formed part of the decorations of the room where they met. It is said of this club, that the celebrated Peg Woffington was the only female member.

MISS MASON.

Miss Mason, the mother of Savage, after having forfeited the title of Lady Macclesfield by divorce, was married to Colonel Brett, and it is said, was well known in all the polite circles. Colley Cibber had so high an opinion of her taste and judgment, as to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his "Carless Husband" to Mrs. Brett's revisal and correction. Colonel Brett was too free in his gallantry with his Lady's maid. Mrs. Brett came home one day, and found the Colonel and her servant both fast asleep in two chairs. She tied a white handkerchief round her husband's neck, as a sufficient proof that she had discovered his intrigue, but never at any time took notice of it to him. This incident leads by an easy path to the well-wrought scene of Sir Charles, Lady Easy, and Edging.

 Diary of an unemployed Actor.

DIARY OF AN UNEMPLOYED ACTOR.

LEAF I.

Saturday Morning, 9 o'clock.—Rose—not in my profession—dressed—pitted myself against the looking-glass, and found I was engaging though unengaged. Looked at my tongue, expecting to find it feverish, but recollected I had dined the day before at Jack J—nst—e's, where the quantity of wine, of course, could not injure me. Breakfasted without newspapers, and felt the loss of Anthony Pasquin. Sallied out at half-past ten—passed the stage-door of Drury—honoured with a nod from little *We and Us*—and thought upon the *ward* of a *poor-house*. Borrowed five pounds from Jew Ph--ll--ps—large interest, but own note. Got his son to mend a hole in my *toga*, for which I gave the “uncircumcised *dog*” a *bone* I had just *picked*—up, and kept by me. Met old W—w—z—r—seedy in the extreme—seems to be dressing *at Appleby*. Stumbled on Albion's genuine ballad-singer, piously damning the *soap-boiler*, for preferring Jews' harps and Scotch fiddles to native talent, and unsophisticated melody—left him preparing to *hum* “The Yankee Doodle.”—Called upon my *bosom* friend, M—d—e S——e, but hopped off on account of conversation.—Met Bully R—m—d, *puffing* and blowing with vexation at his loss of the Opera-house. Surprised at this—called on little K——t, and found his face making up for *Autolycus*, which he expects a promise of, for the season after next. *Fell in*, and *fell out*, with that quintessence of good humour, D--wt--n.—Popped into M--ll--r's, and found many beaux in Bow-street—C. K——e, Mac—y, L—t—n, and B--tt--y; saw the chaste actor, who labours so hard to be easy, in news-room, perusing, with peculiar satisfaction, a critical eulogium, written by himself, upon his own performance—suited him to a T.—Saw P-c—k poring on a paragraph, which promised well for a melo-drame.—Asked Farley's opinion.—“BOW-STREET. On Tuesday last a black woman was brought to this office, charged with the wilful murder of her natural child, by throwing it down the”—privy to what follows, but not necessary for disclosure.

 Diary of an unemployed Actor.

Met H-rl-y, on my return, debating whom he most resembled, B—n—t-r or F-wc-tt.—Perceived R-e, on his tragi-comic horse—rides forcibly, but not fast. Thought his pad's action like M-nd-n's hospitality, a little of which goes a great way.

Somebody jumped from a window upon the pavement, and vaulted over my head. Tom C——e, I find, goes very high.—Dined with K—n—a good fellow—Pope joined us—had eleven clean plates—no toast to woodcocks—epicure in dudgeon—K—n imitated Charley—heard many much worse—broke up at half-past ten, and broke down by twelve, but went first to Covent Garden—saw Br-nd-n in the saloon—talked of white satin, and blue ruin—laughed at the *flats*—well *worked* before and behind the curtain—called at the Coal-hole—found half the company *skuttled*, and thought Rhodes the *greatest* man in the house. Ran home, jumped into bed—shuddered at thin blanket—took an opiate in an old “Examiner,” and fell asleep till morning.

LEAF II.

Sunday.—At home all the morning—feverish—thought pensively upon the indigence of my she-parent, (whom I, like a young stork, am supporting) and my own pennyless condition—looked over “The Poor Gentleman,” and “The Distressed Mother.”—Ruminated upon the impossibilities of this life, and enumerated two among them, as follows: Is it not as impossible that I, though an actor of much talent—in my own estimation—can ever obtain another engagement at ten pounds per week, as that Charles T-yl-r should be imperfect in “*Non nobis*,” or forget to call at the bar before he departed? Certes, that I shall again become a STAR is more impossible than to meet with common civility at “The Times” newspaper office, or pay my boot-maker's bill before Christmas.—Thought, however, that “Grieving's a Folly,” so dined—queer blow-out, and no wine—took a turn, while Mamma took a nap—saw all the world in the Park—heard of nothing but *habeas-corpus* acts and “Don Giovanni”—came home in the mumps—learnt French and

 Diary of an unemployed Actor.

the fiddle till eleven—and went to my truckle in a state of comfortable discontent.

Monday, ten o'clock—Awakened by the dustman's bell—remembered an odd sort of dream—John K-mb-e as *Clown* at a short notice—threw himself at once into grotesque attitudes, and upon the usual kind indulgence of the spectators, who, after much admiration of many jumps, flip-flaps, roley-poleys, and hand-springs, encored his song of the “Bull in a China-shop.”—Breakfasted upon Saturday's bread—damned stale—like R-yn-ld's jokes—tough toast made me cough—showed away at the window—saw Bob Ch-tt-rl-y passing by—gave me an arch and significant nod, meaning “here goes somebody”—decidedly of opinion he doesn't grow—Caught a proprietor crossing towards our door—hoped W-nst-n was coming to propose an engagement—false alarm—watched him into the chandler's shop below stairs, and saw him turn out with two pounds of yellow soap, to be used, no doubt, with economy, by one of the Haymarket *scrubs*, in decorating that splendid concern for the ensuing season.

P-ne called for a speckled pocket-handkerchief I had recently borrowed, and objected to the smell of red herring—civil songster, but too unambitious—would rather eat boiled leg of lamb and French beans, than converse with a sprig of nobility—left me in haste, as he dined at home, first, before 12, and at the Freemasons' again by 6—second edition of old Diggy.

Dressed and sallied forth—met Mr. T. D-bd-n—asked what he was about, and answered with “about forty-seven”—such quibbling merits *pun*-ishment—gave me three dozen of undated double orders for the “*Shurrey*”—spoke of an interesting piece, and said if I *felt* inclined to *come over*, my *feelings* would be quite *overcome*—laughed very carefully at all his jokes.—N. B. a Manager. Passed a young new-married couple, *burning* with ardour from “The Bridal of Flora.”—Met Mrs. G-tt-e, so famous for new-laid eggs, and gooseberry wine.—Stumbled upon two sober actors, with almost as much whimsicality—P-w-ll and Eg-rt-n—pretty decent in their way—one often *Thorough-*

 Diary of an unemployed Actor.

good, while the other might shine in a *Barn-well*.—Ran against Tiddy in Covent-garden market, bargaining for red cabbage, and thought of *Little Pickle*.—Shooled for a dinner at M-th-ws's—worshipped his Garrickiana—P-le of the party—cursed comical—high-spirited—and about to let me know "Who's who,"—when I discovered—without any "Intrigue"—that there was a "Hole in the Wall;" yclept a *door*, through which I *bolted* without ceremony—cantered home—leapt into my slumbering machine, and reposed on the bosom of Morpheus—or, poetry apart, a bed harder than brick-bats, and a bolster of tried inhumanity.

LEAF III.

Tuesday.—Borrowed a paper and a penny-roll from the public-house—laughed heartily at the report of a recent robbery in the Haymarket Theatre—marked many omissions—some of which should be thus supplied.—N. B.—Not improbable that the daily prints, eager to catch at novelty, have, as usual, forgotten correctness.

THEATRICAL LOSSES.

"*Haymarket*. G——e C-lm-n, who receives a pension for his *active* management, not having attended the Theatre, in that capacity, for many seasons past, has *lost* nothing—but *himself*. Mrs. G-bbs, however, having unluckily left an old property-riticule in her dressing-room, it is feared that the last note from Mrs. C—r-y's *Cicisbeo* may get into circulation, and as that dignified ducal enamorado has suffered too much already from the publication of his correspondence, should such a document be found, its restoration is earnestly requested *to the writer*, at his next appearance in the manager's box.

"Mr. M-rr-s has lost a large quantity of blank orders, prepared, to annoy his colleagues, for distribution upon one of the few nights when an overflow might be fairly expected. To such lengths will animosity sometimes hurry men, not generally averse to a consideration of their own advantage.

"Poor W-nst-n is dreadfully distressed by the deprivation of a brown-paper cap, in which he has been accus-

 Diary of an unemployed Actor.

tomed, for twelve years past, to dabble among the workmen. From extraordinary caution, his hair was but just beginning to show through the top of it, and as its value, must of course, be made good from the treasury, it is reasonably conjectured, that so severe a loss will weaken many arrangements that have been made for profuse liberality.

“ Among the company we can trace but little lamentation, and accordingly presume that slight injury has been sustained. It is well known, however, that Mr. M-th-ws has *lost his fixed resolution* of never setting foot again upon the Haymarket boards, but that Mr. J-n-s continues in possession of his vulgar vivacity, and Mr. T-rry retains all his *original propensities—to imitation.*”

Condoled with J—n K—e on the badness of last benefit—lamented the failure of attempt to detain him, and non-delivery of concerted speech—recommended Mrs. S-dd-n’s plan—wou’dn’t do, as the *blank* books, after three months’ disappointment, were cut up for writing paper.

Sauntered after breakfast to Hookham’s—much small talk—recommended by F-wc-tt to R—’s cousin as a laundress—partly promised to K—’s relation—Assured by H—y H—s that his concern was in the suds—Heard R-ym-nd’s offer was ten thousand for Drury-lane—refused and made manager to keep the secret—Gathered from L—d E—x his intention to resign—real loss, if truth, talent, and attention, are valuable—Met the little L-c-um Tr-s-r-r—looking lofty—like the *Peak* of Teneriffe—successful piece—much merit and more alacrity—Found Ch-rl-s H—n in dudgeon—touched up by A-n-ld, and spelling *Macheath*—Congratulated new leader, and glad to hear that Mrs. *Suggest* was denied admittance to the scenes—Pounced upon G-tt-e—praised his great connections—got invited home—dined upon mutton for venison, and called Perry Champagne—Joined a whist-party in the evening at Ch-rl-s K-mbl’s—laughed over the new *Richard’s* success, and *his* reported recommendation—Quizzed Th-lw-ll’s lectures—poetry to a post-horse—Cried up *legitimate* acting—agreed that K-mb-e cou’dn’t meet K-n at the Clarendon—promised a peep at T-lma—supped plentifully on radishes—diet re-

 Diary of an unemployed Actor.

gulated by Mrs. C. K——e—— won a week's lodging with Abb-tt's half-crown—walked soberly home—kept out of the puddles—and saved two-pence next day in my bill for blacking.

LEAF IV.

Wednesday.—Got the girl of the house to sew up the skirts of my walking-coat, and sallied out audaciously with an aukward aperture in the seat of my Nankin trowsers—Met M-th-ws lamenting his Haymarket drudgery—swore his health was sinking under the slavery—and hurried off to W-nst-n to get his name in the bills for three parts a-night till the end of the season.—Heard Harry J--nst-on was engaged at Drury to supersede R-ym-nd in the *lovers*—Met the Covent-garden beau in his morning-dress—took him for a notorious pickpocket, and ran in search of an officer—Mistake explained—Sauntered into Covent-garden—strutted among the currants, and popped into a certain auction room—run the ferrule of my cane through a scrap of floating paper—thought of the flying bank-note—withdrew to examine it—and read as follows.

(COPY OF INSTRUCTIONS)

SIR,

Having last night consulted very closely with Harry H-rr-s, over one and twenty glasses of brandy and water, upon the situation and necessities of the Theatre, we, the undersigned, are authorised by that distinguished individual to furnish you with such hints for the purpose and completion of your important journey, as may appear to demand communication.

The proprietors of C-v-nt-g-rd-n having determined to discharge the *best* part of their company, you are particularly enjoined to look among the Minor houses, for some pantomimic actors who'll come over upon easy terms, and learn English at an evening school, beneath the superintendence of Charles F-rl-y, who is known to be a great proficient in the French language. Mr. H-rr-s then means, with the assistance of the Hon. D— K-nn-rd, to teach them

 Stone and Garrick.

tragedy according to his own ideas, and you cannot attend too closely to this scheme, which has raised our most sanguine expectations.

If there be any truth in the rumour that a steam apparatus has been invented for the mechanical performance of an entire tragedy, you are desired to ascertain the cost of procuring it, and state your own enlightened opinion upon its efficacy. N. B. For ourselves, we should think the flazard of ten or a dozen lives could form no fair grounds of objection.

* * * * *

To
J-H-N F-WC-TT, Esq.
Paris.

J—— M—RE,
Piccadilly.
G—E R-B-NS,
Piazza.

Couldn't weep over my disappointment for want of a pocket-handkerchief—so put the above very carefully in my purse, with three penny-pieces, and returned home for the day.

STONE AND GARRICK.

Soon after the late Mr. Garrick had purchased a moiety of Drury-lane Theatre, he discovered the company required a considerable recruit of low actors; in the choise of these, he generally paid an attention to person and look, more than to genius; for, as they had seldom any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted. There was, at that time, about the Theatre, a very whimsical fellow, whose name was Stone; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to tread the stage. Mr. Garrick, however, found him something to do, and he was employed in recruiting about the town for the drama. Whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble; and, for three or four years, this man (who had acquired the name of the Theatrical Crimp) made, in this kind of service, a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone during the course of

Stone and Garrick.

their negotiations. The following were written in the year 1748.

SIR,

Thursday, Noon.

Mr. Lacey turned me out of the lobby, and behaved very ill to me. I only *ax'd* for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he swore I should not have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoe-maker who I drink with now and then.

I am your humble servant,

WM. STONE.

ANSWER.

STONE,

Friday, Noon.

You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the Theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a-piece for them. Mr. Lacey will pay you himself for the Bishop. He is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two for Richard, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a Mayor. The barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

DAVID GARRICK.

SIR,

The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear; and swears d—n his eyes if he'll play to-night.

I am your's,

W. STONE.

ANSWER.

STONE,

The Bishop may go to the Devil. I do not know a greater rascal except yourself.

D. GARRICK.

The person here called the Bishop was procured by Stone,

Peg Woffington—Singular Epitaph.

and had often rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester, in the play of Henry the Eighth, with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as Cousin of Winchester. The fellow, however, never played the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The two last laconic epistles, which passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone on the very evening the Bishop of Winchester was to make his appearance, will inform our readers of the reason why the mock Bishop never played his part.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

On her first appearance in England, had the following lines addressed to her on her playing *Sylvia* in the " Recruiting Officer :"—

" When first in petticoats you trod the stage,
 " Our sex with love you fired—your own with rage ;
 " In breeches next so well you played the cheat,
 " The pretty fellow and the rake complete ;
 " Each sex were then with different passions moved,
 " The men grew envious and the women loved ! "

SINGULAR EPITAPH

in Gillingham Church Yard, Norfolk.

" Sacred."

" To the Memory of THOMAS JACKSON,* Comedian, who was engaged December 21st, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great theatre, the WORLD, for many of which he was prompted by Nature to excel. The season being closed, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his accounts closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of DEATH, March 17th, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal, where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by HIM who paid the great stock debt for the love he bore to Performers in general."

* This Performer belonged to the Norwich company of Comedians, and in 1777, and two or three seasons after, was engaged by Mr. Colman at the Hay-Market.

 Shakspeare—Goldsmith—Blue Beard.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of our bard, and used frequently (as was the custom with people of high rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, and delight to sit behind the scenes while the plays of our bard were performed. One evening Shakspeare performed the part of a king; the audience knew of her majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage while Shakspeare was performing, and on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it; when behind the scenes, she caught his eye and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to notice her; this made her majesty to think of some means to know whether he would, or not, depart from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly as he was about to make his *exit*, she stepped before him—dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakspeare noticing took up, with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it.

“ And though now bent on this *high* embassy,

“ Yet *stoop* we to take up our cousins glove ! ”

He then walked off the stage and presented the glove to the Queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him on its propriety.

GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith received £1,300 for the only two plays he ever wrote, viz. 500*l.* for the “ Good-natured Man,” and 800*l.* for “ She Stoops to Conquer,” a sum, in his time, seldom obtained by dramatic authors, for their productions.

BLUE BEARD.

As this extraordinary personage has long been the theme not only of children’s early study and terror, and as no afterpiece had ever a greater run than that splendid and popular musical entertainment, our readers will, I have no doubt, be gratified in perusing the character of that being

Titus Andronicus.

who really existed, and who was distinguished in *horror* and *derision*, by the strange appellation of “Blue Beard.”

He was the famous Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a marshal of France, and a general of uncommon intrepidity, and greatly distinguished himself in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. by his courage, particularly against the English, when they invaded France. He rendered those services to his country which were sufficient to immortalize his name, had he not for ever tarnished his glory by the most horrible and cruel murders, blasphemies, and licentiousness of every kind. His revenues were princely ; but his prodigality was sufficient to render even an emperor a bankrupt. Wherever he went, he had in his suite a seraglio, a band of players, a company of musicians, a society of sorcerers and magicians, an almost incredible number of cooks, packs of dogs of various kinds, and above 200 led horses. Mezerai, an author of great repute, says, that he “ encouraged and maintained men who called themselves sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes to attach themselves to him, and afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was requisite to form his charms and incantations.”

These horrid excesses may be believed when we reflect on the age of ignorance and barbarism in which they were certainly too often practised. He was at length, for a state crime against the Duke of Brittany, sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantz, in 1440 ; but the Duke of Brittany, who was present at his execution, so far mitigated the sentence, that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes buried. Though he was descended from one of the most illustrious families in France, he declared previous to his death that all his horrible excesses were owing to his wretched education.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

This tragedy, which would be regarded as too bloody on the modern stage, appears to have been highly relished in 1686, when it was revived, with alterations, by Ravenscroft. Instead of diminishing any of its horrors, he seized

 Dr. Johnson's Irene.

every opportunity of adding largely to them, of which the following may serve as a fair specimen. Tamora stabs her child, upon which the Moor utters the following lines:—

- “ She has outdone me even in mine own art,
 “ Outdone me in murder—Killed her own child !
 “ Give it me—*I'll eat it !*

DR. JOHNSON'S IRENE.

Garrick having become manager of Drury-lane theatre, in 1749, employed the theatrical powers with which he had been just vested, in bringing out Johnson's tragedy of “Irene,” which had long been kept back by the want of encouragement. But in this benevolent purpose he met with no little difficulty from the temper of Johnson, which could not brook that a drama he had formed with much study, and had been obliged to keep more than the nine years of Horace, should be revised and altered at the pleasure of an actor. Yet Garrick knew well, that without some alterations it would not be fit for the stage. A violent dispute having ensued between them, Garrick applied to the Reverend Dr. Taylor to interpose. Johnson was at first very obstinate. “Sir, (said he) the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands, and kicking his heels.” He was, however, prevailed on, at last, to comply with Garrick's wishes, and permit a certain number of changes, but still not enough to ensure its successful representation.

Before the curtain drew up, there were catcalls whistling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The prologue, written in a manly strain, awed the audience by the extraordinary spirit and dignity of particular lines, and the play went off smoothly till it approached the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine, was to be strangled in sight, and had two lines to speak with the bow-string about her neck. The audience cried out “Murder! Murder!” and she attempted several times to speak, but in vain. At last she quitted the stage alive. This passage was afterwards expunged, and she was carried off to suffer death behind the

 Mrs. Pritchard.

scenes, as the play now has it. "Irene" was produced on the sixth of February, 1749, and performed nine nights. Johnson received one hundred pounds for the copy-right, from Robert Dodsley, and netted one hundred and ninety-five pounds, seventeen shillings, by three benefit-nights, in the annexed proportions:—

3d night's receipt	£177	1	6
6th.....	106	4	0
9th.....	101	11	6
	<hr/>		
	384	17	0
Charges of the house.....	189	0	0
	<hr/>		
Profit.....	195	17	0
Received for the copy-right.....	100	0	0
	<hr/>		
In all.....	295	17	0
	<hr/>		

MRS. PRITCHARD.

"I wish it was in my power to do justice to the merits of Mrs. P. and express the true sense of mankind in favour of her performances; but this task would be never equal to an attempt of the same kind in praise of Mr. Garrick, whom she most nearly resembles; since they alone seem to justify an assertion of the Laureats in his apology, when he affirms, that 'no Character whatever is out of the way of a perfect Actor.'" I must confess, I cannot propose to myself any parts which Mrs. P——d would not shine in, where the author has given any opportunity of appearing tolerable. Her skill in acting seems to me to be universal. With soft distress, she charms *Jane Shore*; and all the pity *Mr. Rowe* could wish in favour of his repentant adulteress is justly exerted. The haughtiness of *Lady Touchwood* is marked with equal force and energy. In *As you like it* what words can paint her, and even in *Fag* itself, she does the author more than justice. I know not any method to finish her likeness better than by a kind of parody on

The Younger Antigonus.

that truth which our ingenious Dryden wrote in favour of the sublimest song of the muses, John Milton. Thus then let posterity be informed.

Four ladies in one happy *Æra* born
 Did once the English Theatre adorn,
 The *first* assumed the moving tragic part,
 And drove successful pity to the heart;
 The *next* beside the magic of her face,
 Had softness, air gentility and grace;
 The *third* in Comic pleasantry surpassed
 In every character, in all *the last*;
 The force of nature could no further flee,
 To make a *fourth* she joined the former three.

THE YOUNGER ANTIGONUS.

It is said of the younger Antigonus, that when he was told that his son was slain in battle, he went to look upon the body, but he neither changed colour nor wept. He commended him as a valiant soldier, and ordered him to be buried.

Note. Might not this suggest to Addison the circumstance of Cato's receiving the dead body of his son with this exclamation:

“Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!”

There are, however, several such traits in antiquity: the mother of Brasidas only asked whether her son had died bravely.

BOISSY.

Boissy, the author of several dramatic pieces, that were received with applause, met the common fate of those who give themselves up entirely to the arts of the muses. He laboured and toiled unremittingly—his works procured him fame, but no bread. He languished, with a wife and child, under the pressure of the extremest poverty. But melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of that pride which is peculiar to genius, whether great or small; he could not creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. He had

Boissy.

friends who would have administered relief to him; but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not friendly impetuosity enough to force their assistance upon him. Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency.—The shortest way to rid himself at once from all his misery seemed to him to be death. Death appeared to him as a friend, as a saviour, and deliverer, and gained his affection. His tender spouse, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation when he declaimed with all the warmth of poetic rapture, of deliverance from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospect of futurity; and at length resolved to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow: it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and a better. They were now firmly resolved to die. But what mode of death should they adopt? They made choice of the most horrible—of starving: accordingly they waited, in their solitary and deserted apartment, their dear deliverer, death, in his most ghastly form.—Their resolution and their fortitude were immoveable. They locked the door, and began to fast. When any one came and knocked, they fled trembling into the corner, and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whispering and crying, asked for bread; but they always found means to quiet him. It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day: always nobody at home! At last he burst open the door.—Oh what a sight! He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and the wife had their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips.

Grimaldi and Walker.

The parents lay still in a perfect stupor: they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. Their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy, and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying. Their friend hastened to take measures for their deliverance; but could not succeed without difficulty. They thought they had already done with all the troubles of the world, and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again! Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to restore them to life. At length their friend hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of paternal and maternal tenderness. He gave the child food, who, with one hand held his bread, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother; his piteous moans roused them at length from their death-like slumber. It seemed at once to awaken a new love of life in their hearts, when they saw that their child had left the bed and their embraces. Nature did her office. Their friend procured them strengthening broths, which he put in their lips with the utmost caution, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible. Thus were they saved. This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of *contrôleur du Mercure de France*, with a pension for his wife and child if they outlived him.

GRIMALDI AND WALKER.

In the time of Grimaldi of famous memory, a figure-dancer in the same theatre, a Mr. W—k—r, was in the habit of accommodating the under actors with small loans, by a mortgage on their salaries, with pretty good interest. G. had a pressing want of ten pounds, and applied to W. for it, who (for reasons sufficiently strong to himself) refused. The other was extremely angry, and bore in his

Gramaldi and Walker.

breast, a long while, resentment ; at last he had determined on his revenge, and one morning addressed him thus :—
“ Ah, vat mine dear W—, how you was-a-do : dem you never speaken wis me now—vat for ?—I have very great respect for you—mais you no come take bottle vin wis me. I have some fine macaroni to day—come my house three o'clock—I have some littler a-business along wis you.”—
W. thanked him, and attended ; dined heartily, drank his wine, and received the warmest professions of friendship from his host. At length he tells him, that Mr. Garrick and himself had it in contemplation to bring out a Lilliputian dance, so that the whole corps de ballet should appear no more than three feet high ; and, says he, “ Mr. Garrick no believe I can make-a-dat, and I have-a-told him I shall prove the experiment wis you, because you was the only gentleman in de ballet vat I trust.” W. thanked him for his good opinion. “ Now to de business—I sall make one eyes, nose, and mouse, upon your pelly, and den I sall have a cap come over your head, down to de top of de face ; what's on de pelly, den you can see through one hole in the cap, and your arm appear quite short, and you look no more as three feet high.” W. consented, and G. painted on his belly a *comic* face, with drying oil and varnish, and when compleated, sent him over to Garrick, who was preparing to play King Lear. W. called him aside and whispered to him, “ Sir, sir ! a word with you !” Garrick, who was very tenacious and touchy when going to play, said,—
“ What the devil does the fellow want ?” “ 'Tis done, sir, 'tis done, Mr. Grimaldi has done it !” “ Done what ?” “ Come aside, sir, and I'll show you.” Garrick retired with him, and W. took up his shirt and shewed him his belly ; at which he laughed himself almost to convulsions—shewed to the whole company behind the scenes—then told him he was a fool, and G. a rogue. W. retired terribly embarrassed. It was some weeks before he could wash his second face away : and on his rebuking G. for playing him such a dirty trick, he exclaimed, “ Ah, G—d d—n, you no lend-a-me ten pounds,—d—n—I have *doo* you.”

Shuter, no Adept in Figures.—Dr. Johnson.

SHUTER, NO ADEPT IN FIGURES.

It is well known that this celebrated comedian, in the very early part of his life, was tapster at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden. A gentleman one day ordered him to call a hackney coach, which he accordingly did, and attended the gentleman at his getting in. It so happened that the gentleman left his gold-headed cane in the coach, and missing it the next morning, went immediately to the public house, to inquire of the boy, Ned (who called the coach), whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied—"It was two pots of porter, a shillingsworth of punch, and a paper of tobacco."—The gentleman upon this, was as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—44 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shillingsworth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter, for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. The gentleman in consequence recovered his cane; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an alehouse, took him away, and put him to school, and thereby enabled him to shine as the first comedian of his time.

DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connections some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next to him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration; but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. "Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, con-

The Decline of Genius.

vict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met his 'father's ghost.'

THE DECLINE OF GENIUS.

Henry Mossop was born in the year 1729, his father, a clergyman, was rector of Tuam, in the province of Connaught, in the kingdom of Ireland, where he mostly resided, universally beloved. Young Mossop, as well as his father, was bred in Trinity College, Dublin, where he pursued his studies with diligence and credit, and at the regular time obtained his degrees. His first appearance on the stage was at Smock-alley, Thursday, November 28th, 1749, in the part of *Zanga*, which he played three successive nights, in which, as a good judge expresses it, he displayed an astonishing degree of beautiful wildness, and at times such extraordinary marks of genius broke forth, as evidently indicated his future greatness.—His next character was Richard, after which he took occasion to quarrel with the manager, and went to London; he made his debut there in *Richard*, with distinguished advantage. Mossop had a strong and harmonious voice, which could rise from the lowest note to the highest pitch of sound, and was, indeed one of the most comprehensive ever heard. He excelled most in parts of turbulence and rage, of regal tyranny and sententious gravity; and though, as an actor, he had many defects, Mossop was in London, after Garrick and Barry, the most applauded and valuable actor. He continued acting with success in London, and sometimes in Dublin, till the year 1761, when he commenced manager of Smock-alley, in opposition to Barry and Woodward, which ended in his ruin, and, though he could not wrest the sceptre from them, it paved the way to their destruction also. After much solitude, and various turns of fortune, finding himself shut out, both at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, he died at Chelsea in extreme poverty, November, 1773. It is said he had but one halfpenny in his possession at his decease. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expense; but Mr.

The Decline of Genius.

Mossop's uncle prevented that offer from taking place. Thus we may apply to poor Mossop what was said of another unfortunate genius, Butler,—‘He asked for bread, and he received a stone!’

Henry Woodward died April the 17th, 1777; as a comic performer he long stood unrivalled in his cast of parts, and in private life conducted himself with honour and respectability. By persevering industry and the dint of saving, he had scraped up near four thousand pounds, most of which he lost in his Crow-street scheme, where he was induced to commence manager in co-partnership with Barry, the effects of which he severely felt to his last moments.

David Ross, a native of Scotland, of honourable extraction, was some time proprietor and manager of the theatre in Edinburgh, and an excellent, though irregular actor; he was of a convivial disposition, and much devoted to the gratifications of the table. In the year 1788, I found him confined to his bed, depending upon the casual bounty of any friend that called on him, or to whom he had means of applying. He died in the country of England, an unparticularized member of a travelling company.

West Digges, Esq. was born in the year 1720; his father was Colonel Digges, of the guards, a gentleman of family and fortune, and nearly allied to some of the first nobility in England; at his death he left his children, two sons, to the guardianship of the Duke of Montague and the late Earl Delawar. To the title and estate of the latter mentioned noble peer, young Digges was then, and for many years after, presumptive heir.—He was for some time in the army, which he quitted, and embraced the profession of an actor, first at Smock-alley, Wednesday, November 27, 1749, the very night before Mossop appeared.—Except Barry, the public had never till then beheld so finished a figure as Mr. Digges, and his performance, in the judgment of his auditors, was equal to his appearance; the part was *Jaffier* in *Venice Preserved*. He remained on the Dublin stage till the great riot, Feb. 2d 1754, to which he was greatly accessory; but afterwards went to Edinburgh, where he became manager, and a considerable favourite. After

Garrick and the Mastiff.

many caprices of fortune, a mistress who mostly seemed obdurate to his solicitations, he returned in his old age to Dublin, and died of a paralytic stroke, which attacked him at rehearsal, under which calamity he laboured many months, wholly dependant on gratuitous assistance for support.

GARRICK AND THE MASTIFF.

One very sultry evening in the dog-days, Garrick performed the part of Lear. In the four first acts he received the accustomed tribute of applause; at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion; it was not tragic; it was evidently an endeavour to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner, and the beautiful Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for this strange termination of a tragedy in any other way, than by supposing that the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally supposed that he might here enjoy the like privilege: the butcher sat very far back, and the dog finding a fair opening, got on the seat, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of the day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting-stuff, and not being accustomed to the heat of a play-house, found himself oppressed by a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of the mastiff. The dog being in

 No Religion—Foote—A curious Play Bill.

so conspicuous a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig was too much—it would have provoked laughter in *Lear* himself, at the moment of his deepest distress; no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

NO RELIGION.

During the riots in 1780, most persons, in order to save their houses, wrote on their doors "*No Popery.*" Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, "*No Religion!*"

FOOTE.

Soon after Mr. Foote had his house at North-end, Fulham, fitted up, a friend came to see him. Sam having carried him through the house, asked how he liked it: he answered, that it was very neat and handsomely furnished, but at the same time that there was not a room fit to swing a cat in. "Sir," says Foote, "I do not mean it to swing cats in!"

A CURIOUS PLAY BILL.

Theatre, Manchester.

This present Monday, November 26, 1766,

By desire of Mrs. NUBBS;

For the Benefit of

Mr. RICH,

Who respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in consequence of his engagement for the winter season at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, his performance at this place, intended only at first for a certain number of nights, will terminate to-morrow evening, when his patrons will be presented with a Prelude, called

FUN UPON FUN;

or, WIT AT A PINCH.

Barnwell, by Mr. Warren; Noddy, by Mr. Leighton;
 Gripeall, by Mr. Saunders; Polly, by Mr. W. Saunders;
 and Harry (the intriguing Footman), by Mr. RICH:

A curious Play Bill.

In which Character he will transform himself into a Giant-like Statue of Alexander the Great, and a Child of Two Years Old!!

End of the Prelude, a song by Mr. Warwick.

After which (by desire) will be performed the admired Comedy of the

BEAUX' STRATAGEM.

Archer, by Mr. Saunders; Aimwell, by Mr. Collins;

Gibbet, by Mr. Tylar; Boniface, by Mr. Devaulle;

Sullen, by Mr. W. Saunders; and Scrub, by Mr. RICH:

In which character he will introduce a new Song, describing to the audience,

O, what a Beau his Granny was!

Dorinda, by Mrs. Mills; Cherry, by Mrs. Greville;

Gipsey, by Mrs. Smart; Lady Bountiful, by Mrs. Long;

And Mrs. Sullen, by Mrs. Collins.

To which will be added, the musical entertainment of the

BRITISH TAR;

or, THOMAS AND SALLY.

The 'Squire, by Mr. Tylar;

and Thomas, (the Sailor) by Mr. RICH.

Dorcas, by Mrs. Mills; and Sally, by Miss Collins.

A Hornpipe, by Mr. Leighton.

After the dance, Mr. Tylar will attempt the Minuet in Ariadne, on a Broomstick, in the manner of the late Matthew Skeggs.—After which, a new speaking, singing, comic, descriptive, classical, and circumstantial oration, called the

RICHONIAN BUDGET;

or, Peeping Tom's Ramble through Coventry.

Humourously describing his observations in his adventures through the town and its environs, &c. &c. particularly

The Rivers TOK and ISWELL,

The Manchester Manufactories,

The College,

The Market Place,

And the Theatre,

By Mr. RICH.

A curious Play Bill.

The whole to conclude with an Address, in which Mr. RICH will divulge

A MATRIMONIAL SECRET ;

or, A new Way to keep a Wife at Home !!!

N. B.—On account of the length, and great variety of entertainments, Mr. RICH pledges himself to the public, that the curtain shall rise precisely at half past six, and the whole of the performances conclude at half past ten o'clock.

* * Mr. RICH respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has been anxiously studious in the selection of the above pieces ; he has endeavoured to unite novelty with merit, and has, in consequence of that determination, spared no expence in obtaining for them an unexceptionable evening's entertainment. The play is universally acknowledged to be the very best production of the celebrated Farquhar, and not inferior to the first of our English comedies, for delicate wit and true genuine humour. The Prelude, he flatters himself, will be found highly laughable ; and the local and descriptive humour of Peeping Tom's Ramble, cannot fail to give an additional zest to the night's diversion. Mr. Tylar's Minuet is expected to give general satisfaction, as well as the Address and Matrimonial Secret.

Mr. RICH presumes to hope, that his exertion on this occasion, will meet with that approbation and support which it will be his chiefest pride to merit.

* * The way to the theatre will be swept in every direction, and the house illuminated with wax.

†† It will be moonlight.

Tickets and places for the boxes to be taken of Mr. Rich, at Mr. Dizzy's, shoemaker, No. 31, Penny-street ; and of Mr. Sly, box-keeper ; at the theatre.

This *prodigious Play Bill* had the desired effect ; the house overflowed from all parts, and Rich was the only person pleased with the entertainment of the evening. The pieces were mutilated of one half—the lights were not wax, but the worst of stinking tallow—the avenues to the theatre ankle-deep in mud—and the moon disdained to shine.

 Garrick and Shuter—Barry's Funeral—Dagger Marr—Tyrants,&c.

GARRICK AND SHUTER.

Ned Shuter, as was often the case, was reeling home one morning to his lodgings extremely dirty, and with a remarkably long beard, when he met Garrick under the Piazza. "Heavens!" said David, "Ned, when was you shaved last?" "Shaved last, Davy, egad I can't tell, for my barber has turned gentleman ever since he has had a thousand pounds in the lottery." "But, Ned, ha! ha!" replied David, "I never depend upon barbers—I shave myself every morning." "I do not doubt it," resumed Ned, "or that you preserve the remainder of the lather for next day."

BARRY'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Macklin, along with many others, accompanying the remains of the late Mr. Barry to the grave, when they got to the spot of interment, which was about the centre of the left quadrangle of the cloisters in Westminster Abbey, spoke to a gentleman who was with him, to get upon some rubbish, for the better view; when the gentleman telling him, that if they staid where they were, they could very well see the interment, which was all they wanted. "Not at all, sir," says the stage veteran, "I want to see an exact representation of the whole, for I don't know how soon I may be called upon myself to play a principal part in the same tragedy."

DAGGER MARR.

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park: one day while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobble up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, "Get out of that, you gobbling rascal, I perceive you are a *manager*!"

TYRANTS NEVER SLEEP.

Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of *Merope*, one

Baron Perryn—Lord Kellie—Wycherly.

day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the tyrant in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep—"Go, I say," continued Voltaire; "tyrants never sleep."

BARON PERRYIN.

Baron Perryn, having been engaged on a visit to Foote, came at an early hour, in order to enjoy the pleasure of angling in the pond. Foote, ever ready to oblige his guests, ordered the fishing apparatus to be got ready, and a chair to be placed at the pond side for the accommodation of the learned sportsman. Two hours did the Baron throw the line with as much patience as he could; at length Foote and his company came out; "Well, Baron, do they bite?" "No, I have only had a nibble or two." "By G—d you have not," says Foote, "What do you mean?" says his lordship. "I mean that there is not a fish in the pond, for the water was only put in yesterday."

LORD KELLIE.

One day, Lord Kellie, whose frequent sacrifices to Bacchus had produced a rubicundity of nose that would have done honour to Bardolph himself, called on Mr. Foote at Fulham. "Oh, Kellie," says Foote, "I am glad you are come, my peaches are very backward; do, for G—d's sake, hold your nose over them for two or three hours."

WYCHERLY.

Mr. Wycherly, the celebrated comic poet, had many extravagant humours, as well as many extraordinary flights of wit and fancy: among the former was his resolution never to marry until his life was despaired of, which he used to tell in the gaiety of his conversation to all his acquaintances. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments, as Pope expresses it, which wise men say should be the last we receive. The evening before he died, he called his young

 Goldsmith—Ordinance against Plays.

wife to the bed-side, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurance of consenting to it, he told her—"My dear, it is only this,—that you will never marry an old man again."

GOLDSMITH.

When Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was rehearsing, he was at great pains in instructing the actors. On the first representation, he was not a little displeased to find the representative of *Diggory* play it as an Irishman. As soon as Diggory came off the stage, Goldsmith asked him the meaning of this, as it was by no means intended for an Irish character. "Sir," replied he, "I spoke it as near as I could to the manner in which you instructed me, except that I did not give it quite so strong a brogue."

ORDINANCE AGAINST PLAYS.

In the early part of the reign of Charles the First, Dramatic exhibitions appear to have been the favourite amusement both of the King and the people; but the increase of Puritanism, and the civil wars, which soon after took place, were alike fatal to the monarchy and the stage.

In 1642 the following "Ordinance" was promulgated by the Parliament:

AN ORDINANCE

OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

For the suppressing of Publike Stage Playes throughout the Kingdome, during these Calamitous Times.

Whereas the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood, by a Civill Warre, call for all possible meanes to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these judgments; amongst which fasting and prayer having been often tried to be very effectually, have bin lately, and are still enjoyed: And whereas publike sports do not well agree with publike calamities, nor publike Stage Playes with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other spectacles of plea-

The late King an Actor—Major B——.

sure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levitie : It is therefore thought fit, and ordeined by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes, and set times of humiliation doe continue, publike Stage Playes shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe times of joy and gladnesse to these nations.

Die Veneris, Septemb. the 2, 1642.

Ordered by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, that this Ordinance concerning Stage Playes be forthwith printed and published.

John Browne, Cler. Parliament.

Septemb. 3. London, printed for John Wright. 1642.

THE LATE KING AN ACTOR.

Cato was acted at Leicester House on the 4th of January, 1749, when the part of Portius was sustained by the late King, when *Prince George*; that of Marcia by the late Duchess of Brunswick, then Princess Augusta; and the other parts by some of the junior branches of the nobility. Quin was their instructor and stage manager. Previous to the play, *Prince George* spoke an occasional Prologue, written by Mallet.

Dramatis Personæ :

<i>Cato</i> , Master Nugent.	<i>Portius</i> , Prince George.
<i>Juba</i> , Prince Edward.	<i>Sempronius</i> , Master Eveleyn.
<i>Lucius</i> , Master Montague.	<i>Decius</i> , Lord Milsington.
<i>Syphax</i> , Lord North's Son.	<i>Marcus</i> , Master Madden.
<i>Marcia</i> , Princess Augusta.	<i>Lucia</i> , Princess Elizabeth.

MAJOR B——.

Major B—— a great gambler, said to Foote, " Since I last saw you, I have *lost* an eye." " I am sorry for it," said Foote, " pray *at what game?*"

Dr. Woodward—Christina of Sweden.

DR. WOODWARD.

There is a species of grateful remorse which sometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of the last century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character.* The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, since the actor's greatest wish was to keep the doctor in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money: Thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock.

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

In the extracts from the Duchess of Orleans' letters, we find that Queen Christina of Sweden (who was as peculiar

* Dr. Fossile, in "Three Hours after Marriage." The player's name was, to the best of the Editor's recollection, Griffin. The anecdote was a favourite one with Dr. Campbell.

Theatrical Adventurers—Garrick in Parliament.

in her night-dress as in almost every thing else, and who, instead of a night-cap, made use of an uncouth linen wrapper) having spent a restless day in bed, ordered a band of Italian musicians from the opera to approach near to her curtains, which were close drawn, and strive to amuse her. After some time, the voice of one of the performers striking her with singular pleasure, she suddenly thrust her homely, stern, ill-dressed head from behind the curtains, exclaiming loudly, “Mort diable! comme il chanté bien!”*—The poor Italians, not used to such rough applause from a figure so hideous, were unable to proceed from the terror which they felt, and the whole concert was at a stand for several minutes

THEATRICAL ADVENTURERS.

Among the number of theatrical adventurers started every year on the stage, there are few so wise as to know for what *parts* nature has fitted them. In consequence of this want of sagacity in them, men who are born, it may be said, to appear in the lowest walks of comedy, are vain enough to think they are formed to shine in the highest paths of tragedy. Several years ago, an actor, who was not in the least qualified to make a figure in buskins, felt himself bold enough to attempt the character of King Richard III. and he played the character in so ludicrous a style, that he failed not to raise a laugh whenever he made his appearance. In his last scene he was particularly forcible, and died in so droll a manner, that he was *encored*. Flattered with so new a mark of dramatic distinction, he started up and *died again*, amidst peals of mirth from all parts of the thundering house.

GARRICK IN PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Garrick sent the following lines to a nobleman, who asked him if he did not intend being in Parliament.

More than contented with my labour's gain,
Of *public favour* though a little vain;

* “Death and the Devil! how well he sings!”

 Compliment to Garrick—Extract from the Comedy of Eubulus.

Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
 To wish to *play the fool* in parli'ment;
 In each dramatic unity to err,
 Mistaking *time*, and *place*, and *character*;
 Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
 I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;
 No more in *public scenes* would I engage,
 Or wear the *cap* and *mask* on any stage."

COMPLIMENT TO GARRICK.

A short time before Garrick's trip to the continent, he was passing the evening with his friend the Rev. James Townley, head-master of Merchant Taylors' school, and asked him if he had no poetical adieu ready;—in a few minutes he produced the following lines, perhaps the most elegant compliment ever paid to that immortal ornament of the British Stage.

When Garrick's steps the Alps have trod,
 Prepar'd to enter mighty Rome,
 The Amphitheatre shall nod,
 And Roscius shudder in his tomb.

EXTRACT FROM THE COMEDY OF EUBULUS.

The ladies were no great favourites of the Greek comic poets. Will they pardon an extract from the comedy of Eubulus, not very remarkable for its gallantry?

Ω Ζευ πολυτιμητ', ἐι κακως ἐγω ποτε
 Ερῶ γυναικας, νη Δί απολοιμην ἄρα
 Παντῶν ἀριστον κτηματῶν· ἐι δ' ἐγενετο
 Κακη γυνη Μηδεια, Πηνελοπεια δε
 Μεγα πωραγμ'.—ἐρει τις Κλυταιμνηστρα κακη;—
 Αλκηστην ἀντεθηκα χρηστην.—ἀλλ' ἴσως
 Φαίδραν ἐρει κακωσος τις.—ἄλλα νη Δια
 Χρηστη τις ἦν μεντοι—τις;—οἱμοι δειλαιος—
 Ταχεως γε μ' αἰ χρησται γυναικες ἐπελιπον,
 Τωνδ' αὖ πονηρῶν ἐτι λεγειν πολλας ἔχω.

May Jove confound me if my mind
 Is prone to rail on woman-kind,

 Edwin's Epitaph—Cardinal Richelieu.

Supreme of good to mortals given,
 The best, the fairest boon of heaven.
 If you Medea bring to view,
 Penelope was chaste and true.
 The virtues by Alcestes shewn,
 For Clytemnestra's crimes atone;
 Monstrous if Phædra's vice appear,
 I'll bring her opposite, don't fear.—
 Bless me, what ails my stupid head?
 My good examples all are fled.
 Soon themes of *panegyric* fail,
 I've thousands when I want to rail.

EDWIN'S EPITAPH.

Here lies
 JOHN EDWIN,
 Comedian,
 late of Covent Garden Theatre,
 who departed this life October 31, 1790,
 aged 42 years.

Each social meed, which honours human kind,
 The dust beneath this frail memorial bore;
 If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
 Subdue the weakness, and be vain no more.

A nation's mirth was subject to his art,
 Ere icy Death had smote this child of glee,
 And Care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,
 When Heaven issued—"Edwin shall not be."

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

Cardinal Richelieu, when at the height of his glory and power, wrote a tragedy entitled "*Europe*," and actually brought it on the French stage. As the piece was little more than a political dialogue between the European nations, in which the comparative state of their revenues, forces, &c. were brought forward, it was barely heard from respect to the writer; but when it was given out for *another* representation, a murmur of disapprobation arose,

Tragedy of Merope—Taswell.

and the "*Cid*," of Corneille was loudly demanded by the audience. This hurt the right reverend dramatist so much, that he actually contrived to have a long and regular critique, written by the academicians of Paris, on that ill-fated *Cid*, which had been set up as a rival to the progress of his tragedy.

TRAGEDY OF MEROPE.

From some literary anecdotes, we learn that a new edition of the celebrated tragedy of *Merope*, written by the Marquis Maffei, was some time since published at Verona. The sixth scene of the second act of this excellent piece contains a passage truly pathetic and sublime. The wife of a noble Venetian having lost her only son, abandoned herself to despair. A priest endeavouring to comfort her, bid her recollect that God had commanded Abraham to plunge a poniard into the bosom of his own son, which he obeyed without murmuring. "Ah, reverend father," said she, hastily, "the Almighty would never have enjoined a *mother* to make such a sacrifice."

TASWELL.

The late Mr. Taswell, an actor in Garrick's time, was taken one night in charge by the watch for a riot in the street, he being very much disguised in liquor, and at such time he was remarkably prone to abuse and quarrel; in consequence of the charge he was carried before one of our trading justices, whose chief characteristics were those of impudence and stupidity; to every interrogatory of the magistrate Taswell made no other answer, except "*your worship's wise, very wise indeed, your worship's wise.*" Not being able to get any thing else from him, he was committed to the round-house till the next morning to sober him, when he was again brought before the magistrate, who began to reprimand him for his idle manner of talking the night before. "What did I say then, sir?" replied Mr. Taswell. "Say," cried the other, "why, every question that I asked you, you still replied with, *your worship's wise, very wise indeed, your worship's*

 View of Lochlomond.

wise, that I thought thou wert mad, and so did madam Pruant too." "*Hum!*" said Taswell, "*your worship no doubt hath read and observed likewise, that drunkenness is a species of insanity for the time, and if I said so (as to be sure I did, because your worship says I did) I was mad indeed, and I humbly hope your worship will excuse me.*" "Well, well," said the justice (not feeling the sarcasm), "get you gone about your business, and never let me see you here again upon the same occasion, or you may not get so easily quit of me, I can assure you."

The same having once been informed by a friend, that to his certain knowledge such-a-one the bailiff had a writ against him, which he intended to execute that very day; he asked if the bailiff had had the small-pox, to which his acquaintance having answered in the negative, "That's lucky," says he, "go your ways, and tell him that he may be sure of me now, for you left me in bed." The man did as he was ordered; and Taswell immediately whips off his clothes, and gets into bed between two small children of his landlady, who were both down with the small-pox, and very full, having first let the woman into the secret. As soon as he heard the bailiff's tread upon the stairs, he covers the children up with the sheet, and calling familiarly to him by his name, bid him walk in: "Sir," said he to the catch-pole, "I know your business, and have heard much of your humanity; be so kind before you execute your office just to sit down three minutes and hear my story, I wont detain you: *Is not my plaintiff, think you, Mr. —, a most cruel man, to arrest a man in my condition—my wife just miscarried, I broke my leg, and two poor blessed babies, God help 'em, in this miserable condition; do but see, sir!*" In so saying he flung down the sheet, and holding up a child in each hand, frightened the bailiff in such a manner, that he instantly ran away, and left his prisoner to take the advantage of his ingenuity.

VIEW OF LOCHLOMOND.

The late Mr. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, and some others of the sons and daughters of Thespis, being on a

Wewitzer's Spencer—Dean B—ke and Miss Catley.

strolling expedition, were for a short time at Greenock, where the receipts were very poor indeed. To force a house, they advertised for a particular night *a beautiful view of Lochlomond*. They were so fortunate as to raise among them the sum of half-a-guinea, to pay an itinerant painter for this superb scene; Mr. Brush, however, having fingered the cash, thought proper to decamp. The scene was expected till the last moment of drawing up the curtain. An apology now became necessary, but was not listened to: the place was crowded, a riot took place, and the audience would not be pacified. In this situation the terrified actors resolved to make their escape. The stable in which they performed had unluckily no back-door; the only possible retreat was by a small window. Through this several of them got out; but when Mrs. Webb made the attempt, her corpulency made her fairly stick in the hole, and so much was her dress discomposed, that she displayed a full prospect of *the broadest part of her body*. At this moment Dick Wilson drew up the curtain, and addressed the impatient audience—"Ladies and Gentlemen, behold the *view of Lochlomond*."

WEWITZER'S SPENCER.

Mr. Wewitzer, late of Drury-lane theatre, a gentleman no less distinguished for his merit as an actor and his good character as a man, than for the amenity of his manners and the neatness of his wit, having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked him how much it would cost: "I cannot," said Stitch, "exactly say, but you may depend on't, sir, that it will come very *low*."—"Then," said the wit, "it will not be a spencer."

DEAN B—KE AND MISS CATLEY.

Dean B—ke, a very exemplary and popular clergyman in Dublin, and who interested himself much in public charities, sent a message to Miss Catley, requesting her to give him a night for that purpose in one of the public gardens. Catley, though always willing to do acts of charity, found that her other engagements put it out of her power

 Epitaph on Ned Shuter—Thespis and Solon.

to comply with the Dean's request. However she pretended not to understand his intention, and in consequence wrote him the following note :—" Miss Catley presents her compliments to Dean B—ke, and acquaints him, that, from the nature of her present connection, she cannot (agreeable to his request) *give the Dean a night* : she begs leave at the same time to acquaint him, that, should this connection be dissolved, she does not know any gentleman of the cloth she would sooner indulge ; but hopes that decency will prevent the Dean from fixing on a *public garden* for the rendezvous."

EPITAPH ON NED SHUTER.

Below in bed,
Lies honest Ned,
Who harm ne'er did, or meant of;
Who had no spice
Of heinous vice,
So—little to repent of.

With heart sincere,
And friendly ear,
He freely dealt his pelf ;
In life like this,
Whate'er's amiss,
Correct it in thyself.

THESPIS AND SOLON.

To Thespis the honour of the tragic scene hath been given by some authors, but they were mistaken ; it was he, however, that new modelled it, and with such success, that his performances drew at that time all the world after them. Amongst the rest, Solon, the famous lawgiver, used to attend at those representations for the sake of hearing Thespis, who acted himself, which was always a custom with the ancient poets. When the play was ended, he called to Thespis, and asked him, why he was not ashamed to utter such lies before so many people ? Thespis made answer that there was no harm in lies of that sort, and in

 Mr. Corri—Romeo and the Apothecary.

poetical fictions, which were made for diversion. “No,” replied Solon (giving a great stroke with his stick upon the ground), “but if we suffer and approve of lying for our diversion, it will quickly find its way into all our serious engagements.”

MR. CORRI.

When Corri, the composer, lived at Edinburgh, he happened one Sunday to pass by the Tron church, while the congregation was singing psalms; confounded at the discordant sounds, he asked a man with a long puritanical face, who was going in, what was the matter; the other, astonished at the question, answered, that the people were praising God-almighty. “Santa Maria!” exclaimed Corri, shrugging up his shoulders, “God-almighty must have one very bad ear!”

The same Mr. Corri became bankrupt in Edinburgh, and having been thrown into prison, he was liberated by the humanity of the law of that country, which allows an insolvent debtor, who has not acted fraudulently, to be released on his giving up to his creditors all his property on oath. This is done by an action against the creditors, called *cessio bonorum*, in the course of which the bankrupt must satisfy the court respecting his losses, &c. Mr. Corri’s counsel, Mr. Robert Sinclair, after enumerating a variety of losses from the theatre, a tea-garden, &c. added, “there is one article, my lords, which I shall read to you from Mr. Corri’s own statement:—Item, I have had forty-seven lawsuits, all of which I lost except one, and that costed me 3*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* for the winning of it.”

ROMEO AND THE APOTHECARY.

A country actor, remarked for an undertoned voice, was playing Romeo, and when he got to the scene where he calls the apothecary, his voice was so very weak as scarcely to be heard. Unfortunately the man who personated the apothecary, had a most wonderful base voice. The Romeo proceeds—“*What ho! apothecary,—within there,*” in a hazy tone. The Apothecary answers,—“*Who*

 Theatrical Delia—Disapprobation.

bawls so loud?” in a voice that shook the theatre. This whimsical contrast created a great laugh at the expense of Romeo.

THEATRICAL DELIA.

A certain theatrical Delia, in a country theatre not ten miles from Richmond, who had been seduced and slighted by a gentleman of the bow and cat-gut, in consequence of her great volubility of tongue, in rage and disappointment wrote the following lines to him :

In morning, eve, or noon,
 May you never play in tune ;
 May you every public night,
 Take the wrong end for the right ;
 May your strings be ever breaking,
 Your head and fingers aching ;
 The more you screw your pegs,
 Like your little spindle legs,
 May they prove false to you,
 As you have done to Sue.

The gentleman returned the following answer :—

Your wishes, wicked jade,
 Tho' new-fangled, are ill-made—
 My instrument why blame ?
 For prating now you're paid ;
 So adieu, my pretty maid,
 You are welcome to your shame.

DISAPPROBATION.

An actor played a season at Richmond theatre for the privilege only of having a benefit. When his night came, he had to sustain a principal part in the piece.—The whole of his audience, however, (being thirty in number) gave him every mark of disapprobation, and a great hissing ; on which he came forward and said, “ Ladies and gentlemen, I return you my sincere thanks for your kindness, but when you mean to hiss me again on my benefit night, I hope it will be by at least six times as many as I have here to night.”

 Woodward—Fox—Foote and Ross—Lie of the Day.

WOODWARD.

When Woodward first played *Sir John Brute*, Garrick was induced, from curiosity or perhaps jealousy, to be present. A few days after, when they met, Woodward asked Garrick how he liked him in the part, adding, "I think I struck out *some* beauties in it." "I think," said Garrick, "that you struck out *all* the beauties in it."

FOX.

Fox, the manager of the old Brighton theatre, having been engaged at the Haymarket theatre during the reign of the elder Mr. Colman, had the part of one of the Scholars in the *Padlock* sent him. "Sir," said he, addressing the manager, "I am astonished at getting this part, so much beneath me; besides, how would a man of my size and figure look like a Scholar?" "Indeed," replied Mr. Colman, "you seem to be better *fed* than *taught*."

FOOTE AND ROSS.

There being a law-suit between Mr. Foote and Mr. Ross, respecting the Edinburgh theatre, let by the latter to the former, which came by appeal before the House of Lords, the matter was terminated in favour of Ross, and Foote was saddled with the costs. When he paid the bill to Mr. Walter Ross, Mr. Ross's Scotch solicitor, he said to him, "Now, Walter, when do you go to Scotland?" "To-morrow," said he. "And how do you travel?—I suppose, like the rest of your countrymen, you will do it in the most economical manner." "Yes," replied he, "I shall travel on *Foot*!"

LIE OF THE DAY.

On the *Lie of the Day* being performed at Covent-garden the night *Vortigern* appeared at Drury-lane.

Says Kemble to Lewis, "Pray what is your play?"

Cries Lewis to Kemble, "*The Lie of the Day*."

"Say you so?" replied Kemble; "why we act the same; But to cozen the town, we adopt a *new name*;

 Free Benefit—Tom Weston—Theatres at the Antipodes.

For that *Vortigern's* Shakspeare's, we some of us say,
Which you all of you know is a *Lie of the Day*."

FREE BENEFIT.

On a free Benefit given at Drury-lane to one in Distress.

Unask'd, the pitying players grant
Their charity to worth in want :
So cheap will lawyers plead its cause ?
Or priests deserve the like applause ?
Never while riches blind their eyes,
And supersede all nature's ties ;
Never, till truth and reason reign,
And true religion live again.

TOM-WESTON.

Tom Weston, of facetious memory, being in a strolling company in Sussex, when the success was even less than moderate, ran up a bill of three shillings with his landlord, who waiting on the comedian, insisted on his money immediately : " Make yourself easy, my honest fellow," said Weston, " for by the gods, I will pay you this night in some shape or another." " See you do, Master Weston," retorted the landlord surlily, " and, d'ye hear, let it be as much in the *shape* of three shillings as possible."

THEATRES AT THE ANTIPODES.

Two theatres at the Antipodes were extremely friendly and accommodating, each supplying the other with any apparatus they might want, which produced almost a regular correspondence between the two prompters, whose department it was to complete every article for representation ; and as it is entirely a different subject from any thing that ever occurs in the theatres of our world, I have selected two or three whimsical letters, which may perhaps afford some entertainment.

" Dear W.

" Can you accommodate us with about a dozen flashes of lightning, a shower of rain, and some wind, for the *Tempest* to-night. And if you can lend me two or three virgins for

 Theatres at the Antipodes.

the farce, you will essentially serve us—as two of ours are lying-in, and the other two so much advanced towards that honourable state, that we cannot impose them upon the audience for a thing of the kind. Our call-man has met with a severe accident, in running a spike into his mouth, by which, from the most talkative, he is become the most silent man in the world, and totally incapable of his business. Have you any person of that description you could lend us? if you can, you will eternally oblige

“Your’s, faithfully,

“H.”

“P. S. The lady you sent me to play *Juliet*, from some cause or other, fell off the bier at the mouth of the tomb, and nearly rolled into the orchestra.”

“Dear H.

“You know our readiness on all occasions to oblige you; but you could not have wanted any one thing we are so scantily provided with as virgins. However, I have mustered you *two*, which will very much distress us, unless they are returned the *first thing in the morning*. I have sent lightning, wind, hail, and rain, by the bearer, in a hamper—the virgins will come clean and neat, after tea, and time enough for the farce.—With respect to your call-man, we cannot accommodate you with one exactly of that description; but our property-man can talk enough for any two theatres, and if you are very much distressed, we will share him with you; but in that case I hope you wont suffer him to be laughed at for any errors in his language or orthography, both which are peculiar to himself. I shall want for Saturday, a moon, a serene sky, a calm sea, a wheelbarrow, a Mount Vesuvius, and a coffin.

“Your’s, ever,

“W.”

“Dear W.

“I feel myself much indebted to you for your virgins.—I returned them last night, and hope they got safe to your hands, as well as the other combustibles you were good enough to send us. I am much afraid your property-man would be too much for us—therefore (without disparage-

 Theatre at the Antipodes—Actor of all Work.

ment to his abilities) will make shift without him. Your lightning was exhausted before the three peals of thunder; but the rain, wind, hail, a great crash, a gong, &c. made us, I think, sufficiently dreadful. All you want will be ready, except Mount Vesuvius, which was destroyed by the last explosion.

“Yours, &c.

“H.”

“Dear H.

“How many devils have you got in your company, male and female?—and have you a good dancing one? The man I had fixed on to play the devil here has left us; and I am sorry to say, our company is so angelic, that we cannot muster infernals enough for the last scene but one in our pantomime, consequently cannot come to the established conclusion.—Do let me have as tall a devil, as you can spare; and let him bring his cloven feet, and a shower of fire in his pocket, or we shall be d—d.

“Yours, &c.

“W.”

“Dear W.

“Send me two genteel assassins, and let them come sober, and clean shaved. Have you a Cupid you could lend us? ours has got the small-pox. We will give him eighteen-pence a night, but he must find his own wings.

“Yours, ever.

“H.”

The Cupid was sent, and there ended the correspondence.

ACTOR OF ALL WORK.

An itinerant player, well known in the West of England, when playing in Bigg's company at Barnstaple, one evening performed for his benefit, Boniface and Sir Charles Freeman in the *Stratagem*, between the acts of which he sung Dibdin's "*Jolly Dick the Lamplighter*;" played a solo on the violin, and danced a hornpipe at the end of the play; he recited Collins's Ode on the Passions; played Shift, Smirke, and Mother Cole, in the *Minor*; and concluded with a poetical address to the audience!!!

Vortigern—The enraged Musician—Ludicrous Message,—&c.

VORTIGERN.

In the play of *Vortigern*, the hero, in the first line, invokes the Almighty, and in the next, the Gods. This mixed application in the writer was profane; and in the end, the *Gods* were against him.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

When the Dublin stage was under the management of the late Mr. Ryder, Moss, a good low comedian, but full of the furor of extravagance in his acting, played the character of Lovegold in the comedy of the *Miser*; to give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming as loud as he could, "You have got my money, and I'll keep your wig till you return it." The enraged musician, when the play was ended, flew into the green-room, and insisted upon Moss *giving* him satisfaction; "Pho, pho," replied the player, "misers never *give* any thing."

LUDICROUS MESSAGE.

A certain actor (in a London theatre) of little fame, but of great notoriety, delivered a message in the following whimsical style: Thus wrote the author—"Sir, the Marquis of Otranto and his followers are at the gate, and swear, that unless you deliver up a lady that's secreted in the castle, they will set it in flames." Thus said the actor—"There's a whole troop of Otranto's at the gate, and they swear, unless you *come* and *deliver* a lady directly, you will be all burnt alive!!!"

LES OMBRE CHINOÏSE.

An exhibition was opened some years since, in Panton-street, Haymarket, with *Les Ombre Chinoise*, or *Italian Shadows*; but to give a title of consequence, was called *The Skiagraphic*. The entertainment gave general satisfaction for a long time, and was very ingeniously and respectably performed. One Englishman only was a partner, and the speaking part, of course, devolved on him. In the

Fête near Windsor.

last scene was a magician's cave or grotto, where he was introduced by the following speech:—"For thirty years, with magic powers invested, have I reigned supreme of this mossy cave, where, assisted by invisible agents, awful dæmons, and nightly sprites, I have transposed and metamorphosed, by my power, into different shapes these shelly walls; yet fain would I mine utmost power know, and please mine eye with yet new wonders. Bring forth the huge and bulky elephant!—"Tis well—of life and flesh do I thee deprive, and nought but skeleton bones appear." An unfortunate circumstance one evening occurred.—A bailiff, having placed himself against the door of the only entrance into and out of the theatre; and whether on the principle of a burnt child dreading the fire, or whether they really waited for this Englishman, certain it was that he did not appear. The house was full—an illustrious character was there; and they had got as far as the magician's cave, when the dialogue was began by an Italian orator thus:—"Tirty year I live dis house—I have make him all difference tings—whatever you please—dem I will say more, as dis—Pring out de great pig elephant—Ha! stay dere—take it away all his life and flesh—stop dere no more as de bone." He was encored three different times, when he came forward with the following apology:—"Lady and Gentemen, I no speak-a-de English myself—de Genteman wat speak for me, de bailiff take it all away."

FETE NEAR WINDSOR.

Some hundred years since, at a fête near Windsor, a number of theatricals went down, such as actors, dancers, singers, pantomimers, &c. where each contributed his mite towards the entertainment of the moment. There was a temporary stage erected, and two well-known characters, pantomime actors of those days, one an Englishman, and the other an Italian (whom I describe by the letter D.), had prepared a little ballet, called the *Coquette*. The lady who sustained the part of the *Coquette* (and received both her lovers with equal warmth) was encouraging the Italian (a clown) when the Englishman (a soldier) was to surprise them, and shoot his

 Advertisement extraordinary—School for Scandal.

rival while kneeling. Unfortunately, at the moment the trigger was pulled, D. rose, and received the charge on the side of his face and in his eye. His hat and wig flew off, and it had so much the appearance of good acting, that all applauded. As soon as he had recovered his senses, he came forward, and, looking a great personage in the face, exclaimed in plaintive tones—"Oh lort! oh lort! vat I do?—Vat is de matter? look my face, Mr. K——. Vat I do?—oh, look, all my bloot! I dead, oh I dead!"—"Come off the stage," said a voice. "Well, I sal come off den. Oh lort, nobody give no body no brandy at all." They brought him brandy, and carried him into a tent, where he was kindly attended by an illustrious personage, who could not help saying, "Upon my word, D. I am very sorry for this accident." "Tank you and me too, I very sorry myself.—I come here play Tom Fool, please your papa company, and I have shoot out all mine head,—oh lort!" Never mind, D. you shall have every care and attention paid you." Tank you, Mr. P. my benefit next Friday week, I hope you come."

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Whereas, two ladies, sitting in the back boxes on Tuesday last, dropt by accident their reputations. One of them had a small crack in it, by a fall she received in the dark-walk at Vauxhall Gardens. The other quite sound. They are extremely small and thin, and will not bear much handling. Any person finding the same, and bringing one or both of them, without further damage, to Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, will receive half-a-guinea. No greater reward will be offered, that being their full value, and they can do without them, they being very little in fashion at present.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

When the *School for Scandal* was performing at Drury-lane theatre, with uncommon applause, the first reason, C—d set in the stage-box, and was observed never to smile at any of the good things which the author had put into the

 Joe Trefusis.

mouths of the scenic personages. When the comedy was concluded, he improperly remarked, "I am much surprised that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make me smile." As there are social traitors in all circles, this sarcasm was conveyed to Sheridan, who very coolly observed, "that C—d was truly ungrateful for not smiling at his *comedy*, as he had seen a *tragedy* of C—d's at Covent-garden theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!"

JOE TREFUSIS.

Joe Trefusis was reputed the natural son of Oliver Cromwell, but did not seem to have any resemblance of features with his father. Joe had a long chin, and naturally a most consummate foolish face, by nature formed for suitable characters, yet a person of infinite humour and shrewd conceits; with a particular tone of voice and manner, that gave a double satisfaction to what he said. Adhering strictly to honesty, without guile or falsehood, he acquired the appellation from all that knew him, of *honest Joe*, a character he bore with justice. He entered a volunteer on board the ship where the Duke of York commanded in the channel, in that memorable sea-engagement with the Dutch fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, in the year 1673. When the preparations were making for the battle, Joe, though a volunteer, confessed fear began to invade him; but when the man at the top-mast head cried, *a sail!* then *two sail!* and after, zounds, *a whole wood!* Joe's terrors augmented: but his fears came to the full height, when a sailor asked him, *if he had not performed on the stage*. Joe replied in the affirmative. "Why, then," replied the blunt tar, "tomorrow, if you are not killed the first broadside, by G—d you will see the *deepest and bloodiest tragedy* you ever saw in your life." Joe was so inimitable in dancing the clown, that General Ingoldsby, on seeing him perform one evening, sent him five guineas from the box where they sat. Joe dressed himself next day, and went to the castle to return thanks. The general was hard to be persuaded it was the same person, but Joe soon convinced him, by saying,

Blundering Actor—Origin of John Audley.

“Ise the very man, an’t please your ex-cell-en-cy;” and at the same time twirling his hat, as he did in the dance, with his consummate foolish face and scrape. “Now, now, I am convinced,” replied the general laughing, “and thou shalt not show such a face for nothing here,”—giving Joe five guineas more; which so well pleased him, that he paid his compliments in his aukward clownish manner, and set the table in a roar.

BLUNDERING ACTOR.

An actor in Ireland, who was never trusted with more than a message, on account of the extreme propensity he had to drinking, was one day at a public-house enjoying himself, when the prompter’s boy brought him a part, written as follows:—“Act I. Scene II. at *Behold he comes*,—go on to King, P. S., shake head, and come off.” The actor thought he certainly could do that, although he should be never so drunk, as there was nothing to say. He attended at the side—heard his cue—then ran on the stage to the king—caught him by the collar—shook the king’s head until his hat and wig fell off, and then retired. The actor following could not smother his laughter. The prompter abused him for his error; but he contended he was right, according to the words of the part;—“for,” said he, “as it only expressed *shake head*, I surely had a right to my choice, which head I should make use of.”

ORIGIN OF JOHN AUDLEY.

When strolling players shorten a piece for their purpose of playing it, they call it *John Audleying it*, which originated thus;—In the year 1749, Shuter was master of a droll at Bartholomew fair, in West Smithfield, and it was his mode to lengthen the exhibition until a sufficient number of persons were gathered at the door to fill the house—this event was signified by a fellow popping his head in at the gallery door, and bellowing out, ‘John Audley!’ as if in the act of inquiry, though the intention was to let Shuter know that a fresh audience were in high expectation below.—The consequence of this notification was, that the enter-

Macklin and Palmer—Macklin's Epitaph—Macklin in Shylock.

tainments were instantly concluded, and the gates of the booth thrown open for a new auditory.

MACKLIN AND PALMER.

Mr. Macklin, being very much pressed to give his opinion of the late Mr. J. Palmer's *Shylock*, said, "Why, sir, my opinion is, that Mr. Palmer played the character of Shylock *in one style*.—In this scene there was a sameness, in that scene a sameness, and in every scene a sameness; it was all same! same! same! same!—no variation. He did not look the character, nor laugh the character, nor speak the character of Shakspeare's Jew. In the trial scene, where he comes to cut the pound of flesh, he was no *Jew*. Indeed, sir, he did *not hit* the *part*, nor the *part* did *not hit him*."

MACKLIN'S EPITAPH.

Several years before his death, Mr. Macklin happened to be in a large company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was the celebrated Mr. Pope.—The conversation having turned upon Mr. Macklin's age, one of the ladies addressed herself to Mr. Pope in words to the following effect:—"Mr. Pope, when Macklin dies, you must write his epitaph."—"That I will, madam," said Pope; "nay, I will give it you now:—

"Here lies the Jew
That Shakspeare drew."

MACKLIN IN SHYLOCK.

Mr. Macklin was very particular in the business of *Shylock*, so much so, that he requested Bobby Bates, who performed the part of *Tubal*, not to speak until he saw him standing on a certain spot, "nay," says Macklin, "not till you see me place my right foot on this nail," pointing with his cane to the head of a large nail which was drove into the stage. Bobby promised to remember the old man's instructions, and that he might have a better view of the nail, when the rehearsal was over, he got a piece of chalk and marked it in a conspicuous manner. At night, Macklin had forgot the nail; therefore, when *Tubal* entered, and re-

Ode on black Eyes—Great Actor in a little Skin.

mained for some time without speaking, Macklin exclaimed in an under voice, "Why the devil don't you speak?"—"Sir," replied Bobby, "*put your right foot upon the nail.*" This so disconcerted the old gentleman, that it was with the greatest difficulty he finished the part. The same requested Mr. Bernard, who performed *Gratiano* in the same piece, to badger him in the trial scene; accordingly at night he complied with the old gentleman's request, and began with slapping him on the back,—to twich and twinge *Shylock* in a way he did not much relish. When they came off the stage, Mr. Macklin addressed Bernard after the following manner:—"Sir, I requested you to badger me, it is true, but I did not wish you to tear me in pieces."

ODE ON BLACK EYES.

Colin to Rose once a suitoring went,

For he lov'd her, and thought her a prize—
His happiness hing'd on her giving consent,
For he doated on Rose's black eyes.

Rose heard all his suit, and bid him beware,
To be equally am'rous and wise;
He swore she had driven him into despair,
By her beautiful jetty black eyes.

Now wedded they were, he'd his wishes complete;
He laid down—and with pleasure did rise;
And however he toil'd, his reward he thought sweet,
'Twas Rose's two little black eyes.

But how short was his happiness, pr'ythee but list,
He'd much better have let her alone;
For in anger and rage with a neat little fist,
She's now given him two of his own.

GREAT ACTOR IN A LITTLE SKIN*.

As dame Nature, one time in a frolicsome mood,
Was beguiling an evening away,

* The late Mr. Simmons the Comedian.

 Fat Actor.

She look'd down with a smile on her own little brood,
 Who were squand'ring their hours in play.

She peep'd into palaces, prisons, and courts,
 And at length on the stage fix'd her eye ;
 Where whim, wit, and humour, good-nature supports,
 And recorded their praises with wonder on high.

To encourage such genius she instant began,
 Half a ton weight of such merit to place
 In a figure quite small, yet resembling a man,
 With a whimsical figure and face.

No pattern she had—some too large, some too small,
 She'd giants and dwarfs in great plenty,
 So made this a wonderful figure 'twixt all,
 And gave him for heighth, inches twenty.

Thus completed, and stock'd well with whim and ability,
 Admir'd by all as a great little wonder,
 In pantomime first he displayed his agility,
 Now an actor as big and tremendous as thunder.

In all his great efforts he's sure to succeed,
 And to gain your applause and support ;
 In *Dickey*—all Dickey's he'll ever exceed,
 He gives birth to such excellent sport.

As an actor so small, but in value so great,
 Does not every day fall to your lot ;
 To keep him secure to your own little state,
 You may cram him into a quart pot.

FAT ACTOR.

Such stuffing and cramming of late we have had,
 To make *Falstaff* appear as he ought ;
 With horse-hair and tow, they have driven us mad,
 And yet of the part they've made nought.
 Destroy all your cushions—the pads that ye lace,
 We've an actor that wants no increase :
 With his jolly plump carcase, his limbs and his face,
 He may pass for an emblem of *Greece*.

 Blundering Actor—Crowded House.

Were *Sir John* but alive—and aloft 'mong the gods,
 He'd think himself handsomely treated;
 There's surely in weight such a monstrous odds,
 He's full half *a stone* overweighted.

BLUNDERING ACTOR.

A country actor, performing the part of *Sadi* in the *Mountaineers*, said, "If I were to die now, I can claim little better than PARBOILD (*piebald*) burial." The same, as *Sir Philip Blandford*, having to say to his daughter, "Well, my child, and so you danced with your *lover*;" said,—“And so you danced with your PARTNER.” Again, in the same character,—“When I was a boy, my father died *intestate*.” Instead of which he said, “When I was a boy, my father died IN CHILD-BED.” The same as *Orozembo* in *Pizarro*, describing *Rolla*, said, “he was in war a tiger CHASED (*chafed*) by the hunter's spear; in peace more gentle than the un-TAMED (*unwean'd*) lamb.”

A CROWDED HOUSE.

A mighty jumble stuck together,
 Thick as pease in summer weather;
 Formed in motley groupes they sit,
 In boxes, gallery, and pit.
 Ladies fine enough to tempt ye;
 Dashing wigs and heads quite empty;
 Runners, bailiffs, all in trade;
 Bond-street beaux of both afraid.
 Hangmen, publicans, and footmen;
 Rogues who nightly rob and shoot men;
 Noble, single, all conditions;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians.
 Scots beneath a thread-bare cover;
 Aldermen who live in clover;
 Females, red, fair, brown, and black,
 With naked arms, and shorten'd back.
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,—
 Some that wont,—and more that will,

Dramatic Errors.

Many a bargain, if you strike it.—
A London audience—how d'ye like it?

DRAMATIC ERRORS.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant*, a play in which Antigonus and Demetrius Poliorcetes are the heroes, and where, of consequence, the scene must be laid many years before the Christian æra, Demetrius is introduced discharging a *pistol*: an anachronism so very ridiculous and inconsistent with the genius and learning of the two dramatic bards, that one commentator, fired with the true spirit of attachment to his authors, has ventured to assert, that the blunder was introduced on purpose to render the comedy still more burlesque! "*Absurdum per absurdius*." There seems to be a palpable obscurity about Demetrius Poliorcetes; his chronology has misled a philosopher, two poets, and one critic.

In the tragedy of *Hamlet*, when that Prince is questioning Horatio and Marcellus about the Ghost, and they tell him it was armed from head to foot, he says—

"Then saw you not his face?"

To which Horatio replies,

"O yes, my Lord,
He wore his *beaver up*."

Here wearing the "*beaver up*," plainly signifies its being so placed as not to hide the face. There is, however, reason to believe, that wearing the "*beaver up*," is the proper expression for its covering the face: for in a note on Mrs. Macauley's History of England, Vol. III. page 437. Chap. V. quarto edition, where some authority is quoted, giving an account of Lord Brooke being killed, it is mentioned as extraordinary, because "*his beaver was up*, and he was armed to the knee." Dr. Franklin, in his tragedy of *Mattilda*, has followed the historian:—

"He wore his beaver up, nor could I see
His face."

No man is supposed to have understood the passions in—

Dramatic Errors.

cident to humanity better than Otway, yet few have committed greater errors in the expression of those passions. One or two instances, taken from his most admired works, will sufficiently illustrate this observation. The scene between Jaffier and Belvidera, in the middle of the fourth act of *Venice Preserved*, is strangely managed. The lady, who herself had instigated her husband to give evidence against the conspirators, instead of soothing and softening the anguish of his heart, when he flies to her for comfort, aggravates his distress to the most agonizing pitch, by acquainting him with the tortures which his betrayed friend Pierre is to suffer. And after having displayed bleeding wounds, broken limbs, racks, and torments, with the utmost horrors of eloquence, and even goaded the wretched man by asking him how he shall be able to bear the sight of all this? she wonders that he should *look so terribly* upon her! Is this nature? Or could the vilest and most unprincipled of women have taken a more judicious method of driving a man of any sensibility to despair and suicide than the way pointed out by the tender and faithful Belvidera?

Is the cool, the indulgent reply of Monimia, to the insulting, loose, and unmanly speech of Polydore, at the close of the first act of the *Orphan*, natural?—What can have less resemblance to nature, than the uncouth melange of politics, irony, wit, and profligacy, in the last advice which Acasto (who believes himself actually on the threshold of death) seriously and soberly gives to his children.—As to the brutal and insolent treatment which the worthy and inoffensive, but dependent, clergyman meets with, in the same tragedy, from his patron, and his patron's visitor; whatever may be said against it, it is most certainly not to be criticised on, by any means, as *out of nature*.

Otway, however, was not the only dramatic poet of eminence who could err against nature and propriety. Even Farquhar might fall under the same censure. The speech which he puts in the mouth of Archer, in the last scene of the *Beaux' Stratagem*—‘*and the lady, if she pleases, may go home with me,*’ is at once one of the grossest violations of decency and common sense. Mrs. Sullen, although se-

Dramatic Errors.

parated from her husband, had still a character to preserve, and to add to the absurdity of the proposal, the words are spoken in the presence of her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and of *her own brother*, Sir Charles Freeman.

The continuation of Scarron's comic romance, and which is always printed with it, is one of the strongest instances of the grafting of dulness on genius that has ever occurred. Besides leaving the story as unfinished as he found it, the continuer had not discernment to see, that Scarron intended to make *Destiny* turn out to be the young Earl of Glaris. That such was the author's design, is surely sufficiently obvious from the following passage:—"My father and mother," says Destiny, "loved him tenderly, and had an aversion to me, though I was the more hopeful boy of the two. There appeared nothing but what was mean in *him*. As for *me*, I seemed to be what I was not, and rather an earl's son than Gariquets."

When the celebrated opera of Artaxerxes first came out, the last chorus was sharply censured by the reviewers. As nearly as can be recollected, the stanza objected to was thus:—

"Live to us, to empire live,
Great Augustus, long mayst thou
From the subject world receive
Laurel wreaths to grace thy brow."

The reviewers justly remarked, the great absurdity of styling a king of Persia Augustus, and crowning him with laurel. However, on referring to Metastasio, it appears that the opera of *Adriano in Siria* immediately follows *Artaserse*, in the first volume of his works, which very properly opens with this chorus:—

"Vivi a noi, vivi all' impero
Grande Augusto, e la tua fronte
Su l'Oriente prigioniero,
S' accostumi al sacro allor."

The ingenious translator, probably not liking Metastasio's *finale*, almost literally translated the first chorus of the next opera, to supply its place.

 Irish Dislike, &c.—Old Grimaldi—Mr. K— and the Coachman.

The author of the tragedy of Douglas makes his hero repeat—

“Beneath a mountain’s brow, the most remote
And *inaccessible*, by shepherds trod,
A hermit liv’d.”

Now pray, Mr. Paddy Home, how did the shepherds reach this *inaccessible* mountain’s brow?

Mr. Home, in another passage of the same tragedy, smells a little of the *sod*—

“The river rushing o’er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a *stilly sound*.”

IRISH DISLIKE AND APPROBATION.

In the Dublin theatre it is the custom of the Irish gods to express their dislike or approbation of any person or performance by calling for a groan or clap. Whilst the Union was in agitation, and the ex-minister very unpopular, *Blue Beard* happened to be represented; when, after the duetto of ‘Pit-a-pat—pit-a-pat,’ &c. a fellow in the gallery roared out,—“Come now, my honies! a groan for PIT, and a clap for PAT.”

OLD GRIMALDI.

Old Grimaldi (who was a Dentist) greatly alarmed a gentleman who applied to him to draw his decayed tooth; the facetious dentist, after taking out the offensive member, slid the tooth of a horse into the gentleman’s mouth, and drawing it out again all over blood, said, “Got bless my soul, here’s a *toots*!—why, sir, your fadder must have been a horse.” The gentleman expressed his astonishment, and gave Grimaldi a guinea to take the wonderful tooth with him, to shew it as a curiosity.

MR. K—M—E AND THE COACHMAN.

A certain great actor, having a house beyond Hammer-smith, got one night into a hackney coach, and desired the coachman to drive him on the Turnham-green road till he pulled the check-string; the man accordingly mounted his

Hollands Funeral.

box and proceeded on the journey. Mr. K—, who can sometimes drink one, two, three, or even on very pressing occasions, four bottles, had unfortunately swallowed wine enough to produce a narcotic effect, and forgetful of the signal agreed upon, very comfortably went to sleep for three hours, when he was awoke by the coach suddenly stopping—"What's the matter?" exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes, and thrusting his head out of the window. "Please your honour," said the coachman, "I can't go any farther, I am out of the bills of mortality already—where shall I set you down?" "Zounds, man!" replied the astonished tragedian, "get along back the same road you came, 'till I pull the check!" The coachman did as he was desired, and Somnus again sealed the eyelids of Mr. K—, who in due time was once more disturbed by the coachman, who appeared at the door, enquiring where his honour would be set down.—"Where am I, coachman?" "At the top of Albemarle-street, sir, and much ado I had to get my poor beasts so far." "The devil you are?" said Mr. K—, very deliberately (for he even swears by rule)—"well, well, I suppose I shan't see Turnham-green to-night, I'll endeavour to sleep an hour or two at Hatchet's,—take your fare, coachman, your horses are d—d tired, and so am I."

HOLLAND'S FUNERAL.

There is an anecdote relative to the funeral of Holland; he was one of Foote's greatest favourites. George Garrick, who was one of Holland's executors, with his usual good nature, undertook to manage the funeral in a way suitable to his friend's circumstances; for which purpose he went to Chiswick, and ordered a decent vault, and such other preparations as he thought necessary. Holland's father was a *baker*. Foote was invited to the funeral, which it is said he attended with unfeigned sorrow; for, exclusive of his real concern for the loss of a convivial companion, whenever he had a serious moment, he felt with very strong susceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, G. Garrick remarked to Foote, how happy he was, out of respect to his friend, to see every thing so decently conducted. "You

One Shirt between two—Weston and Shuter—Weston's Will.

see," said he, "what a snug family vault we have made here." "*Family vault?*" said Foote, with tears trickling down his cheeks—"D—me if I didn't think it had been a family *oven*."

ONE SHIRT BETWEEN TWO.

Weston, in the early part of his life, felt distresses, which, however comic they might afterwards appear, were severely felt at the moment. He and a companion were obliged to keep their room while their linen was washed; the landlady came as usual for money to provide breakfast. They had but a sleeve of a shirt between them. The companion hid himself; Weston jumped into bed, slipped on the sleeve, and stretching out the arm thus covered, gave the money required.

WESTON AND SHUTER.

Weston, before his comic fame was established, appeared as a substitute for Shuter in the part of Sharp. Shuter's name was in the play bills; and when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated—"Shuter! Shuter!" Mrs. Clive played the part of Kitty Pry, and was no less a favourite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter! Shuter!" As soon as it was possible to be heard, Weston, in his own inimitable and humorous manner, asked aloud in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive, "*Shoot her! Shoot her!* why should I *Shoot her?* I am sure she plays her part very well." Good humour was instantly restored, and he met with universal applause.

WESTON'S WILL.

A few weeks before his death, Weston said to a friend, "If you will write for me, I will make my will." The friend complied, and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense and keen satire.—

I Thomas Weston, comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my will, but proceed immediately to the explaining my intentions.

Weston's Will.

“ *Imprimis*.—As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude, at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man; the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

“ *Item*.—I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

“ *Item*.—Though I owe no obligation to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles), demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledgment; I therefore leave him in the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting, that during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean, to sully his character as an honest man or a gentleman.

“ *Item*.—I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond, and received from him every politeness; I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

“ *Item*.—I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty: 'tis indeed a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

“ *Item*.—I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.

“ *Item*.—I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.

“ *Item*.—Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife, therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony, and good nature*.

“ *Item*.—Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter; if I should not, I had thought of leaving him my example how to *live*; but that I am afraid will be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to *die*.

Weston's Will.

“ *Item.*—I leave Mr. Brunton a small portion of modesty. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

“ *Item.*—As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly *waiting for dead men's shoes*, I leave him two or three pair, the worst I have, they being good enough in all conscience for him.

“ *Item.*—Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend Baddeley, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the public, but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as nauseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of *opinion*, and it will answer the purpose as well.

“ *Item.*—Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the town: the method he has taken is a vague one; the surest method to obtain his end is to copy *nature*. *Experientia docet.*

“ *Item.*—Miss Younge has had some disputes with the managers, about *dressing her tail*, complaining of the want of fringe; as fringe seems to be an absolute requisite in the ornamenting ladies' tails, and I always love to see them as they *ought to be*, I leave her therefore the *fringe about* the flaps of my waistcoat, in which I usually played Jerry Sneak.

“ *Item.*—As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

“ *Item.*—Dibble Davis claims something at my hands, from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution: but I am afraid, when I die, it will be little better than his own.

“ *Item.*—I leave to the ladies in general, on the stage (if not the reality, yet), the appearance of modesty: it will serve then on more occasions than they are aware of.

“ *Item.*—To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

 Epitaphs on Weston—Weston and the Manager.

“ *Item.*—To the authors of the present times, a spattering of humour.

“ *Item.*—To the public, a grateful heart.”

Here his voice failing him, he told his friend he would finish it as the next day, and bade him put it into his pocket, which he did ; but Tom left it, as he did all his promises of amendment, only just begun.

The following lines are offered as tributes to his memory :

EPITAPH.

Alas ! poor Tom has tumbled off the perch,
 And left his gay Thalia in the lurch ;
 Once high he stood upon the comic pinnacle,
 But when he slipp'd, fell—Scrub—Sneak—Last—and Bin-
 nacle.

EPITAPH.

Or on the stage, or in the world's great play,
 Fill well your parts, ye old, ye young, ye gay, }
 Here lies full proof that nature will decay.

EXTEMPORE.

On the Death of Weston.

The mould where nature sat impress'd on,
 Death has defac'd by conquering Weston.

EXTEMPORE.

Supposed to be spoken by Mr. Weston.

Such losses as these pray who can withstand ?
 To lose, first my leg, and then my right-hand.

On the Death of Weston.

His stool tripp'd up, down fell poor Doctor Last,
 The best must fall when once the die is cast.

WESTON AND THE MANAGER.

In Weston's time, it was the custom in country (or strolling) companies, for the members to form a kind of partnership or commonwealth, and all share alike ; but the ma-

Weston's Stratagem.

nager, for his trouble, care, finding clothes, scenes, &c. was entitled for the same to four shares, which are called *dead ones*. He manages, fixes the plays, is treasurer, and shares the money, after paying bills, servants, lights, carriage of goods from town to town, erecting buildings, and all manner of incidental charges, and is to keep a book, wherein they are to be set down for the inspection of the company. This the manager of a company, in which Weston was playing, omitted, and therefore divided the receipts of the house as he thought proper, always complaining that he was in advance. Tom thought himself ill used, and took upon him to be spokesman for his brethren, who all promised to back him. One morning at rehearsal, he insisted on seeing the stock (for so it is called). The manager asked him if he meant to pay the debt which the company owed. Weston answered he had a right to see it whether or not. Words therefore arose between them, and the manager told him, to cut short the matter, he should play no more with him (an argument generally used by rascally managers, when performers want to know more than they choose to let them). The rest of the performers who had promised to *back* him, only turned their *backs* on him, and slinked away, terrified at the manager's sentence, lest it should be their lot also. Weston gave him a hearty d—n, and leaving the company directly, steered his course to a small troop which was but twenty miles off.

WESTON'S STRATAGEM.

One day, when Weston's name was in the bills, he was *borrowed* by a Marshalsea-court officer, for a small debt, which being unable to discharge, he sent to the managers, who refused to comply with his request. Tom being known to the officers, he prevailed on them to go to the play with him that night, and with them placed himself in the front of the two-shilling gallery; when the play was to begin, a performer came forward to make an apology for Mr. Weston, that being ill, he could not possibly attend, and therefore hoped the audience would accept of another person to play his part. On this Mr. Weston got upon the bench in

Weston and Foote—Weston's Duel.

the gallery, and speaking out aloud, said it was entirely false, that he was not ill, but that he was ready to do his business on the stage, but that at present he was in the custody of a couple of bailiffs, for a small debt, which he had sent to the managers the same morning to give security for, that he might have his enlargement. Tom's trick had its effect, the managers sent for him out, and the matter was settled.

WESTON AND FOOTE.

Liquor, from whence Weston derived his greatest pleasure, proved his greatest curse; during even the performance of a part he must have a dram; and as the servants of the theatre were forbid providing any, Tom generally brought it himself. One evening, coming to the theatre very late, Mr. Foote met him just as he entered the stage door, and asked him what he had in his hand under his coat; Tom said a bottle of Seltzer Spa water, which the doctor ordered him to drink. Mr. Foote, suspecting it was gin, insisted upon tasting, and Tom as peremptorily refused; at length the manager's request was complied with, and the contents of the bottle proved to be Holland's gin, as was suspected; on which he threw it on the ground, broke the bottle, and spilt its contents. Tom immediately swore he would not play that evening, unless it was replaced; and Mr. Foote was forced to comply with his demand.

WESTON'S DUEL.

Weston having borrowed the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it, so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman, a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which Weston readily consented, and had the note delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight

 Mrs. Jordan—Kitty White—Voltaire.

scratch, and say we wounded one another.” “With all my heart,” says Weston; “come, I will wound you first;” so drawing his sword, he whips it through the fleshy part of his antagonist’s arm, until he brought the tears into his eyes. This done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, “Come,” said the gentleman, “where shall I wound you?” Weston putting himself in a posture of defence—“Where you can, by G—d, sir.” Well, well,” says the other, “I can swear I received this wound of you,” and marched off contentedly.

MRS. JORDAN.

When Mrs. Jordan applied to Tate Wilkinson for an engagement, he asked her what line she chose, whether *tragedy, genteel comedy, low comedy, opera, or farce*; she answered, to his great astonishment, *all*—Though he much doubted such versatile talents, he promised her a trial, and she was announced for *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent*, with *Songs* after the play, and *Lucy* in the *Virgin Unmasked*; all which she accomplished, to the no small delight of the audience.

KITTY WHITE.

Kitty White, a pupil of Mr. Rich’s, to whom, during her initiation, Mr. O’Brien of Drury-lane gave some instructions how to perform with propriety the character of Sylvia, in the *Recruiting Officer*. One day as he was thus employed, observing that the lady misconceived his directions, and repeated a passage very improperly, he told her it was a *parenthesis*, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and a greater degree of volubility than the rest of the sentence. “A parenthesis!” said Miss White, “what’s that?” Her mother, who happened to be present, blushing for her daughter’s ignorance, immediately broke out—“Oh what an infernal limb of an actress will you make!—not know the meaning of *’prentice*, and that it is the plural number of *’prentices*!”

VOLTAIRE.

An envious critic was saying, before a person of candour

 Extempore on Garrick.

and acuteness, that the play of *Alzire* was not written by Voltaire. "I am glad of it," replied the man of candour. "Why?" replied the opponent. "Because if it is not," rejoined the other, "we have one good poet more."

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, Mr. Cramer, bookseller at Geneva, (and the author's own immediate publisher), was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences. Voltaire cried out aloud, "Cramer, you lived like a prince in the four preceding acts, but in the fifth you die like a bookseller." Dr. Trouchin, the Boorhaave of his age, being present, could not help, in kindness, interfering; adding withal—"Why, Monsieur de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be at the expense of dresses, and the fatigue of such long parts, if you thus upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare that, as far as I can judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived." Voltaire, who detested advice or information from an inferior, (for an author was, in his eye, beyond even an Æsculapius, had he been living), made this cool answer:—"Prithee, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them in your own way; but let me kill mine as I please."

When Voltaire exhibited his *Orphan of China* at his own house near Geneva, Judge Montesquieu was present at the representation, but fell asleep before the second act. Voltaire observing it, exclaimed—"Let him sleep on: I suppose the president thinks he is on the bench."

EXTEMPORE ON GARRICK.

A gentleman asked a friend, who had seen Garrick perform his first and last character, if he thought him as good an actor when he took his leave of the stage at old Drury, as when he first played at Goodman's-fields, he gave for an answer the following *Extempore*.

I saw him rising in the *East*,
 In all his energetic glows;
 I saw him setting in the *West*,
 In greater splendour than he rose.

 Extempore of Wilson and Shuter—Delphini—Le Grand Pitrot.

EXTEMPORE ON WILSON AND SHUTER.

By the same, on his being told *Wilson* was thought to be a better actor than *Ned Shuter*.

I've very often heard it said,
 Nine tailors make a man;
 But can nine *Wilsons* make a *Ned*?
 No, d—me if they can.

DELPHINI.

When Delphini first came to England, his company was much sought after by the great; he was invited to the most fashionable parties in town; this greatly impaired his health, he therefore resolved to lead a more retired life; but invitation upon invitation pouring in upon him, and he not speaking English very well, asked a friend, "*Vat he say, ven de people ax him come tea and sup?*" "Say? why say you have *got other fish to fry*." In a day or two after this he was met in the street by Lord C—, who told him he was going to have a party that evening, and would be glad if he would favour him with his company. "No," replied Delphini, "I no come." "No! why not?" said his lordship. "*Cause I go fry my oder fish*."

The same, when he was discharged from Covent-garden, was met one day by his present majesty, then Prince of Wales, who inquired after his health. "My health very bad, Mr. Prince, I get no *vine now*." "No wine! that's bad indeed," said the Prince; "well, go to my cellar-man, and tell him to send you some." "Yes, I go; God bless you, Mr. Prince." He accordingly went to the cellar-man, and having informed him of the Prince's orders, he was asked how much he would have, and what sort. He replied "*Only twelve dozen, and all sort*."

LE GRAND PITROT.

Le Grand Pitrot, well known throughout all Europe for his superior professional excellence. This consequential prince of the skipping, capering tribe, had the august appellation of *le grand* tacked to his parental name; the

Le Grand Pitrot.

pride, obstinacy, and merit of this performer, became proverbial at all the courts of Europe, and he took particular care to mark his own character. At Vienna, he chose to appear only in the last act of a ballet. On the Emperor's desiring that he should make his entrée at the end of the first act, he answered the officer, that "men of talent never make themselves too cheap." The monarch instantly left the opera, and many followed his example. Pitrot, on being informed of this, stepped forward, and in the face of the whole remaining audience, thus addressed the dancers:—"Mes enfans, nous dansons pour nous-memes, et non pas pour l'Empereur." And it is said, that in his life he never danced so well. However strange it may appear, the Emperor forgave the insult; and when he understood that Pitrot's engagement was finished, and he upon the point of departing, he sent this favourite exotic a gold snuff-box, with his picture set round with brilliants; Pitrot was under the hands of his hair-dresser, when a colonel belonging to the Emperor's guards delivered him the present. Pitrot took it after a careless manner, looked at it, then pressed his thumb upon the crystal, and crushed the picture; which done, he gave the box to his hair-dresser, and bade the officer acquaint his master, that that was the way he disposed of baubles sent him by men he did not think worthy of his friendship—then stepped into his carriage, and just got out of the Emperor's dominions time enough to save his head, a party of hussars having been despatched in search of the fugitive.

The same was desired by the king of Prussia to get up a most magnificent ballet, leaving the expense of it intirely to him; but the charge was so very extravagant, that Frederic remonstrated. The intrepid dealer in *hops* told that bold prince, that the honour of Pitrot was not to be limited by the purses of monarchs; and that the king, in future, might take the trifling part (the charges) upon himself.

In France, at the moment when he was about to begin a dance with the sister of Madame du The, the father of the present Duke of Orleans whispered to her that he should sup with her; Pitrot heard him, and told the lady that he was resolved to supplant the duke. The lady modestly told

 Gabrielli—Farinelli—Mr. Suett—Mr. Foote.

him that his highness would give her an hundred louis d'ors. "Well," replied Pitrot, "I will give you a thousand." On her expressing her doubts, he laid his hand upon his breast, and replied, "You shall have them, on the honour of de Pitrot;" and the next morning he kept his word.

GABRIELLI.

In 1774, Gabrielli was in Petersburg; previous to her engagement by the empress, she was at Milan; the price she demanded was 1500*l.* sterling per annum, beside a house and carriage; nor would she take less. She was remonstrated with on the unreasonableness of so enormous a salary; and to induce her to make some abatement, they assured her that a field-marshal had no more. "If that be the case," said she, "I would advise all her majesty's field-marshals *to sing*."

FARINELLI.

In 1735, his late majesty's father, then Prince of Wales, made a present of a fine wrought gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds and rubies, in which was inclosed a pair of diamond knee-buckles, as also a purse of one hundred guineas, to the famous Signior Farinelli,—returning to Italy, he raised out of a small part of the sum he had acquired in England, a very superb building, in which he dwelt, and chose to dignify it with the significant appellation of the *English Folly*.

MR. SUETT.

A young fellow boasting of his health and constitutional stamina, in the hearing of Suett, was asked to what he chiefly attributed so great a happiness. "Why, sir, to laying a good foundation, to be sure; I make it a point to eat a great *deal* every morning." "Then, I presume, sir," remarked Suett, you usually breakfast in a *timber-yard*.

MR. FOOTE.

Foote being asked by a prating barber, how he would please to be shaved, answered, "*In silence*."

 An Actor—The Margate Hoy—Cato—Venice Preserved.

The same, when a very small bottle of wine was brought in, with the praise, that it was very old, answered, "*It is very little for its age.*"

The same seeing an actor, who, in pronouncing "*O Jupiter!*" held down his hand, and "*O earth!*" held it up—said, "*The fellow has committed a solecism with his hand.*"

AN ACTOR.

An actor, who was much in debt, being asked how he could sleep with such debts upon him, said, "*The wonder is, how my creditors can sleep.*"

THE MARGATE HOY.

The same being on board a Margate hoy, night came on and the passengers retired to bed, but it being a remarkably fine evening, he remained on deck until all the beds, save one, were *doubly* occupied, he therefore desired the person who had no bed-fellow to make room, when, to his great astonishment, a female popped up her head, and exclaimed—"You can't come here; go to the next cabin." "I have, my dear," said he, "and every one of the beds have two persons in them." "Well, I don't care, you shall not come to bed to me, for I am undressed." "O, that, my dear madam," he replied, "makes no difference to me, *I'll undress too.*"

The same, being in a passion, said many scurrilous words; a friend being by, said, "You speak foolishly." He answered, "*It is that you may understand me.*"

DUTCH TRANSLATION OF CATO.

In a Dutch translation of *Cato*, the Version of the soliloquy is curious:—For, "It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well,"—you read, "Just so, you are very right, Myn-heer Plato."

VENICE PRESERVED.

Mr. Sparks, of the Dublin theatre, one night presiding in the senate scene in *Venice Preserved*, thus addressed

A Spanish Play Bill—Epitaph on the late Mr. R. Suett—Epitaph.

the conspirators, instead of—"You, Jaffier, are free, the rest must wait for judgment;" he, with unusual gravity, delivered himself thus:—"You, Jaffier, are free to go to jail; as for the rest, let them wait till the day of judgment."

A SPANISH PLAY BILL.

To the Sovereign of Heaven—
 To the Mother of the eternal World—
 To the Polar Star of Spain—
 To the faithful Protectress of the
 Spanish Nation—
 To the Honour and Glory of the most
 Holy Virgin Mary—
 For her Benefit,
 and for the propagation of her Worship,
 The Company of Comedians
 will this day give a representation of
 the Comic Piece, called
 MANINE.
 The celebrated Italian will also dance
 THE FANDANGO,
 and the Theatre will be superbly
 illuminated.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE MR. RICHARD SUETT.

Here lies, to mix with kindred earth,
 A child of wit, of glee, of mirth.
 Hush'd are those powers that gave delight,
 And made us laugh in Reason's spight.
 Thy gibes and jests shall now no more
 Set all the table in a roar!
 Sons of mirth and humour come,
 And drop a tear on Suett's tomb;
 Nor ye alone, but all who view it,
 Sigh and exclaim—"Alas, poor Suett!"

EPITAPH.

Beneath this turf a female lies,
 That once the boast of fame was,

 Suett and Simmons—Bannister.

Have patience, readers, if you're wise,
 You'll then know what her name was.
 In days of youth—(be censure blind)
 To men she would be creeping ;
 When 'mongst the many one prov'd kind,
 And took her—into keeping.
 Then to the stage* she bent her way,
 Where more applauded none was ;
 She gain'd new lovers every day,
 But constant still to—one was.
 By players, poets, peers, address'd,
 Nor bribe nor flatt'ry mov'd her ;
 And tho' by all the men caress'd,
 Yet all the women lov'd her.
 Some kind remembrance then bestow
 Upon the peaceful sleeper !
 Her name was *Phyllis*—you must know,
 One Hawthorn was her keeper.

SUETT AND SIMMONS.

Suett and Simmons chancing to meet at a public dinner, the conversation turned on the abilities of the latter as an actor ; “ Whatever merit he may possess as a performer,” says Suett, “ he certainly can boast of more than many of us ; for he never wore a *great-coat* in his life, nor ever lay *long* in bed.”

BANNISTER.

A very ugly man invited Bannister to dine with him. At sitting down a lady came in, and the host said, “ Sir, this is my wife.” Bannister looking at her, and seeing her as ugly as her husband, said, “ Is this your wife, sir ? ” “ Yes,”

* A little spaniel bitch strayed into the theatre in Drury-lane, and fixed upon Mr. Beard as her master and protector ; she was constantly at his heels, and attended him on the stage in the character of Hawthorn. She died much lamented, not only by her master, who was member of the Beef-steak club, but by all the other members ; at one of their meetings, as many as chose it, were requested to furnish at their next meeting an Epitaph ; among divers, preference was given to the above.

John Palmer—Edwin—A Pensioner—Deal and Shuffle—Ital. Lan.

said the husband. "Upon my word," said Bannister, "I took her for *your sister*!"

JOHN PALMER.

John Palmer, meeting a lady in the street, and giving her way, said, "All should give way to so beautiful a lady." She, being very proud, answered, "You are ugly enough." He replied, "Madam, I said one falsehood, and you another."

EDWIN.

Edwin the comedian, towards the close of his life, was a great drinker, and being ill of a fever, attended with great thirst, a consultation of physicians was called; who debating much among themselves how to cure the fever and remove the thirst,—"*Gentlemen*," said the patient, "*do you cure the fever, and I shall remove the thirst myself*."

A PENSIONER.

A country manager, who was kept by a lady of fashion, had a quarrel with an actor, who was not equal to what he had engaged for. "Sir," said the manager, "you are a d—d bad actor, and no better than a *pensioner*." "Sir," replied the actor, "*two in the same line of business seldom agree*."

DEAL AND SHUFFLE.

An actor, who was notorious for getting into tradesmen's debt and never paying them, went with another to make a purchase; the man of the shop being very polite, he told him, in future, he should *deal* with him; "*Yes*," said the other, "*deal and shuffle too*."

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

An eccentric country manager being in company with several Italians, asked one of them if it was not very easy to speak Italian. "Nothing more so," replied the Italian, "you have only to add an *e*, *o*, or an *a*, to almost every word you speak." The manager thanked him, and went home

 Mr. Moore—Epigram on Barry and Rich—Mrs. Cibber.

fully convinced he should soon be able to speak very good Italian.—He gave a thundering rat-tat at the door, his wife looked out of the window, and inquired, “Who’s there?”—he replied, “Jenny-*o*, open the door-*e-o*.” His wife, thinking he was drunk, said, “What, is it you, you fool-*e-o*?” He bawls out, “D—n you, you b—h, where did you learn to speak *Ital-i-a-ne-o*?”

MR. MOORE.

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors’ Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his excellent tragedy of the *Gamester*: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished. The proctor was so affected by it, that he exclaimed, “Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple’s distress in the last act?” “Oh, very easily,” says the poet; “there I intend to put them both into the *spiritual court*.”

EPIGRAM ON BARRY AND RICH.

One great Goliath Gath could boast
Of Philistines of yore;
But Covent-garden’s threat’ning host
Boasts one Goliath more:—
Yet fear not ye of Drury-lane,
By little champion led;
Their two Goliaths roam in vain,
While David’s * at your head.

MRS. CIBBER.

When that celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the Oratorio of the Messiah. A certain bishop was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying loud enough to be heard by numbers round him,—“Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!”

* Garrick.

Mrs. Hamilton—Pizarro—Shuter and the Highwayman.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Mrs. Hamilton of the Edinburgh theatre, playing the part of Arpasia in *Tamerlane*, and being very lusty, the scene-men found great difficulty to lift the chair into which she had thrown herself, upon her supposed death ; which she observing, ordered them to set it down, and making her courtesy to the audience, walked off as coolly as if she was not to be supposed dead.

PIZARRO.

A ludicrous circumstance some time since occurred at the theatre at Market Drayton, Shropshire. The company were performing *Pizarro*, when, during the hymn to the sun, the lights being placed too close to the transparency-scene of the luminary, it unfortunately took fire.—The manager, who was officiating as high priest, just after singing the words—“ O power supreme,”—observed the mishap, and in the utmost consternation, called out to the stage-keeper—“ The sun is on fire!”—then proceeding with the hymn,—“ O power supreme!—D—n you, put out the sun, I say.” The sun, however, continued to blaze, and the manager to sing and swear, until the audience, notwithstanding their fears, were convulsed with laughter ; the fire in the sun being extinguished, the play proceeded.

SHUTER AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

At the close of the season in which Mr. Shuter the comedian first became so universally and deservedly celebrated in his performance of Master Stephen, in *Every Man in his humour*, he was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage in which he went down, and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself, was stopped on the other side of Finchley common by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his money, pretended to be asleep ; but Shuter resolved to be even with him : accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver up his money instantly, or he was a dead man—“ Money !” returned he, with an idiotic shrug,

 Bannister and Andrews—Foote and the Barber—Laconic Epistles.

and a countenance inexpressibly vacant,—“ O Lud, sir, they never trust me with any ; for nuncle, here, always pays for me, turnpikes, and all, your honour !” Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket ; while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow-traveller.

BANNISTER AND ANDREWS.

Bannister asked Andrews when he intended to bring forth another new play ; “ Why,” replied Andrews, “ my Muse is big, and will soon be delivered.” “ Then,” said Bannister, “ I’ll come to the *groaning*.”

FOOTE AND THE BARBER.

In the time of Foote (who was an admirer of wit wherever he met it), a barber of some eccentricity opened a shop under the walls of the King’s Bench, and as the windows were all broken at the time he entered the premises, he mended them with paper, as a cheap substitute for glass ; and on each window was printed, ‘ Shave for a penny—Hair cut for twopence—Don’t wait a moment,’ &c. and over his door the following poetry :—

“ Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite.”

The lines claimed the attention, and so forcibly struck Foote that the possessor was a strange character, that, to ascertain it he pulled off his hat, and thrust his head through a paper pane *into* the shop, saying—“ Is Jemmy Wright at home ?” Jemmy thrust his head *out* of another pane, and replied, “ No, sir, he has just popped out.” Foote laughed heartily, and gave him a guinea.

LACONIC EPISTLES.

Mrs. Foote, mother of our English Aristophanes, was

Foote and the Author—Foote and the Col.—Foote and Baddeley—&c.

nearly as eccentric and whimsical a character as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's Bench, Foote was taken to a sponging-house, and the following laconic epistles past between them:—

“ Dear Sam, I am in prison.—Ann Foote.”

(*Answer.*)

“ Dear Mother, so am I.—Sam. Foote.”

FOOTE AND THE AUTHOR.

An author who had given a comedy into the hands of Foote for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. Whilst the poor author in trembling anxiety expected the fate of his performance, Foote returned the play with a grave face, saying—“ Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing not to be laughed at.”

FOOTE AND THE COLONEL.

Colonel G——, calling on Foote in an elegant new phaeton, at parting desired Foote to come to the door, just to look at it:—“ ’Tis a very pretty thing said the colonel, “ and I have it on a *new* plan.” “ Before I set my eyes on it,” said the wit, “ my dear colonel, I am d—nably afraid you have it on the *old* plan—never to pay for it.”

FOOTE AND BADDELEY.

Baddeley, previous to his becoming a player, was a cook: the first character he happened to appear in, it was necessary he should wear a sword. Foote, seeing him thus equipped, immediately exclaimed, “ Baddeley, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you in the way of complete transmigration—you have turned your *spit* into a *sword* already.”

COUNT TRACEY AND FOOTE.

Count Tracey complaining to Foote that a man had ruined his character. “ So much the better replied the wit, “ for it was a d—d bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed the more to your advantage.”

 Cold Beer—A Dedication—What can be said for it?—Foote, &c.

COLD BEER.

The same being at Lord Kelley's table, when a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold—"Get his lordship to dip his nose into the tankard," said Foote, "and if he keeps it there half a minute, and the beer does not boil, it must be *fire-proof*."

A DEDICATION.

When Foote published his *Englishman at Paris*, he wrote a dedication to his bookseller:—"Having no obligations to any lord or lady of these kingdoms, and wishing my play to have a protector, I beg leave to thank you for the neatness of the impression, the beauty of the type, and the fineness of the paper, with which you have honoured the work of your humble servant, Sam. Foote."

WHAT CAN BE SAID FOR IT?

A player once complaining to Foote, his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded with a phrase he had a habit of using, "And for goodness sake, sir, what is to be said for it?" "Nothing that I know," said Foote, "can be said *for it*, but a devilish deal may be said *against it*."

FOOTE.

The late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote what new character he should go in—"Go sober," said Foote."

LORD KELLEY'S NOSE.

The late Lord Kelly, who was remarkable for his rubicundity of nose, having spoken disrespectfully of a gentleman in the army, an Irishman present observed, "that if any man that lived, or ever had lived, or ever could live, had said the same of him, he would have pulled him by the nose." "Yes," replied Foote, "I dare say you would; but in the present case that would not do: there are ways enough of revenging an insult without running one's hand *into the fire*."

Foote and the Bishop—Addison and Steele—Baron B——, &c.

FOOTE AND THE BISHOP.

The same being once in company where a bishop was at the table, and having been talking on a subject that was not altogether agreeable—"When will the comedian leave off preaching?" exclaimed the bishop. "Oh, sir," said Mr. Foote, "the moment I am made a bishop."

ADDISON AND STEELE.

Old Usher, one of the veterans of the Haymarket theatre, praising very much a loin of veal that was on Foote's table, asked who was his butcher. "I think his name's Addison," said Foote. "Addison!" cried Usher; "I wonder if he is any relation to the great Addison?" "Why, that I don't exactly know; and yet I think he must, as he is seldom without his *Steel* (Steele) by his side."

BARON B——.

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of *the left-handed Baron*, being detected some years ago at Bath secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one-pair of stairs room, where they had been playing. The baron meeting *Foote* some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "*Do!*" says the wit, "why it is a plain case—never play *so high* again as long as you live."

FOOTE AND CAREY.

Foote and Carey were at a masquerade, when Carey happening to say something that ruffled Mr. Foote, on which Foote told him he talked too fast, and he was afraid he would wear out his wit before the company broke up, and then he would be under the necessity of coaxing it; to which Carey replied, "Then I shall be under the necessity of *serving* my wit as you did your stockings a few years ago."

WATER AND WINE.

When Tom Weston applied to a surgeon, under a strong

The Blackamoor Lady—Foote's Duns—Neck or Nothing.

suspicion of his habit of body being dropsical, he was on the occasion accompanied by Foote. On examining the patient, the surgeon pronounced him to have much water lodged in the belly, and that it would be necessary to tap it. "It cannot be water that occasions the swelling," said Weston, "it may be wine." "No, no," replied Foote, "if it had been wine, Tom, you would long before this time have tapped it yourself."

THE BLACKAMOOR LADY.

Foote, in order to procure a good benefit for himself at the Haymarket theatre, caused it to be inserted in the play bill, "that by particular desire, and for that night only, the part of CALISTA, in the *Fair Penitent*, would be performed by a *blackamoor lady* of great accomplishments."

FOOTE'S DUNS.

Foote was never remarkable for economy; so long as economy continued the favourite pass-word at court, so long did it continue the favourite mock-word of the English Aristophanes. Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, must remember the beautiful set of dun horses with which he used to drive his carriage. On being complimented respecting their limbs, their fine shapes and colour, one day, "Yes," replied the wag, "I am never without a set of duns in my retinue; but with this difference, that in summer I drive the duns, and in winter the duns drive me."

NECK OR NOTHING.

The same was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day, not long before his death, called upon an alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted), just at dinner-time; when, instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green-peas soup and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he would wait for something else. The alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning, which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the

Garrick's Bust—Chesterfield and Foote—Practice makes Perfect, &c.

catastrophe but those two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. "Oh! is it so; said Foote, "then, John, bring back the mutton, for I see it's *neck or nothing* with us."

GARRICK'S BUST.

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on a bureau. "Do you know my reason," says Foote, "for making Garrick stand sentry there?" "No," replied his friend. "I place him there," resumed the wit, "to take care of my money, for in truth I can't take care of it myself."

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND FOOTE.

Lord Chesterfield, in a very sickly state, was taking the air in Hyde-park one morning, when Foote rode up to inquire after his lordship's health. "Well, Sam," says the witty earl, "what part do you play to-night?" "Lady Dowager Whitfield," replied the wag. "I am going to cut a figure myself," said his lordship. "You have long cut a splendid figure, my lord," says Foote. "It may be so," says his lordship with a smile, "but I am now rehearsing the principal part in the *Funeral*."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

A young lady, in dancing at a masquerade at Carlisle-house, happened to trip, and fell flat on her *back*; Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, "Never mind it, my pretty dear, *practice makes perfect*."

FOOTE AND LORD ONSLOW.

Some years before Foote took leave of one of his legs, or this world, he, with many other knights of the napkin, had occasion to dine with the late Lord Onslow of facetious memory. In course of conversation after dinner, the *long corks* being introduced, which was never the case till the second-rate *port guests* had made their congé—"Now, Sam," said his lordship, "don't you think I am a very happy fellow;

Judge Robinson—Terrific tragedies—The Conspirators, &c.

I have always good wine and good company.” Yes, my lord,” said Sam, “you may repeat with the poet—

“From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.”

“Bravo! by G—d,” said his lordship, “Sam’s never at a stand for a good thing.”

JUDGE ROBINSON.

When the same was tried in Dublin for the libel upon George Faulkner, the printer, (whom he dramatized as Peter Paragraph,) the late judge Robinson was one of the bench. This was an old, crabbed, peevish gentleman, who wore a wig of a singular shape, and had his forehead very much broke out in blotches, which, when in an ill temper, he was in the habit of picking off, and throwing down upon the clerks, attorneys, &c. beneath the bench. Shortly after his trial, Foote appeared upon the stage as *Justice Midas*, with a costume, wig, and countenance, so exactly that of the judge, and with the blotches which he picked and *distributed* with gestures so perfectly according to the model, that the whole audience, by most of whom he was known, (especially in the gallery,) were convulsed with laughter, many crying out, “Robinson!—Robinson!”

TERRIFIC TRAGEDIES.

Crebillon, the writer of French tragedy, was asked why his tragedies were so terrific. “Sir,” says the poet, “Ameille occupies the heavens, Rouné the earth, and to me is left *Pandemonium*.”

THE CONSPIRATORS.

The same, when composing his tragedy of *Catiline*, a friend called on him, and was surprised to see four large ravens sitting at his elbow. “Walk gently, my good sir,” says the poet, “or you will put my conspirators to flight.”

SHAKSPEARE’S ABODE.

The house in which the immortal Shakspeare lived at

The First Announcement of Mr. Garrick.

Stratford-upon-Avon, was lately * inhabited by a butcher, who wrote over his door—

“ Shakspeare
Was born here.

N.B.—A horse and cart to let.

THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT OF MR. GARRICK.

An exact copy of the play bill which announced the first appearance of Mr. Garrick on the London stage.

October 19th, 1741, Goodman's-fields.

At the late theatre in Goodman's fields, this day will be performed a Concert of vocal and instrumental Music, divided into two parts.

Tickets at three, two, and one shilling.

Places for the Boxes, to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the theatre.

N.B.—Between the two parts of the Concert, will be presented, an Historical Play, called

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD:

Containing the distress of King Henry VI.—The artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard.—The murder of young King Edward V. and his brother in the Tower,—The landing of the Earl of Richmond; and the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth-field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster;—with many other true historical passages.—The part of King Richard, by a Gentleman (who never appeared on any stage).

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, by Miss Hippley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Patterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blakes; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressel, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrel, Mr. Put-

* A Mrs. Butler lives there now.

 Clerkenwell—Shakspeare and Burbadge.

tenham ; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; the Queen, Mrs. Steel ; Dutchess of York, Mrs. Yates ; and the part of Lady Anne, by Mrs. Giffard.

With Entertainments of Dancing,
By Mons. Fromet,
Madame Duvalt, and the two Masters and
Miss Granier.

To which will be added,
A Ballad Opera of One Act, called
THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

The part of Lucy, by Miss Hippley.
Both of which will be performed gratis, by persons
for their diversion.

The Concert will begin exactly at six o'clock.

CLERKENWELL.

At the lower end of Clerkenwell, now called Ray-street, is a pump erected in a little recess of the street, on which is fixed an iron plate, giving an historical account of the place. The substance of the inscription informs us, that, according to some of the ancient records of that parish, the Benedictine monks performed their sacred plays on that spot, called Clerks-well.

SHAKSPEARE AND BURBADGE.

Wilkes, in his View of the Stage, gives the following anecdote of Shakspeare :—One evening, when Richard the Third was to be performed by Burbadge (who was the original representative of that character), Shakspeare observed a young woman delivering a message to Burbadge in so cautious a manner, as excited his curiosity to listen to her. It imported that her master was gone out of town that morning, and that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play ; and to know what signal he would appoint for admittance. Burbadge replied, “ Three taps at the door, and, it’s I, *Richard the Third*.”—She immediately withdrew, and Shakspeare followed until he observed her go into a house in the city ; and inquiring in the neighbourhood, he was informed that a young lady lived there,

Sir William Davenant.

the favourite of an old rich merchant. Near the appointed time of meeting, Shakspeare thought proper to anticipate Mr. Burbadge, and was introduced by the concerted signal. The lady was very much surprised at Shakspeare presuming to act Mr. Burbadge's part; but as he who had written *Romeo and Juliet*, we may be certain did not want wit or eloquence to apologise for the intrusion, she was soon pacified, and they were mutually happy until Burbadge came to the door and repeated the signal; when Shakspeare, popping his head out of the window, bid him be gone; for that "*William the Conqueror had reigned before Richard the Third.*"

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Sir William Davenant was by many supposed to be the natural son of Shakspeare, from a story which is told, that our poet was intimate with Sir W. Davenant's mother, who was a beautiful woman, and whose husband kept the Crown Tavern, Oxford, where Shakspeare annually put up on his road to Stratford. It is said, that in Davenant's face Shakspeare's features were strongly marked, till Sir William lost his nose, which gave cause to the following anecdote: Sir William walking by Temple-bar, a fishmonger's boy, in watering his fish upon the stall, besprinkled the laureate; who snuffling, loudly complained of the abuse. The master begged the knight's pardon, and was going to chastise his servant for the offence; "Zounds, sir!" cried the boy, "it is very hard I must be corrected for my cleanliness; the gentleman blew his nose upon my fish, and I was washing it off, that's all." This jest pleased Sir William so well, that he gave the boy some money, and went away highly delighted.

As the same was walking along the Mews, an unfortunate beggar-woman teased him for charity, with often repeating, "Heaven bless your eye-sight!—God preserve your lordship's eye-sight!" "Woman!" replied Sir William, "I find no defect there." Ah! good sir, I wish you never may," returned the beggar, "for should your sight ever fail

 Beaumont and Fletcher—Garrick and Cervetto.

you, you must borrow a *nose* of your neighbour to hang your spectacles on."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher having concerted the plan of a tragedy over a bottle, they settled which part of the play they should respectively take, which being perfectly adjusted, "Well," said Fletcher, "it shall be so, you manage the rest, and I'll undertake to kill the king." These words being overheard by the waiter, they were presently surrounded and made prisoners; but their having it in their power easily to prove that they only meditated the assassination of a theatrical monarch, the whole went off as a jest.

GARRICK AND CERVETTO.

Garrick, after an absence of two years, returned to the management of Drury-lane; he prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered previous to the play. As soon as the unprecedented applause he met with had a little subsided, and all was hushed as death, and anxious expectation sat on every face, old Cervetto, who was better known by the name of *Nosey*, anticipated the very first line of the address by—"Aw!"—a tremendous yawn. A convulsion of laughter ensued, and it was some minutes before the wished for silence could be again restored; that, however, obtained, Garrick delivered his address, and retired. The moment he came off the stage, he flew like lightning into the music-room, where, collaring the astonished *Nosey*, he began to abuse him pretty vociferously,—“What—why?—you old scoundrel—you must be the most infernal——.” At length, poor Cervetto said—“Oh! Mr. Garrick! vat is the matter—vat I have do—Oh, G—d, vat it is?” “The matter! why you d—d old base-viol—just at the a—the very moment I had played with the audience—tickled them like a trout, and brought them to the most accommodating silence—so pat to my purpose—so perfect—that it was, one may say, a companion for Milton’s visible darkness——.” “Indeed, Mr. Garrick, it vas no darkness.”—“Darkness! stupid fool—but how should a man of my reading make him-

 Garrick at the French Theatre—Hopkins and Garrick, &c.

self understood by—a—answer me, was not the whole house, pit, box, and gallery, very still?" "Yes, sir, indeed, still as a mouse." "Well then, just at that very moment, did you not, with your d—d jaws extended, wide enough to swallow a sixpenny loaf—yawn? Oh, I wish you had never shut your d—d jaws again!" Sare, Mr. Garrick, only if you please heare me von word,—It is alvay the vay—it is indeed, Mr. Garrick, and alvay the vay I go when I haf the greatest *rapture*, Mr. Garrick." The little great man's anger instantly cooled, and he declared that he ought to be forgiven for the wit of the offence.

GARRICK AT THE FRENCH THEATRE.

When Garrick was in France, he attended the performances of a famous French comedian. This person one day attempted the character of a drunken man. "Sir," says the English Roscius, "the man cannot stagger, his *legs are sober*." How well Garrick was qualified to criticise on this subject, his fame in acting Sir John Brute amply testifies.

HOPKINS AND GARRICK.

When Hopkins, Garrick's prompter, once recommended a man to be engaged as mechanist in preparing the scenery for a new pantomime, Garrick made the following objections to employing him:—"I tell you, Hopkins, the man will never answer the purpose of the theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a moon: I would not give him three-pence a dozen for such moons as he shewed me to day. His suns are, if possible, worse. I gave him directions about the clouds, and such d—d clouds were never seen since the flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the rainbow to-pieces; it is execrable;—his stars were the only things tolerable. His honesty I have no doubt on, but until he can make a good sun, moon, and rainbow, I must dispense with his future services.

D. GARRICK."

GARRICK AND THE MAN OF RAGS.

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street,

Mrs. Macauley—Garrick and Macklin—Lord Orrery and Garrick.

(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags);
 The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace.—
 “Good sir, I do not recollect your face,”
 Quoth Garrick. “No?” replied the man of rags :
 “The boards of Drury you and I have trod
 Full many a time together, I am sure.”
 “When?” with an oath, cried Garrick—“by G—d
 I never saw that face of your's before !
 “What characters, I pray,
 Did you and I together play ?”
 “Lord!” quoth the fellow, “think not that I mock—
 “When you play'd *Hamlet*, sir,—I play'd the *cock*.”

MRS. MACAULEY.

When Mrs. Macauley published her *Loose thoughts*, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. “By no means,” replied he; “the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better.”

GARRICK AND MACKLIN.

The vanity of Garrick induced him to ask Macklin what he thought of the different modes of acting *Romeo*, adopted by Barry and himself. “Sir,” said Macklin, “Barry comes into the garden strutting and talking loud, like a lord, about his love, that I wonder the Capulets do not come out and toss the fellow in a blanket.” “Well, my dear Mack,” exclaimed Garrick, “go on.” “Now,” says Macklin, “how does Garrick act this?—why sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him just like a *thief in the night*.”

LORD ORRERY AND GARRICK.

Lord Orrery being well acquainted with the envy and illiberality of Garrick, in not allowing any other performer the least merit, was determined to exercise his talent for satire and humour in chastising and exposing him. Meeting our late Roscius in a party which he thought most favourable for his design, he began,—“I understand, David, you

 Lord Orrery and Garrick.

have had a great season : I rejoice to hear it. But where Garrick and Mossop are, that theatre must triumph. ‘The Douglas and the Percy both in arms’ in the same cause, have a right to confide. You are two bright luminaries united—you are the Castor and Pollux of the theatric hemisphere ; for no man, David, except yourself, so forcibly exhibits the various passions that agitate, and I may say, agonize the human mind. And Mossop makes the broad stroke at the heart, which, directed by the hand of Nature, equally reaches the peer and the peasant. Do not you think he has an amazing fine voice—particularly in the spirited and impassioned scenes?—I do not mean a rant, David. You know well that a rant, David, is misapplying the great exertions of the voice. Now, do not you think, David, that his voice is what the ancients called the *argentum*, that silver tone?—and when he speaks, mute attention reigns. Now do you not think his voice—?”

“Why, a, a, a, now, my Lord, as to his, his, his, his, voice—I, I, I, must acknowledge that his voice is loud enough—a, a, a, he has amazing lungs ; and his best friends—a, a, a, cannot accuse him of sparing’em. And I, I, I, don’t know whether ultimately he will be of any use to the theatre ; for egad he bawls so loud, that the public need go no farther than to the pastry-cook’s, in Russel-court, and buy a penny tart, and they may hear him as well as if they were in the orchestra, for he makes the welkin roar again. But, a, a, a, don’t you thing, my Lord, that there is a kind of a bawl ?”

“What, you have discovered that he bellows ?—You have found that he roars ?—you have noted that he bawls ? Sir, the rascal bawls like a town bull—The *bull of Jason* did not roar louder than he does. We always call him Bull Mossop, Mossop the Bull : don’t you remember, Lady Orrery, at our house in the country, we always call him Bull Mossop, and Mossop the Bull ? But independent of the bull, what do you think, David, of his eye ? The eye, David, is an organ entirely independent of the voice, and has the power of conveying the passions without her assistance. No man has a finer eye than yourself, David ; nor does any one know how

 Lord Orrery and Garrick.

to use it better.—Now don't you think his eye—?

"Why now, my Lord, with great submission to your accurate judgment and comprehensive mind, does not your Lordship think there is a kind of a, a, a, film—a, a, a, dull sort of heaviness—a, a, a, blanket, a, a, a?—I declare when I am on the stage with the man I never know where to have him—he's always here and there—Don't you think, my Lord there's a kind of opacity, a, a, a?"

"The truth is, David, the rascal's eye is as opaque as a mill-stone;—he's as blind as a miller's horse. When you meet him in the street, he will run bump upon your nose, like that nauseous animal the beetle.—We always called him Beetle Mossop, or Mossop the Beetle. But independent of the bull and the beetle, David, have you any other objection?—Now his deportment! Deportment you know, David, is the true characteristic of a gentleman."

"Why I declare, my Lord, that as to his deportment, I, a, a, a, grant you, he is tall and upright enough—But, with great submission, don't you think there is a kind of an, an, an, awkwardness? a vulgarity, a, a, a, I don't know how.—We have in our theatres, fencing-masters, dancing-masters, and, ecod, drill serjeants! but they were never able to make any thing of him—there's a kind of a stiffness about him, that a, a, a, —."

"I confess, David, that the rascal is as stiff as a poker.—We always called him Poker Mossop, Mossop the Poker. But independent of the poker, David, have you any other objections? Now his memory, David,—I believe in this particular we shall unite—his memory is wonderfully tenacious."

"Why, my Lord, as to his memory, the prompter is obliged to repeat to him every sentence; Hopkins, my prompter is obliged to split it and give it him in two parts—So that a, a, a, —."

"Why your penetration has observed that his head runs out; upon my soul it will hold nothing. It has as many holes in it as a cabbage net—it is perforated as a cullender.—We always called him Cullender Mossop, Mossop the Cullender. But, David, have you any other objection, in-

The Spanish Friar.

dependent of the bull, the beetle, the poker, and the cullender? Now his disposition—his temper—such a wax-like yielding disposition, that you may mould him into any form.”

“ Why—why—a, a, a, now my Lord, I must oppose you in the most pointed manner ; for of all the most hardened, headstrong, obstinate, unmanageable animals I ever dealt with in my life, he is the worst ; he—e, e, e, e, e, is the most untractable, the most stubborn, and the most wrong-headed.—If I advise him to dress a character plain, why he would come on the stage like that ginger-bread king, Tiddy Doll.—If at other times it was necessary to recommend courtly splendour in his attire, and vivacity in manner, he would come on the stage as prim and demure as a quaker.—In fact he was the most obstinate —.”

“ Why the truth is, David, he was as obstinate as a pig, and had more of that animal’s pertinacity than any man I ever knew in my life.—We always called him Pig Mossop, Mossop the Pig. My Lady Orrery, do not you remember, at our house in the country, we always called him Pig Mossop, and Mossop the Pig ? But independent of the bull, the beetle, the poker, the cullender, and the pig, have you any other objections?—Odso! it is near two o’clock ; Lady Orrery, we shall be late home. Well, David, we have both remarked with equal *candour* upon his beauties and his imperfections—To be sure, David, he has been most terribly mauled in the newspapers.—But, indeed, what the newspapers say is nothing more than smoke—the fume of the day, the dense elastic vapour arising from the burning of a jaundiced mind, or an hungry stomach. Sir, I compare those infernal diurnal critics to an ass in a flower-garden,—they trample down the rose and the lily while searching for their favourite bitter bite, the thistle—they contemplate genius as common people do an eclipse of the sun through a piece of smoked glass; the beauty and splendour of its orb is all lost to them, and they see nothing but the dark spot in it. Come along, Lady Orrery. David, I wish you a good night.”

THE SPANISH FRIAR.

Curious anecdote of Queen Mary, consort to King William

 Foote and Garrick—Mr. Twiss and Garrick—The Vowels.

III. relative to the tragi-comedy of the *Spanish Friar*. This tragedy, which is certainly the best of Dryden's dramatic efforts, was much decried, both by his enemies and the adherents of the Duke of York, on its first representation. The former said it was mostly *stolen* from other authors; and the latter thought it trenched too much on the Popish religion. The witty Charles, however, thought otherwise; he said, in regard to the latter, that knaves in every profession should be alike subject to ridicule; and as to the first, he exclaimed—"God's fish, *steal* me such another play, any of you, and I will frequent it as much as I do the *Spanish Friar*."

FOOTE AND GARRICK.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former, pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter what he should do with the light guinea he had. "Pshaw! tis worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil*." "Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for,—ever contriving to make a guinea *go further* than any other man."

MR. TWISS AND GARRICK.

Mr. Twiss, a great traveller, was talking of a church he saw in Spain, which was a mile and a half long. "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Garrick, wondering, "and how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This is, you will observe, gentlemen," said Mr. Garrick, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as *broad* as they are *long*."

THE VOWELS.

Mr. Garrick, going up Holborn when a great mob was gathered together to see a criminal pass to Tyburn, asked Mr. Lockyer Davis, who was standing at his shop door, what was the name of the person going to his fatal exit, and what was his crime. Mr. Davis told him his name was Vowel, and his crime forgery. "Ah!" said Garrick, "do you know

Mr. Price—Mr. Wallace—Mr. Edmund Burke—&c.

which of the Vowels it is, for there are several of that name? —However," continued he, "it is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither *U*, nor *I*."

MR. PRICE.

The late Mr. C. Price, calling for a bill of fare at the Bedford coffee-house one day, observed nothing but *poultry* in it, which, with a hearty curse, he returned to the waiter. Mr. Garrick begged Mr. Price not to be so critically severe, as it was only a *foul copy*.

MR. WALLACE.

Mr. Wallace was observing, that it was hard that Mr. Wilkes should go unrewarded, after having served such a long apprenticeship to patriotism, "True," replied Mr. Garrick, "*but he is now out of his time.*"

MR. EDMUND BURKE.

Mr. Edmund Burke, the Irish orator, was telling Mr. Garrick, one day at Hampton, that all *bitter* things were *hot*. "Ay," says Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of *bitter cold weather*?"

SIR JOHN HILL.

The late Sir John Hill, the celebrated botanist, was very remarkable for being a voluminous writer, and in general dedicated his productions to people that were popular; when he was about to be delivered of his offspring, dedicated a small volume in quarto to Mr. Garrick, when he was in the zenith of his glory, that he had found out the philosopher's stone, and could turn any thing into gold. Mr. Garrick sent him, as a mark of respect, a large empty purse, with his compliments to Sir John, "That as he knew how to *make gold*, he had sent him *a purse to hold it.*"

BEGGARS' OPERA.

Age nor time has not been able to stale this celebrated opera. Every species of performers have attempted it, from the Theatres Royal, to barns and puppet-shows. Not longer

Mrs. Hitchcock and Servant Maid—The Italians and the Waiter.

ago than the year 1799, it was played at Barnstaple, in Devonshire; when Macheath had but one eye—Polly but one arm—the songs supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled to the tunes—whilst the manager could not write.

MRS. HITCHCOCK AND SERVANT MAID.

In the summer of 1806, as Mrs. Hitchcock's servant-maid, of Crow-street theatre, Dublin, was following her mistress on a car to Cork, where she had gone a few days before to join Mr. Daly's company, she was surrounded by three ruffians, on a mountain between Clonmel and Cork, who brutally ravished the poor creature. When she arrived at the theatre, the despoiled wench ran immediately to her mistress behind the scenes, and told the dismal tale. At the conclusion of the story, Mrs. Hitchcock, who was then dressed for the Queen in *Hamlet*, bridling up her head, exclaimed with much solemnity, in the language of Shakspeare, "Aye, it had been so with us, had we been there!"

THE ITALIANS AND THE WAITER.

An Italian singer, at the Opera House, who had but lately arrived in this country, and not speaking English, was so anxious to acquire it, that he always had in his pocket an Italian and English dictionary; and being in general accompanied by a friend, who spoke a little better than himself, he determined to practise nothing else. On his first visit to the Orange coffee-house, he placed himself before the fire, and called "Vater, vater," but to no purpose. His friend whispered him—"He's no vater at all—he's vaiter." "Oh den, vaiter, vaiter." "What do you want, gentlemen?" "Medin, medin." "I do not understand," said the waiter. His friend again whispered—"He's no medin, he's dinne me." "Ah! dinne me," repeats the other. "Oh, *dinner*," says the waiter; "what would you like to have?" "One large porkshop." "The devil you will," said the waiter; "what, a whole porkshop?" His friend whispers—"He no porkshop—he's one pork chops." "Oh, pork chops, very well." The dinner was brought, and after he had dined, he called "Vaiter, vaiter!" "Well, sir?" "*Mettez moi six or*

Suett and Bannister—English Bull—Mrs. Porter—&c.

seven turnpikes." "Seven turnpikes? that's impossible, sir." His friend whispers again,—“He's no turnpikes—he's tiddlepicks.” “Ah! tiddlepicks.” “I do not understand yet, sir.” “No! Got d—n! it is to take it away de meat out ma *tooth*.”

SUETT AND BANNISTER.

Suett, meeting Bannister, said, “I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon—what day shall I come, Jack?” To which the other replied, “Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a *fry-day*.”

ENGLISH BULL.

The Irish are accused of blunders.—What shall we say of the following advertisement, inserted at the time Drury-lane play-house was rebuilding?—“Drury-lane opens at the Opera-house the 10th of next month.”

MRS. PORTER.

As Mrs. Porter was performing that part of the character of Lady Nottingham, in the *Earl of Essex*, where she excuses herself from having any concern in procuring the Earl's execution, a sailor in the gallery cried out, “You lie, you b——h, you know you have the ring in your pocket.”

MR. COLLINS.

Mr. Collins, better known by the name of Brush Collins, being in want of a situation, sent the following laconic epistle to a Mr. Herbert, the manager of a strolling company in Norfolk:—

“Sir,—Fortunately for your company I am disengaged. I am up to Melpomene, down upon Thalia, twig Farce, and smoke Pantomime. They say I am a very good figure, and I never saw a looking-glass that contradicted that report. To have me, now is your time or never.—Your's, &c.”

G. A. STEVENS.

The celebrated G. A. Stevens playing at Lynn for several nights to almost an empty barn, he neglected to perfect him-

 Mr. Yates—The late Manager of the Windsor Theatre.

self in the part of Lorenzo, in the *Merchant of Venice*, which he had given out to perform before the company left the town: he bustled through it tolerably well, till he got to the part where he should address Jessica on the subject of Leander being drowned in crossing the Hellespont, where he made a monstrous boggle, which was so intolerable to the audience, that a general hiss from all parts expressed their disapprobation, and he retired, as he called it, in a blaze: as soon as silence was obtained by his exit, he returned on the stage, leading Jessica forward, with whom he addressed the audience thus:—

“ Oh, Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
 And since that night have touch'd but half-a-crown;
 Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
 Lest we by longer stay are starved quite !”

MR. YATES.

Yates, the day before his decease, complained to a friend that he had been extremely ill used by the managers of Drury-lane, refusing him an *order*! “ That was unkind, indeed, to an old servant,” rejoined the friend. “ Yes,” replied the dying comedian, “ particularly when my admission could have kept no soul *living* out of the house; for I only requested their order to be *buried* under the centre of the stage, and they were hard hearted enough to refuse me.”

THE LATE MANAGER OF THE WINDSOR THEATRE.

Mr. Thornton, the late manager of the Windsor theatre, after playing Bulcazin Muley, in the *Mountaineers*, before the Royal Family, he was commanded to attend the castle for farther orders. He instantly undressed, put on a great coat, and went to the appointment. Being ushered into the room in which he usually received instructions, he knelt to address an illustrious personage, who instantly burst into a fit of laughter and suddenly retired, furnishing the wonder-struck dependent with a fine dramatic incident. Much disconcerted, he returned, ruminating on the cause of this so strange occurrence; when by accident, a looking-glass de-

Irish Play Bill.

veloped the foregoing mystery : his countenance was decorated with an enormous pair of whiskers, and besmeared with ochre, just as he had personated the Moorish chief.

The same was so remarkable for absence of mind, that he has frequently gone to London from Windsor, to purchase some article for the theatre, and returned without it.

Mr. T. when dressing for an evening's performance, sought, where it was usually deposited, preparatory to his dressing, for a clean shirt, and not finding it, sent to Mrs. T. who assured him she had put four there the preceding day; however, as not one could be found, another was sent for, and brought him : when proceeding to put it on, it was discovered he had already put on the four ! in the search for which so much time had been lost.

AN IRISH PLAY BILL.

By his Majesty's Company of Comedians.
Kilkenny Theatre Royal.

(Positively the last night, because the Company go to-morrow to Waterford.)

On Saturday, May 14, 1793,

Will be performed, by desire and command of several respectable people in this learned *Matrapolish*,

For the Benefit of

Mr. Kearnes, the Manager.

The tragedy of

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan-Hyes of Limerick, and *insarted* in Shakspear's works.

Hamlet, by Mr. Kearnes, (being his first appearance in that character, and who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bag-pipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and "We'll be unhappy together," from the Rev. Mr. Dibden's oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by directions of the

Walker and Rich—Spiller and the Barber.

Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London Comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added, an Interlude, in which will be introduced several slight-of-hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor Hunt.

The whole to conclude with the farce of
Mahomet the Impostor.

Mahomet, by Mr. Kearnes.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearnes, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle-street.

* * The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken out (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, potatoes, &c.—as Mr. Kearnes wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public.

N. B.—No smoking allowed.—No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

WALKER AND RICH.

When the Beggars Opera was acted the seventy-second time, Walker, who performed Macheath, happened to be rather imperfect in his part, which Rich, the manager, observing, exclaimed, "Why how, master Walker, has this happened, I thought you had a pretty good memory?" "So I have, replied the actor, "but you cannot expect it to last for ever."

SPILLER AND THE BARBER.

Spiller, the comedian, being one evening behind the scenes, tormented by a violent fit of the tooth-ache, the barber of the theatre offered to relieve him by drawing it. "No, my good friend," replied he, "no, I cannot spare one tooth now, but on the tenth day of June the house closes, and you may then draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat."

 Stoppelaer's Letter—The Black Joke—&c.

STOPPELAER'S LETTER.

The following letter was actually written by Michael Stoppelaer, an artist and painter, to Rich, the manager of Covent-garden theatre :—

" Sir,—I thank you for the *fever* (favor) you intended me ; but have had a violent cold and *horseness* upon me *this twelve months*, which continued above *six months*, and is not gone yet, and I am apprehensive it will *return*. I can but just keep my head above water, by painting, therefore do not care to engage in the playhouse any more. *I met you* last Thursday according to appointment, *but you did not come* ; but if you please to appoint the time and place, *I will not fail to meet you whether you come or not*.

" I am, &c."

THE BLACK JOKE.

When Mr. Kemble, in performing Hamlet, (at Plymouth,) repeated his entreaty to his School-fellow to play upon the pipe, Bernard, who performed the part, replied, " Well, if I must, I must," and played the air of " The Black Joke."

ROSS AND THE DEPUTY MANAGER.

Ross being engaged by Yates to perform for a few nights at Birmingham, his first appearance was to be in the *Fair Penitent*. Ross went to examine the box-book, and found it a perfect blank. Concluding by this the performance would not take place, he ordered a late dinner, determined to indulge. At the time the piece was about to commence, lo, there was no Horatio ! a note was despatched to require immediate attendance ; to which he returned a verbal reply, and sent some one to spy out the state of the house, which was then so bad, that he resolved to stay where he was. A peremptory order from the deputy manager was the consequence, that he should come and fulfil his engagement ; whereupon he arose, went angrily to the theatre, put on a red coat and waistcoat, and a wig, retaining his black satin breeches, white stockings, and dirty shoes, which he had worn

 Liberal Gift—Refined Judgment and Taste—Mr. Cherry, &c.

all day. In the quarrelling scene, he gave the *deputy*, who played Lothario, so severe a blow, that he absolutely sent him off the stage. When he afterwards required the reason of the insult, Ross, with affected ignorance, replied—"Insult! I don't remember how." "Why, sir, the blow you gave me." "Blow, sir?" rejoined the other, considering,— "blow!—Oh, sir, I felt the *animation of the part*, that was all—but no blow, sir, no blow."

LIBERAL GIFT.

A comedian at Covent-garden advised one of the scene-shifters, who had met with an accident, to the plan of a subscription; and a few days afterwards he asked for the list of names, which, when he had read over, he returned. "Why, sir," says the poor fellow, "Won't you give me something?" "Why, zounds, man," replied the comedian, "didn't I *give* you the *hint*?"

REFINED JUDGMENT AND TASTE.

Mrs. Clark says in her life, that she was once requested by a person in the pit, while playing the part of *Pyrrhus*, to give some speeches out of *Scrub*, which she had performed the night before with great success:—a curious specimen of *refined judgment* and *theatrical taste*, in the amateurs of former days.

MR. CHERRY.

Mr. A. Cherry, the comedian, was written to a few years ago, with an offer of a very good engagement from a manager, who, on a former occasion had not behaved altogether well to him. Cherry sent him word, that he had been *bit* by him *once*, and he was resolved that he should not make *two bites of A. Cherry*.

SPILLER'S POVERTY.

Spiller, the comedian, for whose benefit Hogarth engraved a ticket, was, about the year 1720, in such estimation, that he had what was then deemed a very great salary; his improvident disposition, and unbounded extravagance, (espe-

 Quick's Apology—Taswell and Mrs. Clive, &c.

cially in his amours,) always kept him poor. With his poverty he was frequently reproached, and once with some severity, by a female performer, who having a good person, and a very tender heart, contrived to make a figure with a very inferior salary. Of this she boasted, and asked him why he could not manage in the same way. "Madam," replied the irritated performer, "that which makes *you rich*, keeps *me perpetually poor!*"

QUICK'S APOLOGY.

Mr. Quick, (now of such well-earned celebrity,) while performing the part of Romeo,* was seized with an involuntary fit of laughter, which subjected him to the severe rebuke of his auditors. It happened in the scene of Romeo and the Apothecary, who, going for the phial of poison, found it broken; not to detain the scene, he snatched, in a hurry, a pot of soft pomatum. Quick was no sooner presented with it, than he fell into a most convulsive fit of laughter. But being soon recalled to a sense of his duty by the reproofs of the audience, he came forward and made the following whimsical apology:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I could not resist the idea that struck me when the pot of pomatum, instead of the phial of poison, was presented. Had he at the same time given me a tea-spoon, it would not have been so improper; for the poison might have been made up as a lenitive electuary. But if you please, ladies and gentlemen, we will begin the scene again without laughing."

TASWELL AND MRS. CLIVE.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute with Mrs. Clive, concluded his remarks on her, saying, "Madam, I have heard of *tartar*, and *brimstone*; and by G—d you are the *cream* of one, and the *flour* of the other."

COUNSELLOR CLIVE AND THE WASHERWOMAN.

The marriage of Mrs. Clive with the counsellor of that

* In the early part of his theatrical career, he played all the first tragedy characters.

Origin of Mrs. Clive.

name was attended with continual jars and squabbles, which chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen-pecked counsellor; who, upon his return soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's-inn from the western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, despatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was found, and on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while the servant was counting out the dirty clothes to her, he made some inquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him an account of the many respectable people she washed for; "and, sir," says she, "I also wash for a namesake of your's, and a mighty good sort of woman she is, though she be one of the player-folks." "Oh! what you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you?" "Yes, sir, and she is one of the best customers I have." "Is she so?" replied the counsellor,—“Stop, stop, toss the clothes back into the closet again.—Here, woman, I am sorry you have had this trouble; take this half-crown,—you can never wash for me; for I'll be d—d if ever I suffer my *shirt* to be rubbed against her *shift* any more, as long as I live.”

ORIGIN OF MRS. CLIVE.

Mrs. Clive was originally servant to Miss Eleanor Knowles, afterwards Mrs. Young, mother to the present Sir George Young, and Mr. Thomas Young, who, in 1774, came out at Covent-garden theatre in *Macbeth*, which he performed nine nights with much celebrity. When Mrs. Clive lived with Miss Knowles, who then lodged at Mrs. Snell's, a fan-painter, in Church-row, Houndsditch, Mr. Watson, many years box-keeper at Drury-lane, kept the Bell Tavern, directly opposite to Mrs. Snell's. At this house was held the Beef-steak Club, instituted by Mr. Beard, Mr. Dunstall, Mr. Woodward, &c. &c. Kitty Rafter, afterwards Mrs. Clive, being one day washing the steps of the door, and singing, the windows of the club-room being open, they were instantly crowded by the company, who were all en-

Miss White as Lady Anne—Mr. Herbert as the Duke of York, &c.

chanted with her natural grace and simplicity. This circumstance alone led her to the stage, under the auspices of Mr. Beard and Mr. Dunstall.

MISS WHITE AS LADY ANNE.

At Portsmouth, a gentleman says that he witnessed the representation of *Richard the Third*, (under the management of Kennedy); in which, on Richard exclaiming—"Oh, take more pity in thine eyes, and see him here"—Miss White, in Lady Anne, indignantly exclaimed,—“Would they were battle-axe, to strike *thee dead*.”

MR HERBERT AS THE DUKE OF YORK.

Mr. Herbert, a celebrated country comedian, when a child, and just able to speak sufficiently for the stage, represented the part of the Duke of York, in *Richard the Third*; when he should have said, “Oh, mother! mother!” he made a pause. The lady who performed the Queen, gave him the sentence several times, to which he at last replied—“You are not *my* mother; give me my *leather breeches*, and let me go home.”

JEMMY WHITELY.

Old Jemmy Whitely, in a journey to Stamford, to save expenses, walked, and carried his portmanteau on his arm: within a few miles of the place of destination, he saw a hearse, and bargained with the driver to take him up. Being weary, he got into the interior and fell fast asleep, having previously desired John to call him when he approached the town. The arch whip, anticipating the pleasure of a joke, drove into the inn yard (the George) at Stamford, and collecting together as many of Whitely's friends as he could muster, told them “*he'd show'em fun*,” then opening the door, waked the snoring manager with news of his journey's end. Jemmy got out, and, to his astonishment, perceived himself surrounded by a number of people, who all at once vociferated—“Ah, master Whitely! how do you do? welcome to Stamford.” To which the disconcerted wight replied, in his usual phrase—“You lie, you lie, you thieves, I am

 Garrick and Quin—Quin and the Pudding—The Ghost of Gimlet.

not master Whitely: I don't know any such person," and coolly walked off with his portmanteau.

GARRICK AND QUIN.

Mr. Quin's pronunciation was of the old school; in this Mr. Garrick had made an alteration. The one sounded the *a* open, the other sounded it like an *e*; which occasioned the following ludicrous mistake:—In the piece, when the Roman ladies come in procession to solicit Coriolanus to return to Rome, attended by the Tribunes and the Centurions of the Volscian army bearing *fascēs*, their ensigns of authority, they are ordered by the hero, who was Mr. Quin, to lower them as a token of respect; but the men who personated the Centurions, imagining, through Mr. Quin's mode of pronunciation, that he said their *faces* instead of their *fascēs*, all bowed their heads together.

QUIN AND THE PUDDING.

Quin, when once dining with a friend, called lustily for *the pudding*. The cook had forgot it. "Oh! the sabbath-breaking brimstone," exclaimed he, "no wonder we have earthquakes!"

THE GHOST OF GIMLET.

The same, when at Bath, dined along with some gentlemen at a lady's house, who was a great admirer of his ability as an actor. In the course of conversation, she addressed him after the following manner:—"Mr. Gwynn, I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet, at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails* upon the frightful porcupine:—do, pray, spout a little the Ghost of Gimlet." "Madam," said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, "The Ghost of Gimlet is laid never to rise again." "Well, to be sure, Mr. Gwynn, you looked and talked so like a real Ghost; and then the cock crowed so natural—I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact in the very nick of time; but I suppose he's game—an't he game, Mr. Gwynn?" "Dung-hill, madam." Well, dung-hill, or

 Quin's Soliloquy.

not dung-hill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at my house, to wake the maids of a morning.—Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the workhouse of St. Giles's parish, madam, but I protest I know not his partiicular mew:" "Good God, sister," cried her brother, "how you talk!—I have told you twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn." "Hoity, toity, brother" she replied, "no offence, I hope!—Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction; I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and if so be that were the case, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins." "No, madam," answered Quin, with great solemnity, my mother was not a w—— of such distinction. True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary. If I was an absolute prince at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger.—She has committed felony on the person of that John Dorey, which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce."

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY

*On seeing the embalmed body of Duke Humphrey, at
St. Alban's.*

"A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,—
 Embalm the dead—on senseless clay
 Rich wine and spices waste :
 Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
 Bound in a precious pickle lie,
 Which I can never taste !
 Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
 With turtle fat, and Bourdeaux wine,
 And spoil the Egyptian trade,
 Than Glo'ster's Duke, more happy I,
 Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall lie
 A mummy ready made."

Quin's Description of the Scots—Quin and Macklin.

QUIN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE SCOTS.

Quin being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, "If you mean," replied he, "the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility, they are numerous, and for the most part proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their d—d country, I came to a wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots, the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadrupede, (for there was no certainty of calling it horse, mare, or gelding,) much like a North Wales goat, but larger, and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me, supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The earl ran and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted, then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us without breeches, said, 'My lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, lady Betty, to draw him a pint of twopenny; for I suppose so great a mon will ha' the best liquor in the whol hous'. I was obliged continued Quin, to stay here the whole night, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say the dormitory was the best in the world; for there was nothing but an old box to sit upon in the room, and there were neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me many persons of great degnaty had frequently slept in it, and that though the blankets looked sae block, it was not quite four years since they were washed by the countess, her mother, and lady Matilda-Carolina-Amelia-Eleonora-Sophia, one of her younger sisters: she then wished me a good night, and said that the viscount, her brother, would take particular care to grease my boots!"

QUIN AND MACKLIN.

Quin and Macklin disputing concerning the execution of

Quin and Dr. Dobson—Quin and the Parson—Quin's saying, &c.

Charles the First—"But by what laws," said Macklin, "was he put to death?" Quin replied—"By all the laws that he had left them."

QUIN AND DR. DOBSON.

Mr. Quin calling to lie at Burford, at the time of the races, could have no bed but the part of a clergyman's, who lay in the garret, which he accepted, and made the doctor drunk for his civility. Mr. Quin, on going to bed, perceived the parson's linen to be excessively dirty, whereupon he asked him his name, (being yet a stranger to it,) the gentleman told him it was Dobson, and that by the benevolence of his patron, he enjoyed a very good living some twenty miles off. "Doctor Dobson," said Mr. Quin, "I have nothing to do with the benevolence of your patron, or the goodness of your living: but take this from me, Doctor Dobson,—you shall not come to bed with your *cassock* on, you may depend upon it."

QUIN AND THE PARSON.

A well beneficed old parson having a large company to dinner, entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which at last he said he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks on his self-importance; but Quin, being one of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty yellow hands, he immediately called out—"So, so, doctor, I think you do keep your *glebe* in your own hands with a witness!"

QUIN'S SAYING.

On the 30th of January, (the martyrdom of King Charles the First,) Quin used to say, "Every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck."

QUIN AND LADY BERKELEY.

The same told Lady Berkeley, that she looked as blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season was not

A Pun—Quin and the Cornuto—English Curiosity.

then very promising, he added,—“I would to heaven the spring would look like your ladyship.”

A PUN.

“A pun, said Quin, “is like a stumbling-block, that a man cannot always avoid without hitting his shins against it, but the sooner he clears himself from it the better.”

QUIN AND THE CORNUTO.

Quin was asked once by a celebrated cornuto, what measure he would have him take ; to which he replied, “Cut off your wife’s nose, and it’s ten to one if any other man will fall in love with her afterwards.” “Yes, but,” resumed the distracted husband, “do you consider the terrors of the black act ;” “Ay, but,” rejoined the vivacious jolly James, “she has been guilty, according to your account, of many a *black act*, and you may accordingly reconcile it to your conscience, as coming entirely within the *letter* of the law, black as it is, *lex talionis*.”

ENGLISH CURIOSITY.

As Quin and another gentleman were passing through St. Paul’s church-yard, their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were assembled to hear a man relate that there had been a chimney on fire in the the Borough ; that he had seen, with his own eyes, the engines go, in order to extinguish it ; but that it was quite got under before they arrived. Upon seeing the attention of so many people attracted by so unentertaining a detail, Quin and his friend could not help reflecting upon the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which was excited by the most trifling circumstance, and very frequently by no circumstance at all ; “Let us try,” said Quin, “an experiment upon our countrymen’s curiosity.” This was immediately agreed to ; and they accordingly repaired to the opposite side of the church-yard, where having taken a convenient stand, and staring up to the stone gallery, Quin gravely said—“This is about the time.” “Yes,” replied the other, taking out his watch, and looking at it under a lamp, “this was precisely the time it

 Quin & the Nobleman—Quin & the John Dorey—Mr. Masterman.

made its appearance last night." They had now collected at least a dozen inquisitive spectators, who fixing their eyes on the steeple, asked what was to be seen. To this Quin replied—"The ghost of a lady who has been murdered, had been seen to walk round the rails of the stone gallery for some evenings, and she is expected to walk again to-night." This information was presently spread through the multitude, which by this time was augmented to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed upon the stone-gallery, and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe they saw something move on the top of the balustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew, went and passed the evening at the Half-moon tavern in Cheapside, and upon their return, between twelve and one, the crowd still remained in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

QUIN AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A nobleman, who was not famous for his private or public morality, was joking with Quin, who was then in a moralizing strain of talking. "Come, Quin," said his lordship, "push about the bottle. I know what your end will be—you will either be hanged, or die of the p—." "That depends, my lord," retorted Quin, "whether I *embrace* your lordship's *mistress* or your *principles*."

QUIN AND THE JOHN DOREY.

Quin was so great an epicure, that he made frequent journies to Bath, purposely to eat John Dorey. He arrived one night at eleven o'clock, went to bed without supper, and ordered his servant to get a good dish of John Dorey, and call him at nine in the morning. At nine next morning the servant knocked at his door—"Who's there?" says Quin. "It is me, sir!" "Well, what do you say?" "There will be no John Dorey up to-day." "The devil there wont!—then call me at nine to-morrow morning."

MR. MASTERMAN.

Mr. Masterman, the manager of a theatre in Wales, had

 Stammering—Perversion of an Author's Meaning—&c.

lost a favourite child. It was his wish that the whole of his company should attend the funeral. On setting out, one of the company, a low comedian, asked the inconsolable father in what order or form they were to walk. Masterman, with his usual proneness to jocularly, gravely replied, "The tragedy people first, by all means; and tell the comedy folks to *weep* and be d—d to them, or the funeral will be *performed* without any *tragic effect*, and that won't be *theatrical*, you know!"

STAMMERING.

A gentleman conceiving himself in possession of great *theatrical* genius and abilities, chose the part of Richmond, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Richard the Third*, for his *debut*. From a natural defect in his utterance, the delivery of his first line produced an effect, which at once convinced him of his error, and he retired without proceeding in the character. He spoke the line as follows:—"Thus f—f—far have w—w—we marched int—to the b—bowels of the land w—without *impediment*."

PERVERSION OF AN AUTHOR'S MEANING.

In *Speed the Plough*, Sir Abel Handy says, that he has obtained a patent for converting "*saw-dust* into *deal boards*;" but a comedian, in performing that character (at Portsmouth) boasted that he had obtained a patent for converting "*deal boards* into *saw-dust*."

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

A Mr. Campbell, who was a season at Covent-garden theatre about twelve years since, happened inadvertently to be out of the way when he should have been on the stage, to have begun the second act of *Alexander the Great*. It was so long before he could be found, that the audience had become very clamorous; on his entrance he was received with hissings and hootings, particularly from the *galleries*; when silence was at length obtained, his first line ran thus:—"Why all this noise, ye partial Gods declare?"

Dramatic Groans.

DRAMATIC GROANS.

I.

On the first night of your own play sitting snugly intrenched in the back of a side-box, invisible (as you suppose), or, at least, unknown to the whole house. Then, suddenly, in the very crisis of damnation, being accosted by some officious friend, who, in trying to offer you consolation, draws the eyes of all your near neighbours upon you. The horrible state of torture occasioned by this examination of eyes, and the more horrible anguish in which you endeavour to fly, but cannot, a certain indescribable sensation tying you as it were to the seat.

GROAN II.

Going to the play, with a large party of ladies, upon the strength of a manager's free-admission. You come to the theatre door, marshal your companions in proper array, and, by dint of much manual labour, and at the trifling cost of sundry kicks, thrusts, and contusions bestowed upon your legs, sides, and arms, arrive at the pay-place, *through a brilliant and crowded audience*, just time enough to be too late for free admissions. The anguish with which you apply to your pocket to cover this deficiency, and the still greater anguish which seizes you, when, after having diligently explored every turn and winding of every pocket, your hand comes out as empty as it went in. Forced, during this tedious operation, to listen to the curses of the impatient crowd, and more impatient money-taker, who admonishes you in a tone something less gentle than the growling of a Greenland bear, that people should come with the money in their hands, and not stop up the way for an hour. To conclude this scene of suffering, leading back your ladies against the adverse stream, whose horse-laughs attest their enjoyment of your misfortune.

GROAN III.

The whole process of presenting, reading, rehearsing, and seeing your own play. But this is too exquisite and pro-

Dramatic Groans.

tracted a Groan to be given in the mass.—It may be conveniently divided as follows :

First.—The horrible state of torture which you endure while your piece is in the hands of the manager ; your unceasing and fruitless inquiries for the space of six long calendar months ; at last receiving a letter from the managerial synod, recommending you to cut out what you fondly conceived to be the best parts, and reduce your Tragedy to a Melo-Drama. The anguish with which you read over every line, in compliance with this barbarous command, to select the victims for the knife ; and, after the most patient, or rather impatient, investigation, all appearing to you so beautiful, you can hardly find in your heart to butcher any of them.

Secondly.—The horror of proceeding to the green-room to read your accepted piece before the umpires of your fate, the all-potent manager, and the ladies and gentlemen of the theatre. Upon your entrance, half venturing to glance your eye around, and, with the keen perception of fear, finding every face covered with a hostile grin, and no comfort at hand but a glass of cold water, the sight of which, at such a time, is as horrible to you as the New River to a mad dog. This, followed by the terror of beginning, which being at last accomplished, you become warmed by your own writing, and get on pretty tolerably to the end of the first act—the said warmth by no means communicated to your auditors, as, in your pause, you discover too plainly,—one stands with his mouth crumpled up, with an air of the most provoking indifference ; a second purses his lips together, as if in the act of whistling to the last popular air ; a third is slyly employed in mimicking your actions, as is sufficiently evident from the subdued titter of his neighbours, and the profound mysterious gravity of his own face : a fifth, a lady, is carrying on a whispering conversation with two others, upon some important change to be made in her last new dress ; while the manager looks with a visage dark and impenetrable as a bull's hide. In conclusion, some of the actors in whom you most relied, refusing their parts.

Thirdly.—Coming to the rehearsal of the piece, that has,

Dramatic Groans.

at last, been safely carried through the shoals and quicksands of the green-room; your labours commencing anew, every actor treating you as a literary tailor, bound to shorten, lengthen, cut, and otherwise alter the different parts till they are reduced to fashionable articles, and fit every one to his taste.

Fourthly.—Which concludes this sad eventful history, placing yourself, on the dreadful night of trial, in some remote dark corner of the house, where, for two hours, you endure the pangs of hell, during the contending hisses and applauses. At the dropping of the curtain, a dismaying yell coming to your ear, amongst which the faint efforts of your friends are lost; add to this, unceasing cries for the manager, who, at last, comes and withdraws your piece, amidst shouts of approbation, more terrible than all the preceding hisses.

GROAN IV.

Going to the play with an elderly lady, who is determined at all events to be conspicuous, without having the least regard to the delicacy of her companion's nerves, which are most cruelly lacerated in the operation. This desirable point she effects in two ways; first, by talking so loudly that every body within six boxes becomes an involuntary partaker of all she is pleased to say, or rather bellow; and, secondly, by arraying her withered person in all the decorations of youth and beauty. The combined effect of this double process is visible in the tittering and whispering of those about you.

GROAN V.

After having made an appointment to visit the theatre with a lovely girl, under the protection of her brother, finding the said cloak of propriety chooses to be taken ill on the appointed night, and Mamma obligingly offers herself as his substitute. Of course, compelled to accept this terrible kindness, and in consequence being put on the rack for the remainder of the evening; Mamma being much too old for admiration, and too young to be contented without

Dramatic Groans.

it. The torture endured while obliged to pay all your attention to age and ugliness instead of youth and beauty; the said old lady considering every glance and word bestowed on the daughter as an unpardonable insult to the sovereignty of her charms.

GROAN VI.

Going to the pit on a crowded night—the sundry threats, entreaties, and exclamations of the people about you—“Sir, I beg you’ll keep your arms down—Sir, your elbow is in my side—Sir, you are treading on my toe—Sir, I beg you will not press forward so violently”—and all this time you are not master of your own actions; your feet, arms, and sides, being completely at the direction of the mob about you; and, though still *attached* to you, perfectly insensible to your commands.

GROAN VII.

Compelled to listen to a vile comic song, that bursts in upon you in the midst of a very interesting scene, evidently written for the pleasure of the actor, and as much out of place as a quaker in a ball-room. Then, when by a most painful exertion of patience you have contrived to hear it out, and begin to felicitate yourself on its conclusion, being stunned by the unexpected thunder of the gallery, that, in a language peculiar to itself, insists upon an encore; and, in the end, being compelled, by virtue of your free will, to listen to the disgusting trash, amidst a roar of applause and hisses, that form a sort of bass accompaniment, not very unlike the love-mewlings of a cat, and the brayings of a donkey.

GROAN VIII.

Sitting behind a tall unwieldy body, that, by its corpulence effectually excludes your sight, notwithstanding your repeated turnings to his right shoulder and his left; at the same time no hope of escape remaining, from a woman of similar dimensions being seated by your side, whom you

Dramatic Groans.

might possibly think of moving forwards, if you had tried the same experiment upon the Monument with success.

GROAN IX.

Groaning under the entertainment offered to you by the managers in sending little masters and misses on the stage for the express purpose of learning to sing or dance; the singing coming to your ears sharp and broken, as if imperfectly forced from an ill-toned fife; and the dancing recalling to your mind the tricks and capers of a fair.

GROAN X.

In an interesting scene, striving to follow with your ear the rapid and imperfect moanings of an actor, who drops every other syllable by the way; and when you have fatigued yourself to death by your efforts, being still only able to guess at the meaning of the scene.

GROAN XI.

After having forced your way through an enormous crowd, and waited patiently about two hours, for the express purpose of seeing a celebrated actor, in a celebrated part, being all at once surprised, just before the rising of the curtain, by the appearance of an underling, from whose tragic smiles, and innumerable bows, you easily guess the coming disappointment—the actor in question is ill, and some other has kindly undertaken the part at a short notice, and hopes for your usual indulgence.

GROAN XII.

Being, when with a large party of ladies, continually annoyed by the language of a drunkard, posted in the same box. No way of quieting him but by blowing out his brains the next morning, with the comfortable assurance of being hung in return.

GROAN XIII.

Having only a short purse, and yet being unfortunately acquainted with a lady of fashion, the admirer of some cele-

 Mr. Wilkinson and the Actor—Colley Cibber—Nell Gwynne.

brated Italian singer, and consequently a retail vender of his tickets. Being obliged to yield to the importunity of fashionable impudence, and take half-a-dozen off her hands, though every shilling from your purse is like a drop of blood from your veins.—Gaining no farther ground from the sacrifice, than the knowledge that you have contributed to the advancement of her ladyship's interest.

MR. WILKINSON AND THE ACTOR.

An actor in the York theatre, of very slender talent, but possessing a great portion of conceit, having played all the first-rate characters in very small companies, expostulated with Mr. Wilkinson, the manager, for giving him some very inferior parts, and used language highly unbecoming ; he frequently made use of the phrase—" I am at the top of the ladder !" " Well," replied the manager, " I'll end your troubles ; for if you are at the *top* of the *ladder*, I'll *turn you off* directly."

COLLEY CIBBER.

Colley Cibber, known only for some years by the name of Master Colley, made his first appearance in an inferior situation. After waiting impatiently for the prompter's notice, he, by good fortune, obtained the honour of carrying a message on the stage to one of the chief actors of that day, whom he greatly disconcerted. Betterton asked in some anger, who it was that had committed the blunder. Downs, the prompter, replied, " Master Colley." " Then forfeit him," rejoined the other. " Why, sir, he has no salary." " No ? then put him down ten shillings a-week, and forfeit him five."

NELL GWYNNE.

A remarkable instance is recorded of Nell Gwynne when upon the stage. After she had died in some character, and the servants of the stage were preparing to carry her off, she started up, and exclaimed—

" Hold off, you d—d confounded dog !
I am to rise and speak the epilogue."

Hibernian Pronunciation—Dr. Johnson and the young Man, &c.

HIBERNIAN PRONUNCIATION.

An Hibernian, a member of Berwick-street private theatre, rehearsing the character of Octavian, in the *Mountainees*, in his first soliloquy, should have said, "and then I could outwatch the lynx;" to which he made the following interpolation:—"and then you know I could outwatch the lyn-ux." The prompter told him it was not lyn-ux, but lynx. "You lie," he replied, "it's l-y-n-x, lyn-ux."

The same, rehearsing the part of the Earl of Oxford, in *Richard the Third*, after Richmond has related his dream to his officers, Oxford should say, "A good omen, my lord." Instead of which he said, "A good *omnium*, my lord." Being informed it was "*omen*;" he replied, "I don't care, *omnium* is a better, and more higher sounding word."

DR. JOHNSON AND THE YOUNG MAN.

Doctor Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued until the end of the act; when the doctor turning about, with great contempt, cried, "Pshaw! sir, how can you be so mistaken, *your place* is in the *shilling gallery*."

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. SIDDONS.

When Mrs. Siddons visited Doctor Johnson, he paid her two or three very elegant compliments; when she retired, he said to Dr. Glover—"Sir, she is a prodigious fine woman," "Yes," replied Dr. Glover, "but don't you think she is much finer on the stage, when adorned by *art*?" "Sir," said Johnson, "on the stage *art* does not adorn her, *nature* adorns her there, and *art* glorifies her."

A BLIND ACTOR.

One Briscoe, the manager of a small theatrical company now in Staffordshire, though stone blind, plays all the heroes

Kearnes and the Justice—The Actor turned into a Horse, &c.

in his tragedies, and lovers in genteel comedies.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle, Feb. 1792.*

KEARNES AND THE JUSTICE.

Some strollers being taken before the justice in the country, one of the company, named Kearnes, was first examined, and being asked his name, replied, "It was Bajazet last night." "And what is your profession?" interrogated the justice. "I plays all the tyrants in tragedy." "And what do you get by that, friend?" "Seven shillings a week, your honour, and find my own jewels!"

THE ACTOR TURNED INTO A HORSE.

The hero of a country company of comedians having requested a tradesman in the town to take some tickets for his benefit, he promised to use his interest with his friends, and accordingly kept his word. Calling at the actor's lodgings for tickets, he found his wife ironing, and the hero himself, hung all over with wet and ragged things from the wash-tub, in the act of turning round before a large fire; on seeing his friend enter, he exclaimed, "Here I am, my dear fellow, you see I am a *horse*." "A horse!" replied the tradesman, with astonishment. "Yes," said he, "my wife has been washing, and the things are hung round me to dry."

HISSING.

The mode of expressing popular disapprobation of a popular speaker, appears, from the following passage in Cicero's letters, to be very ancient. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Coelius thus describes the success of that speaker's eloquence:—"Hoc magis animadversum est, quod intactus a sibilo pervenerat Hortensius ad senectutem." It is worth observation to remark, that Hortensius arrived at old age, without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed at.

THE DUTCH HAMLET.

The Dutch have got upon the stage the story of Hamlet, chiefly borrowed from the play of Shakspeare; though in

Epigram on Shakspeare and Voltaire—The Musician and the Pigs.

one or two instances the translator has taken the liberty to deviate from the original. The ghost of the royal Dane, instead of being clad 'in complete steel,' makes his appearance consonantly to the vulgar opinion of ghosts, in a white sheet. The conduct of the catastrophe is materially different from that adopted by Shakspeare, and certainly more satisfactory to the mind of the spectator. Instead of the scene of carnage which takes place, and involves all the principal personages of the drama, Hamlet avenges the murder of his father by killing the usurper, and is happily established on the throne.

EPIGRAM ON SHAKSPEARE AND VOLTAIRE.

Clad in the wealthy robes his genius wrought,
 In happy dreams was gentle Shakspeare laid;
 His pleas'd soul wandering thro' the realms of thought,
 While all his elves and fairies round him play'd.
 Voltaire approach'd, straight fled the quaint-ey'd band,
 For envious breath such sprites may not endure;
 He pilfer'd many a gem with trembling hand,
 Then stabb'd and stabb'd to make the theft secure.
 Ungrateful man! but vain thy black design,
 Th' attempt, and not the deed, thy hand defil'd,
 Preserv'd by his own charms and spells divine,
 Safely the gentle Shakspeare slept and smil'd.

THE MUSICIAN AND THE PIGS.

A French musician of the Opera-house orchestra, in the gloomy month of November, felt an inclination for a nap after dinner, in his apartments, and for that purpose lay on the bed for an hour's repose, prior to the time of his attendance at the theatre (seven o'clock): he slept till five, then woke in a great alarm, threw up his sash, and listened for some person passing, to ask the hour; a sow and pigs happened to be under the window, and he demands, "Quelle heure est il, Monsieur?" "Neuf," grunts the sow. Est il vrai, Monsieur?" "Oui," cries a pig. "Oh dam, I have sleepa too late, by gar!"

Sir J. M——y and the Circus—Mr. Quick—Mr. Whitely.

SIR J. M—Y AND THE CIRCUS.

Some years since, when the Royal Circus was opened with performances by children, on an application for a renewal of the licence, at Kingston, the late Sir J. M—y, who was chairman, expatiated largely on the impropriety of licensing a place where children were brought up, he said, to infamy and prostitution; that the infantile mind was corrupted, and that was one great reason our streets were so crowded by infamous characters; and concluded by saying, “Should I licence this place, I subscribe to their destruction, and what will they say to me when I meet them in the other world?” Dibdin facetiously replied, “That, Sir Joseph, depends on where about in the other world you mean to meet them.”

MR. QUICK.

Mr. Quick, with, all that liberal humour which marks his conversation, has observed, that during his juvenile country excursions, he has frequently played for the enormous sum of *one shilling* per night, the characters of *Richard the Third*, and *Sharp* the valet; and that one time he represented the tragic and comic sable heroes, *Oroonoko* and *Mungo*, upon the same terms.

MR. WHITELY.

No man's name is better known among the theatric tribes of Thespis than Mr. Whitely's; the anecdotes arising from his singularity of disposition are innumerable: this gentleman (formerly the manager of a company who performed in Nottinghamshire) having constantly an eye to his interest, one evening, during the performance of *Richard the Third*, gave a tolerable proof of that being his leading principle: representing the crook'd-back'd tyrant he exclaimed—

“Hence babbling dreams, you threaten here in vain, Conscience avaunt!”—“*That man in the brown wig there has got into the pit without paying.*”—

“Richard's himself again!”

The Performer, the Partridges, and the Pointer—Tommy Hull.

THE PERFORMER, THE PARTRIDGES, AND THE POINTER.

A country performer, after having ranted away the two first acts of *Othello*, in the interval before the commencement of the third, stepped out of the theatre, and well knowing his sable generalship had no provision for his supper, after the fatigue of the character he was acting, popped into a poulterer's shop, opposite the playhouse entrance, and purloined a brace of fine partridges; after which he returned to his station, and went on very pathetically with the lines—

“ What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not—it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.”

when a pointer, belonging to a sportsman in the pit, invited by the powerful scent of the game, jumped on the stage, and re-stole from the Moor what he had just filched from the dealer in fowls.—The actor finding himself thus detected, turned towards the audience, as the animal was escaping with his prize to his master, and went on in his part with extraordinary feeling and emphasis :—

“ He that is robb'd, not knowing what is stol'n,
Let him not know it, and he is not robb'd at all.”

TOMMY HULL.

The late Tommy Hull, who is well known to have been the apologist-general at Covent-garden theatre, for about five and twenty years, took it into his head, at the time of the dispute between Keppel and Palliser, to distinguish himself as a lad of liberty. On the night when all London was illuminated on Keppel's acquittal, he undertook not only to light up his tenement in Martlet-court, Bow-street, but treat the populace with small beer. They had drank all but one barrel, which, out of wantonness, because it was rather stale, they left running. The door was now shut, lest some of the liberty boys should take a fancy to the silver spoons. At this they grew clamorous, and bawled out very outrageously

All Humbug.

for more beer. Tommy, as was his custom, thinking it high time he should now make his appearance, popped his red night-capped head out of the window, and there was immediately a cry of "Hear him, hear him!" When he thus begun—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to tell you, that the spiggot is out of the faucet, and the small beer is running about the cellar—and we humbly hope for—your usual indulgence."

ALL HUMBUG:

When Stephen Kemble was manager in Newcastle, and the houses were rather flat, no less a personage arrived in town than the prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play, prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop, in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act, his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince, with a large carving-knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph.—Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; lastly the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-stakes; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" and made his exit. Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant prince of Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said Kemble, "my prince, is that you?" Are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner!" Moses

Musician turned Player—Delphini and Garrow—Daring Robbery:

turned round, and with an arch look replied, "Prince be d—d, I vash no prince, I vash acting like you—you vash kings, princes, emperor, to night, Stephen Kemble to-morrow; I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs."

THE MUSICIAN TURNED PLAYER.

Mr. Richards, a good musician, and a very excellent performer in the orchestra, resolved, for his own benefit, to try his abilities on the stage; having but an indifferent study, he made choice of the *Servant* to the Lieutenant of the Tower, in *Richard the Third*. In the first act he has to say—

"Sir here's a gentleman brings a warrant
For his access to King Henry's presence."

Whether from fright, or not having sufficient time to study the part, I know not, but true it is, he delivered it after the following manner:—

"Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant
For his accession to King George the Third's throne."

DELPHINI AND GARROW.

Delphini the clown, being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial at the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Garrow, who was counsel on the opposite side, endeavoured to invalidate his testimony, by addressing the bench,—“My lord, no attention can be paid to what this man says,—he is the *fool at Covent-garden*.” Delphini, enraged at the reflection cast upon him, instantly retorted—“Then, be gar, you are the *fool of the Court of King's Bench*.”

DARING ROBBERY.

The annals of depravity have lately recorded a transaction which a feeling mind cannot contemplate without horror! Our immortal bard has wisely observed, “Who steals my *purse* steals *trash*,” which inculcates very strongly a contempt of the “*auri sacra fames* ;” but what shall be said to palliate the following most atrocious burglary:—

Daring Robbery.

On Twelfth-night, Mr. Lanza, who composed *The Deserts of Arabia* for the express purpose of displaying the vocal powers of Incledon, and who meant to take the music to America, made a present to the orchestra of a Twelfth-cake and a dozen of port wine. The gentlemen of the band were extremely grateful, and, no doubt, each individual privately determined to play the *first fiddle*, but it was resolved that the treat should be postponed until the following evening. They met in *full band*. The closet door, in the *hair-dresser's* room, in which the dainties were deposited, was opened; when, *horrible dictu!* they had all vanished! the cake and wine were stolen! the *sharps* had proved too many for the *flats*. To describe or delineate the consternation of the orchestra, requires the pen of Fielding, or the pencil of Hogarth. The bass grumbled, the hautboys squeaked, and the whole band, in mournful unison, struck up the dismal elegy of, "Oh! cruel, cruel case!" and "My courage is out."—Thus it was clearly proved that—*Procrastination is the thief of Cake*.

The following persons were suspected of having perpetrated this most atrocious deed:—

Mr. Kemble, who proved that he sat up all night attempting to *revive a dead tragedy*.

Mr. Cooke, who sarcastically exclaimed, "I'm busy; thou troublest me; I'm not in the vein."

Mr. Brandon, who immediately gave his accuser a *box—on the ear*.

Mr. Munden, whom a Kentish-town watchman proved to be in bed; as he mistook the tuneful accompaniment of his nose for a drove of *swine*.

Mr. Liston, who was seized with a *shivering fit*, but discharged on an alibi, being proved by *Mrs. Grim*.

It is strongly suspected by the activity of the Bow-street officers, who are no *cakes*, the theft will be traced to Mother Goose; in which case, it is supposed Simmons will lose his *giblets*, and turn out to be a luckless *gander*. Grimaldi, in the pantomime, very illiberally produces a piece of cake, and addresses the orchestra with, "I like twelfth-cake!" It is extremely cruel—but what *manners* can be expected

Daring Robbery.

from a *clown*? Mr. Ware, the leader of the orchestra, is so anxious to discover *where the cake* is, that he has affixed the following hand-bill to the stage door:—

“Whereas a cake has been stolen from the hair-dresser’s room, whoever will give the necessary information shall receive a reward of *ten crotchets*.”

(Signed,) “W. Ware.”

Unhappy fiddlers! alas, ye cannot exclaim with the Moor—

“He that is robb’d, not *wanting* what is stolen,
Let him not *know’t*, and he’s not robb’d at all.”

MORE PARTICULARS.

The nefarious speculation of the *fiddler’s cake*, still remains buried in the same obscurity as Mr. Kemble’s *dyssyllabic* pronunciation of *aches* in the *Tempest*; but leaving this knotty point to the learned author of the *short-lived* farce of *Mr. H.* we shall proceed to state some additional facts, which have come within our knowledge. From several circumstances which have been promulgated, it has been ascertained that a large slice, either of *buttered bun* or *plumb-cake*, was seen carried into the lodgings of *Mr. Ledger*. It was by no means a *common place* entry; and as it was done in the *evening*, it could not be inserted in the *day-book*. A search-warrant was consequently obtained from Bow-street; but after a minute inquiry, the investigation proved unsuccessful; though, upon its being communicated to *Townsend*, the *knowing trap* acutely observed, “*Vy*, my jolly master, didn’t you look under *Glumdalca’s* petticoats?” The *treasury* have incurred their share in the obloquy; for which unjust accusation, Messrs. Hughes, J. Brandon, and Tull, have determined to give their accusers a *check*. Mr. Ware, the leader of the fiddlers, the giant among pigmies, the *one-eyed* monarch of the *blind*, is much hurt at the disgrace put upon the *sons of Rosin*. He asserted, in the green-room, that the *orchestra* was not to be considered as *secondary*; to which an actor, of approved and estimable celebrity, aptly retorted—“No, sir, *fourth* or *fifth*.” Thus remains the

 Fragment of a Covent-garden Pastoral.

case: but we are concerned to inform the *hungry fiddlers*, that from certain information, we can state in *black letter*—
 “ *The cake is eaten.*”

THE RAPE OF THE CAKE.

A COVENT-GARDEN ECLOGUE.

Inscribed to the Musical Band of Covent-garden theatre, on account of the recent theft of their Twelfth-cake.

“ *Quid Rapuisti?*”

The night was dark! fast clos'd the plunderer's hand!
 And idle Jehu's slept upon the stand!
 The lone Piazza, erst the gay resort
 Of flash and fun, and meritricious sport,
 Then only echo'd to th' unvarying sound
 Of drowsy watchmen, pacing their dull round,
 Kiddies no more at *Glue* or *Brilliant* sup,
 And e'en the far-fam'd *Finish* was *done up*.
 All rest in sleep! save—*those who were awake*—
 The wicked wags who stole the *fiddlers' cake*.
 Not in more silence did Ulysses tread,
 When he relentless struck king Rhesus dead;
 Not with more caution did the invading Gaul
 Attempt to storm the Capitolian wall;
 Not with more care did valorous Smith advance
 To burn the navy of insulting France;
 Not with more ease did Belcher beat poor Burke,
 Then those vile plunderers did the dreadful work!!!

But say, my muse, what prodigies appear'd?
 The rain fast pour'd, and horrid screams were heard!
 Loud thunder shook the gay theatric pile,
 And Kemble first relax'd into a smile!
 The theft announc'd, the *band* were in dismay,
 And nought were heard, but ‘Oh!’ and ‘Well-a-day!’
 The leader *Ware*, with anger in his soul,
 While his limbs tremble, and his eyeballs roll,
 “D—n!” cried, “this insult's too imposing,
 Shall we bear this, ye *scraping sons of Rosin?*”

 Fragment of a Covent-garden Pastoral.

The puffy *Parke*, who never was a starter,
 Said, "In this cause I wish to die a *Martyr*!"
Hawtin, with face inflated like a crumpet,
 "Lord bless us," said, and dropp'd his brazen *trumpet*.
 And smirking *Davy*, with his *powder'd* pate,
 Plump'd snug upon his seat, and *grinn'd* in state.
 While feeble *Woodcock* let his anger loose,
 And fix'd the theft on harmless *Mother Goose!!!*
 But say, my muse, and then I'll cry farewell!
 Who stole the *cake*?—"Indeed I cannot tell!
 And this I swear, in accents strong and slow,
I cannot tell!—because *I do not know!*"

FRAGMENT OF A COVENT-GARDEN PASTORAL.

"Despairing beside a clear stream."—GAY.

Did you see a Twelfth-cake in your round;
 A good one as ever was made?
 'Tis sweet and weighs many a pound,
 Alas! it is stolen or stray'd!
 You may know the dear cake by this mark—
 On the top is a gilt sugar lyre,
 And the bust of Apollo, that spark
 That sets every genius on fire.
 To the fiddlers, that sweetly do play,
 This cake was presented so fine,
 And because it was on a Twelfth-day,
 Came grac'd with twelve bottles of wine!
 In a hair-dresser's room was it stow'd,
 And carefully lock'd was the door,
 Where not a mouse, nor a rat had abode,
 Yet the Twelfth-cake was never seen more.
 Long they search'd, and they search'd all around,
 Long they search'd, but, alas! 'twas in vain;
 When they heard a deep base-viol sound,
 And a voice, sweetly sad, thus complain:—

Fragment of a Covent-garden Pastoral.

“ Ah! whither, Twelfth-cake, art thou gone?

Shall we ne’er see thy sweet face again?

Art thou curing John Kemble’s sad moan,

And dispelling his *itches* and pain?”

“ O no! Johnny Kemble replies,

“ By my *svran* power I swear,

By my *burd*, and the *conschince* I prize,

That Twelfth-cake did never come here!

O’er Baddeley’s cake have I been

Full many times *churful* and gay:

But the *fiddlers’ cake* ne’er have seen—

Then away, base complainer, away!”

He said, and he march’d through the room

With a monstrously dignified air;

And with him went all the sad gloom,

Dame Tragedy’s stalk and her stare.

Then listen once more unto me,

In sorrow ’tis well to be brief;

And if the dear cake we can’t see,

Let’s find out the name of the thief.

The book-box they search’d all in vain,

Jem Brandon he lent them his aid;

But in the old *Ledger*, ’twas plain,

A *sweet doubly entry* was made!

“ O! ho!” cried the fiddlers all round,

“ We swear by our gut-scraping fame,

That though our Twelfth-cake be not found,

This *Ledger* conceals the rogue’s name!”

Comic Songs.

VOCAL AND RHETORICAL IMITATIONS

OF

BEGGARS AND BALLAD-SINGERS.

There's a difference between a beggar and a queen,
And I'll tell you the reason why—
A queen cannot swagger, nor get drunk as a beggar,
Nor be half so happy as I:—

(*Speaking.*) To be sure they are obliged to support a dignified character—now I can change my character as often as I please—though, I believe, I am generally a solicitor; for I practice at the court of requests; and as to honesty, why honesty is—

Toll de roll loll de roll—(*Once through for chorus.*)

Like a sailor from the wars, surrounded with scars,

When I choose in that character to beg;

With knuckles held so flat, and t'other arm in the hat,

And this way I hold up my leg—(*Imitates.*)

(*Speaking.*) Look down with an eye of pity on a poor unfortunate seaman—

“ My starboard arm I lost in action soon,

And my larboard leg on the glorious first of June.”

“ Here, my good man, here's money for you; you are an honour to your country.” “ Honour! to be sure I am; but then my honour, like many other honourable gentlemen's, consists in—Toll de roll, &c.

With a hump on my back, people's charity I lack,

In that I'm at home to a pég;

With a snuffle in my nose, I their feelings discompose,

And thus I contract up my leg.—(*Imitates snuffling.*)

Imitations of Beggars and Ballad-Singers.

My good worthy Christians, please to bestow your charity on an unfortunate young man. "Oh, what you're unfortunate, are you?" Yes, please your honour, I lost my mammy and daddy when I was very young, and now I am forc'd to beg for my bread. "I'll give you something to cure you; here's a horsewhip for you, you scoundrel." Oh, dear, your honour, consider me and my—Toll de roll loll, &c.

When I turn my eye to the folks passing by,
My conscience I leave behind;
Through the villages I jog, led by a little dog,
And a LASS I can see though I'm blind—(*Imitates.*)
(*Speaking,*) Pity the sorrows of a poor old man—I am sixty-five, my good worthy Christians—may you never lose your precious eyesight. "Look, Dolly, the poor man's blind." Blind! Lord bless you, it's all my eye and—Toll de roll loll, &c.

There's Dolly and I, when ballads we cry,
On a couple of stools see us stand;
The people all crowd, while she bawls aloud,
And I takes my fiddle in hand :—(*Imitates.*)
(*Speaking in a squeaking tone of voice.*) Come, neighbours and friends, here's a new song, entitled and call'd, I am a wild and roving boy,—Come, play up,
(*Speaking in a gruff tone.*) Stop, let's rosin first—
(*Singing with a squeaking voice.*) "I am a wild and roving boy,"
(*Singing in a gruff voice.*) "And my lodging is in the island of Cloy;"
(*Squeaking.*) "A rambling boy altho' I be,"
(*Gruff.*) "I'll forsake them all, and I'll follow thee."
(*Speaking.*) There's a man wants to buy a ballad there—
(*Squeaking.*) "Were I a blackbird or a thrush,
(*Gruff.*) "Hopping about from bush to bush,"
(*Speaking.*) Sing, Moll—(*Squeaking.*) "Then all the world might plainly see,"
(*Speaking gruff.*) It's a bad halfpenny, Moll.—
(*Singing.*) "I love the girl that loves not me."

A New Medley.

(*Squeaking.*) It 'ant a bad halfpenny—(*Gruff.*) It is a
bad halfpenny—I tell you what, you had better
be quiet, or I'll mill your eye.

(*Squeaking.*) Hark'e, fellow, I don't care for you nor
your—

Toll de roll loll, &c.

To make the wretched bless'd, private charity is best,

The common beggar spurns at our laws—

Tho' I reprobate the train, I wish to beg again,

To solicit your kind applause—

(*Speaking.*) And if you don't condescend to smile upon
me, I must say that my begging trade is no better than—

Toll de roll loll, &c.*

A NEW MEDLEY.

Spirit ! spirit ! spirit of my sainted sire !

With success my soul inspire !

And call a guardian angel down—

And call a guardian angel down—to cry

Lilly white muffins, oh rare crumpets,

Smoking hot Yorkshire cakes,—hot rolls and charm-
ing cakes,

One a penny, two a penny.

Peter Grievous brought his cats that with him used to play,

The only companions he could find to pass his time—

At the dead of the night when by whiskey inspir'd,

And pretty Kitty Flannagan his senses had fir'd !

He tapp'd at the window, when thus she began—

An old woman clothed in grey,

Whose daughter was charming and young ;

And she was deluded away—by—a

Long tail'd pig, or a short tail'd pig,

Or a pig without e'er a tail,—a pig that sung—

Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer, list, ye landsmen all
to me,

* This last verse is only fit for the Stage.

A New Medley.

Messmates, hear a brother sailor, sing the dangers of—

Four-and-twenty washerwomen all on a row !

Four-and-twenty washerwomen all on a row !

There was bucking up to the elbows in suds—Ah, goody,
nobody labours so hard as you and I—another glass of gin,
if you please—with more warm water, a bit more soap, and
help me to wring this pair of sheets, while the rest of the
world are in the majority ; minority and majority, majority
and minority, this side and that side, right side and wrong
side, all sides and every side ; sometimes on no side at all
—with prittle prattle, tittle tattle—Madam, mind your stops
—thirds, fifths, and eights—tweedle, tweedle, up to the top
of the bridge, and then they come rumbling, tumbling down
below—where

Frenchmen shall just bite at our dust,

But the devil a bit more of the island.

Where Frenchmen shall just bite at our dust,

But the devil a bit more of—

I courted a lass, and as bonny a lass

As ever my eyes did see,

But for all my love and my toying tricks,

She cared not a fig for me ;

She took me home to her own house,

I'd never been there before,

And she tumbled me into the hog tub—that was—

Whither my love, ah ! whither art thou gone ?

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn ;

Say, by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known ?

Ah ! no, ah ! no,—Ah ! no, no, no,

I judge it by my—

Fal de ral tit, tit fal de ral !

Then I sung—

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,

At your feet a tender—

Maiden that lived in a large market town,

Whose skin was much fairer than any that's brown ;

Her eyes were as dark as the coals in the mine,

And when they weren't shut, why—'twas

A New Medley.

Sweet to kiss upon the grass,
 Gad-zooks I can't in town ;
 Give me my merry willing lass—
 Two dips and a wallup for a baubee ! down with it, and
 double it—twenty can play as well as one.—
 At gaming perhaps you may win, ritol lol, lol, lodde
 de !
 If not you may take the flats in—with—
 Fair ladies, lay your costly robes aside,
 No longer shall you glory in— your
 Old king Cole, that merry old soul,
 For a merry old soul was he—
 For he tickled up the fiz with a twiggle and a friz,
 With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle, and a frizzle.
 When I've money I am merry, when I've none I'm
 very sad,
 When I'm sober I am civil, when I'm drunk I'm—
 A little farthing rush-light—a curs'd farthing rush-light,
 Fa ral la ral le !—
 Lil lily, lil lily, lil lily white sand ho !
 When I to London first came in, how I began to gape and
 stare,
 The cries they kept up such a din,—fresh lobsters, dust,
 and wooden ware,
 A damsel, lovely and black-eyed, tripp'd thro' the streets
 and sweetly cried,
 Buy my live sprats—buy my live sprats :
 A youth on t'other side the way, in hoarser tones did echoing
 sing—
 Poll, dang it, how d'ye do ?
 Now won't you give a buss !
 Why what's to do with you ?
 Why here's a pretty fuss ;
 Why what's to do with you ?
 Why here's a pretty fuss.
 Say, shall we kiss and toy ;
 I'll go to sea no more ;

 Margery Topping.

Oh, I'm the sailor boy
 For capering ashore ;
 Oh I'm the sailor boy,
 For capering ashore.

 MARGERY TOPPING.

When I was in Cumberland, I went a wooing,
 But love, to my sorrow, had nigh prov'd my ruin ;
 I died by inches, I look'd so shocking,
 And all for the sake of Margery Topping.
 Tol, lol, de rol, lol de rol, la.

With thinking of her, so handsome and proper,
 I sigh'd all the day, and I ne'er eat no supper ;
 My mammy cry'd, " Peter, pray mak thyself easy ;"
 But she was not Margery—Oh, lack a daisey !
 Tol, lol, &c.

I put on my best clothes, and I thought I look'd gay,
 For if I should get her, I knew that was the way ;
 So I powder'd my hair with our old drudging-box,
 And I got a pig's tail too,—only see how it cocks.
 Tol, lol, &c.

Then I pluck'd up a spirit, and I ax'd this maiden,
 If ever she thought it would come to a wedding ;
 But she laugh'd in my face, and call'd me a ninny,
 " Have thee ?" says Margery, " No, not for a guinea."
 Tol, lol, &c.

Thought I to myself, what the devil can ail her,
 I'll e'en gang my ways, and go for a sailor ;
 So I got some paper, and I writ her a letter,
 Saying, farewell, Madge, 'till thou loves me better.
 Tol, lol, &c.

Then straight she came to me, beslubber'd with tears,
 And told me she'd have me, if I'd ease her fears ;
 So I mention'd the parson, and bid her comply,
 She blush'd—her eyes twinkled—she cou'd not tell why.
 Tol, lol, &c.

 John Bumpkin upon Drill.

The fiddlers came in, and they fiddled away,
 And all the folks throng'd, while Madge and I led the way ;
 The priest join'd our hands, all the folks standing by,
 Lord ! how shamed was Margery, and how shamed was I.
 Tol, lol, &c.

Next our dinners we got, while the folks were advancing,
 The neighbours throng'd in, and they long'd to be dancing ;
 The fiddlers struck up in the midst of the hall,
 So Margery and I we open'd the ball.
 Tol, lol, &c.

Soon after, our Margery had stolen aside,
 The bridesmaid were up-stairs undressing the bride,
 I run up stairs to them, pops bridesmaid out at the door,
 Put the candle out, then—odd rabbit it, I won't tell no more.
 Tol, lol, &c.

 JOHN BUMPKIN UPON DRILL.

A MEDLEY.

Enters to the Tune of " Duke of York's March."

 TUNE—" *Hearts of Oak.*"

Wi' stout martial steps see John Bumpkin is come,
 To raise new recruits with the sound of the drum ;
 Then rouse, hearts of oak ! an example see here,
 John Bumpkin to drill for a tall grenadier.
 (*Speaking.*) I think they'll mak summat o'me, at last—
 they ha' gin me this fine red coit and splatterdashes, and
 sarjeant has undertaken to drill ma himsen. " Eyes
 right !"—Dang it, that's left ; I want my arms chalking.
 —" Attention !"

 CHORUS,—TUNE—" *Duke of York's March.*"

With thingumbobs here, so pratty and queer,
 Ecod, I'll be a captain in less nor a year ;
 Rumtum de rumtum, &c.

 John Bumpkin upon Drill.

TUNE—"Mrs. Casey."

When first I heard the drum and fife strike up a march so
neatly,

I thought I never in my life heard music sound so sweetly,
With martial air, to win the fair, I look'd I don't know how
sir;

They laugh'd and cry'd, and sigh'd and died, when first I
join'd the row-dow, sir.

(*Speaking.*) Ecod, it were enough to make a cat laugh to
see sarjeant drilling me—"Heads up!—higher! still
higher!"—What, mun I look always up a this'en?—"To
be sure you must."—Why, then, gi's your hand, sar-
jeant: good bye; for I shall never see you any more—
With thingumbobs here, &c.

TUNE—"Lovely Dolly."

Should sweetheart Nan look pale or wan, when I am gone
away, sir,

Or should she swoond upon the ground, the devil a word I
say sir;

When I enter'd first my father curs'd, and call'd me simple
tony,

With pig-tail tied, cock'd hat beside, I'm quite a macaroni.

(*Speaking.*) I shall ha' sweethearts enough now, mun; for
wenches, like turkey-cocks, gobble at red rags. No, but
I should do better if I cou'd but turn my toes out: and
this stock, it throttles one dandnationly. Sarjeant has
found out a new way to make one hould up one's head:
for he sticks a pitch-fork under one's chin, and if you bob
down, prongs goes up to your ears, and you look like a
man in a pillory—

With thingumbobs here, &c.

TUNE—"Jolly Pigeons."

Now in peace, you may chance to be hungry;

In vain for some victuals you call;

But war gives the soldiers, in battle,

A breakfast of powder and ball:

John Bumpkin upon Drill.

It fills a man's stomach at once,
 And soon puts an end to his pain;
 And if once you should eat this provision,
 You'll never be hungry again.

(*Speaking.*) Why, our sarjeant has tou'd me, as how he has fought up to the breeches waistband in blood; and once a red hot ball were coming plump in his face, but he up wi' his sword and split it in two—Hold, measter sarjeant, says I,—I think that's a—" Silence, you scoundrel! Eyes right! Attention!"

With thingumbobs here, &c.

TUNE—" *Bobbing Joan.*"

Tommy, what dost think of fighting and of drumming?
 Prithee, never slink now the French are coming;
 What need there more be said—it is a fine diversion,
 And if you are shot dead, why, you're only in the fashion.

(*Speaking.*) If you cou'd no-but hear our sarjeant making a speak—" Gentlemen, now's your only time—if any 'prentice has a bad master—if any man has a bad wife—let him apply to me, at the sign of the Pig and Tinder-box; or at Corporal Breakbones, at the Hen's Teeth and Cat's Feathers; or of Drummer Crackskull, at the Devil and Bag of Nails; they shall meet enrouagement. Gentlemen, what a glorious thing war is!"—Ay, says I, when one comes home, and it's all safe over; for you know, measter, no plaister will stick on a head.—" Silence! Attention!"—

With thingumbobs here, &c.

TUNE—" *Queen Bess.*"

Now, lads so clever, try hows'mever to kick the world before you,
 'Tis better say, than cudgel play, and wins you immortal glory;
 Loyal hearts, stand the test, and shew your resolution,
 And may the gallows catch the rest that strive to breed confusion.
 It is my will, the French to kill—I'll do't wi' all my heart—

The Sensible Family.

Who knows! a recruit may chance to shoot great General Bonypart.

(*Spoken.*) And, ecod, if I shou'd, they'd mak more fuss about me than they do about young Roscus—and mayhap they'd ha' me painted and hung up at alehouse door for a sign—then I should say, attention! look at me for an object—
With thingumbobs here, &c.

THE SENSIBLE FAMILY.

I had a wife of my own,
Still with her tongue she clatter'd on,
Not with her knuckle and bone,
But with her tongue she batter'd on,
With cuckold, ass, blockhead, and drone,
And such like words she clatter'd on,
Not with her knuckle and bone,
But with poker and tongs she batter'd on.
(*Speaking.*) But, poor soul! she happen'd to die one day,
and went out like the snuff of a candle, singing, Ka, ba, wa, wa, woh, eh, wow, &c.

(*Imitating Punch, the first part of the tune for chorus*)
Soon I married a second,
She, like the other, wou'd rule again;
A beauty by most folks she's reckon'd,
Though her frowns soon made me cool again;
Her beauty and charms, I vow,
Wou'd move the heart of any man;
She's as fat as a pig or a sow,
With a face like a well polish'd warming-pan.

(*Speaking.*) A dropsy carried her off, poor soul! and she left me one child, and a sensible boy he is—Going to stir the fire the other day, he lays hold of the hot end of the poker, and as soon as he found it burnt his fingers, d—n me if he didn't drop it immediately.—Oh! he's a sensible boy—and can sing,

Ka, ba, wa, &c.

The Sensible Family.

I then vow'd to keep myself single,

My person neglected, strong taken too,

But Dorothy's charms made my heart tingle,

And my vow, like pie-crust, was broken too :

Though some men her love had derided,

Her face, I must needs say, was copper-brown ;

To be sure, she was rather lop-sided ;

With a short and long leg that went up and down.

(*Speaking.*) Poor creature ! she left me one child, and a clever lad he is ; and writes two charming hands—one he can't read himself, and the other nobody can read for him—but still he contrives to sing,

Ka, ba, wa, &c.

Two children left on my hands,

They took a trifle maintaining too ;

With Hymen again link'd in bands,

My wife look'd rather disdainful too ;

Her cash like trout I must tickle,

She's brisk, and forswears melancholy too ;

Tho' her walk's rather rumbusticle,

And her name's Gimlet-eyed Molly too.

(*Speaking.*) She left me one only daughter, and the parson of the parish took a liking to her—And what do you think she did?—she mended the parson's black stockings with white worsted, and set him hopping to church like a magpie.—Oh ! she's a cheerful lass, and always sings,

Ka, ba, wa, wa, &c.

My present wife just suits again ;

And I trust I may have occasion to

Raise a new race of recruits again,

To keep us from foreign invasion too :

She's a sweet-temper'd creature, good lack !

With a title I hope won't degrade her too,

For having a hump on her back,

Why you may call her my wife, or my lady too.

(*Speaking.*) I have but one child by her, and a sharp lad he is.—Turning the corner of the street the other day, he ran full butt against an attorney, and d——n me if he has

Othello.

been able to speak a word of truth ever since.—Having given you a full description of my wives and family, I wish you cou'd see us all sitting in the chimney corner, on a winter's evening, every one of us singing,

Ka, ba, wa, wa, wow, eh, wow, &c.

SONG.

Introduced by JOBSON, *in* "THE DEVIL TO PAY."

When good king Arthur ruled this land,
 He was a mighty king,
 He stole a peck of barley-meal
 To make a plum pud-*ding*.

And for to make this pudding good,
 They stuck it full of plums,
 And in it put large gobs of fat,
 As big as my two thumbs.

Of this pudding all did eat,
 And then to bed they hied,
 And what they cou'd not eat that night
 The queen next morning fried.

OTHELLO.

Oh ! have ye not heard of a story,
 A comical story and true?
 If you haven't, and will but attend,
 It's a hundred to one but you do ;
 It is of a man of some note,
 A comical outlandish fellow,
 In Venice he lived, as it's wrote,
 And his name it was Mr. Othello.

Rumpti udity.

A gentleman there had a daughter,
 With Othy she'd grown very mellow,
 He wonder'd what passion had caught her—
 She sigh'd for her blacky Othello :

Othello.

Now Bribantio had offer'd his daughter
A husband a long time before,
She sneez'd at the one he had brought her,
She vow'd and declared she'd have Moor.

Rumpti, &c.

Then general Othello he came,
And to Gretna the lady he carried ;
Gretna mayn't be indeed the right name,
But no matter—I'm sure they were married :
No sooner they tightly were tied,
Than jealousy seizes love's place,
And Othello so mad with his bride,
That egad he's quite black in the face.

Rumpti, &c.

A young captain, Cassio, by luck
She saw, a fine dashing gay fellow,
His sabre and gorget they stuck
In the gizzard of Mr. Othello.
After drill, now this vaunter so gay,
Oft with Mrs. Othello drank coffee, sir,
'Till Othy thought proper to say,
" Sweet Desdy, don't ask that young officer."

Rumpti, &c.

One evening this captain so smart,
Called in winter, as truly 'tis said,
And tho' he was hot in his heart,
Yet he'd got a bad cold in his head :
Now as Mr. Othello was out,
And for favours his wife could not thank her chief,
To wipe Cassio's aquiline snout,
Desdemona lent her pocket-handkerchief.

Rumpti, &c.

A young ancient, Iago, love felt,
And sweet Desdy he wish'd to be kissing,
But finding the Fair wouldn't melt,
Turn'd to mischief her handkerchief missing ;

 Hamlet.

And bent upon making a row,
 Treated Othy with beer at an oyster house,
 Invented the when and the how,
 Then Othello turn'd wonderful boisterous.

Rumpti, &c.

So when he came home, straight he goes
 To Mrs. Othello in bed,
 And says he, "Dear, I must blow my nose,
 For I've got a sad cold in my head,
 A handkerchief, wife—I expect one,"
 So out from the pillow she tost it;
 "Not this," he exclaim'd, "but the check'd one,"
 "Oh, curse it," cry'd Desdy, "I've lost it"

Rumpti, &c.

"You lie," says Othello, "that's true,
 So nothing remains to be said,"
 "I lie—yes, my dear, that I do,
 For by jingo I lie in the bed."
 Cries Othello, "I vow there's too much light,
 I'll never be call'd a blood-spiller,"
 So the general he put out the rush-light,
 And killed his wife dead with the pillow.

Rumpti, &c.

Then the blood of Iago he shed,
 Then he fell on his dear Desdy's body,
 Then Mrs. Othello's dead head
 On her shoulders went nidity noddy.
 All this comes from a cold in the head,
 So blind fortune in this matter shews her eye,
 Not one of these folks would be dead
 If they had but worn fine fleecy hosiery.

Rumpti, &c.

 HAMLET.

A hero's life I sing,
 His story shall my pen mark,
 He was not the king,
 But Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

 Hamlet.

His mamma was young,
 The crown she had her eyes on;
 Her husband stopt her tongue—
 She stopt his ears with poison;
 Toorol loorol lay, ti rol rumpti udy,
 Tweedle deedle eh, ri fol rumpti doodle.

When she had killed the king,
 She ogled much his brother,
 And having slain one spouse,
 She quickly got another.
 And this so soon did she,
 And was so great a sinner,
 The funeral baked meats
 Serv'd for the wedding dinner.

Toorol, &c.

Now Hamlet sweet, her son,
 No bully or bravado,
 Of love felt hot the flame,
 And so went to Burnardo:
 "Oh, sir," says he, "we've seen
 A sight with monstrous sad eye;"
 And this was nothing but—
 The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.

Toorol, &c.

Just at that time it rose,
 And sighing said—"List, Hammy,
 "Your mother is the snake
 That poisoned me, or d—me.
 And now I'm down in h—ll,
 All over sulph'rous flame boy,
 That your dad should be on fire,
 You'll own's a burning shame, boy."

Toorol, &c.

Just at the time he spoke,
 The morn was breaking thro' dell,
 Up jump'd a cock and cried,
 "Cock a doodle doodle

Hamlet.

I'm now cock-sure of going ;
Preserve you from all evil ;
You to your mother walk,
And I'll walk to the devil."

Toorol, &c.

Hamlet loved a maid,
Calumny had pass'd her,
She ne'er had played tricks,
'Cause—nobody had ask'd her :
Madness seized her wits,
Poor lord chamberlain's daughter !
She jump'd into a pond,
And went to heaven by water.

Toorol, &c.

No matter now for that,
A play they made and shammed it,
The audience Claudius was,
And he got up and damn'd it.
He vow'd he'd see no more,
He felt a wond'rous dizziness,
And then for candles called,
To make light of the business.

Toorol, &c.

A fencing match had they,
The queen drinks as they try too,
Says she—"O, king, I'm killed ;"
Says Laertes, "So am I too ;"
"And so am I," cried Ham ;
"What are you dead?" says the king,
"Yes, sir, and so will you be,
And that as sure as any thing."

Toorol, &c.

So then he stabbed his liege,
Then fell Ophy's brother,
And so the Danish court
All tumbled one on t'other :

The Old Maid's Song.—Dr. Last.

To celebrate these deeds,
 Which are from no false shamlet,
 Every village small,
 Henceforth was call'd a Hamlet.

Toorol, &c.

THE OLD MAID'S SONG.

Extatic lovely pangs that beat within my breast,
 Ah cease, ah cease awhile and let a maiden rest.
 Oh, Cupid, god of love, I own thy sov'reign sway,
 My gentle tender heart, alas is stole away.
 Faddle laddle litum, faddle liddle litum, faddle laddle litum,
 faddle liddle de.
 Faddle laddle litum, faddle liddle litum, faddle laddle litum,
 faddle liddle de.
 Love's glances from my eyes have pierc'd him to the heart,
 He with sighs his flame reveal'd, it would be death to part,
 Though my sister scoffs, the malicious taunting she,
 Yet I'm the maid he loves, and he's the lad for me.
 Faddle laddle, &c.

DR. LAST, SOLE AND BODY MENDER.

Behold Dr. Last, known for ages past,
 I'm the man as sure as a gun, sir ;
 Your pulses feel, or mend a shoe heel,
 I'm the son of the seventh son, sir ;
 Bleed and blister—gargle and glister,
 Patients buried under the soddy ;
 Scarify, dilute—or make a new boot—
 I can mend both your sole and your body.

When seated in my stall, shou'd a patient chance to
 Myself I always fresh rig, sir ; [call,
 For, a doctor's sense, and consequence,
 Lies in his cane and wig, sir :
 With Latin words a fuss—cook a saucepanabus—
 I can break your teeth with words very oddy ;

A Little Cock Sparrow.

Paris come, paribend—lapstone and wax-end,
 I can mend both your sole and your body.
 At inoculation I'm the best in the nation,
 And, by fees, I am scraping up the pelf, sir;
 Tho, the physic that I give, the patient may outlive,
 I shou'd n't like to take it myself, sir;
 Make a mortar of the stew-tub—mix sal by salpolyr-
 rist and rhubarb,
 As a medicine for the palso, niddy noddy;
 Damag'd welt and upper leather, I can always put
 For I mend both the sole and the body. [together,
 Betwixt you and me, the college all agree,
 However I might bolus and have pill'd him;
 If a patient chance to die, he mustn't say 'twas I,
 He must not say 'twas I that kill'd him:
 An ague I can charm—knock a tooth out without harm,
 But, zounds! how you'd éaper, diddy doddy;
 The ladies cry, in haste, "Let us fly to Dr. Last,"
 He cures both the sole and the body.

THE LITTLE COCK SPARROW.

(Introduced in the character of Jerry Sneak.)

Once a little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
 He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he;
 So this little cock sparrow a' top of the tree,
 He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he,
 He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
 He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
 He cherup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
 Did this little cock sparrow a' top of the tree!
 Then a little boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
 Determined to shoot this poor little cock sparrow,
 So this naughty boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
 Determined to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
 Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!

 Every Man his Hobby.

Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow !
 Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow !
 Was this naughty boy with his bow and reed arrow.
 Then this little boy cry'd as his bow-string he drew,
 This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
 And his giblets shall make me a little pie too,
 But he miss'd his aim, broke his arrow in two !
 Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew !
 Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew !
 Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew !
 For I'll stay no longer, be d—n'd if I do !

 EVERY MAN HIS HOBBY.

TUNE—" *Ge-ho, Dobbin.*"

It was Dryden observ'd, whom you know was fam'd wise,
 That men are but children, tho' six feet in size,
 And honest old Shandy, that whimsical droll,
 Thro' life's journey on hobbies he makes us all stroll.

Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

Attention pray give while on hobbies I sing,
 For each has his hobby from cobbler to king,
 On some favourite hobby we all get astride,
 And when once we're mounted full gallop we ride.

Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

Your beaux', those sweet gentlemen's hobby, good lack,
 Is to wear great large poultices tied round their neck,
 And they think in the *ton* and the tippy they're dress'd,
 If they have breeches that reach from the ancles to chest.

Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

The hobbies of soldiers in time of dread wars,
 Are breaches, bravadoes and blood, wounds and scars,
 But in peace you'll observe how different the trade is,
 The hobbies of soldiers in peace are the ladies.

Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

The Miller's Wife.

The ladies, sweet creatures, they now and then
 Get astride on their hobbies e'en just like the men,
 With smiles and with simpers beguile us with ease,
 And we gallop, trot, amble, e'en just as they please.
 Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

Our manager's hobby is his plays well to cast,
 And he rides us poor actors most cursedly fast,
 He keeps us full gallop and ne'er looks behind him,
 And a d—n'd spurring jockey we all of us find him.
 Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

You'll ask me no doubt, since I'm wondrous free,
 Among others, friend—what may your hobby be?
 My hobby, good folks, is at all times to please ye,
 And I hope at a benefit tightly to squeeze ye.
 Ge-ho, Dobbin, &c.

THE MILLER'S WIFE.

Introduced in the Character of *Endless*, in

“NO SONG, NO SUPPER.”

TUNE—“*Amo, Amas.*”

Upon my life, the Miller's Wife
 Has got my heart's possession;
 To obtain my suit, her dusty brute
 Shall feel the law's oppression;
 Cite 'em, bite 'em, pettyfoggite 'em,
 Scare 'em, tear 'em, starvo,
 Squeeze 'em, fleece 'em, latitat and capias,
 Melt his multum into parvo.

By writ of error, or demurrer,
 I'll have his mill and meal O,
 Then be his proxy with his doxy,
 I swear by my hand and seal O.
 Cite 'em, bite 'em, &c.

An Actor's a Comical Fellow.

And if crim.-con. he sue upon,
I can defend it gratis;
Get folks to swear, an alibi clear,
Or in-ca-pa-ci-ta-tis.

Cite 'em, bite 'em, &c.

SONG,

In the character of MOTLEY, in "THE DEAD ALIVE."

An actor's a comical dog ;
Now frisky, now dull as a log,
So changeable all,
Now short, and now tall,
Now plump, then as slim as a frog.
Now Paddy, the brogue he puts on ;
Then struts with the pride of a Don ;
Now a French *oui*, monsieur ;
Then a Dutch *yaw*, mynheer ;
Or bra' Donald, the head of his clan.
How rarely they take in the town,
From one shilling up to a crown :
They pant, and they cry,
Fight, tremble, and die,
But laugh when the curtain is down.

THE END.

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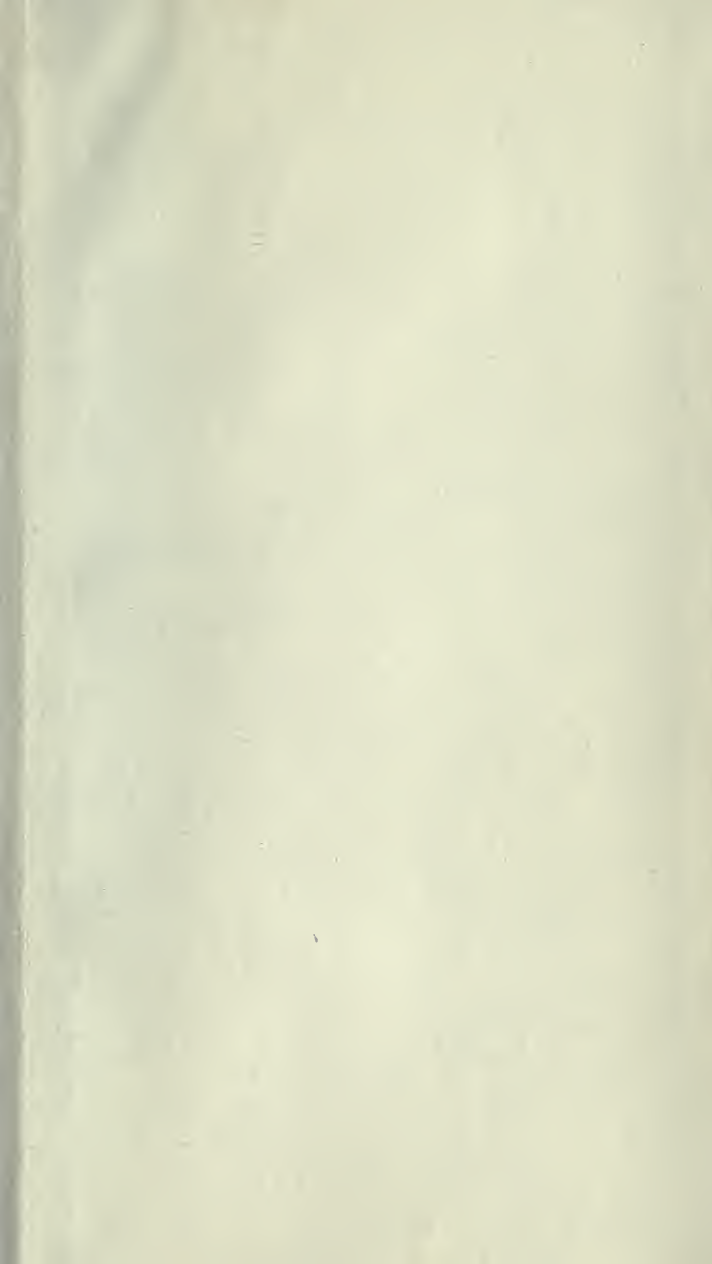
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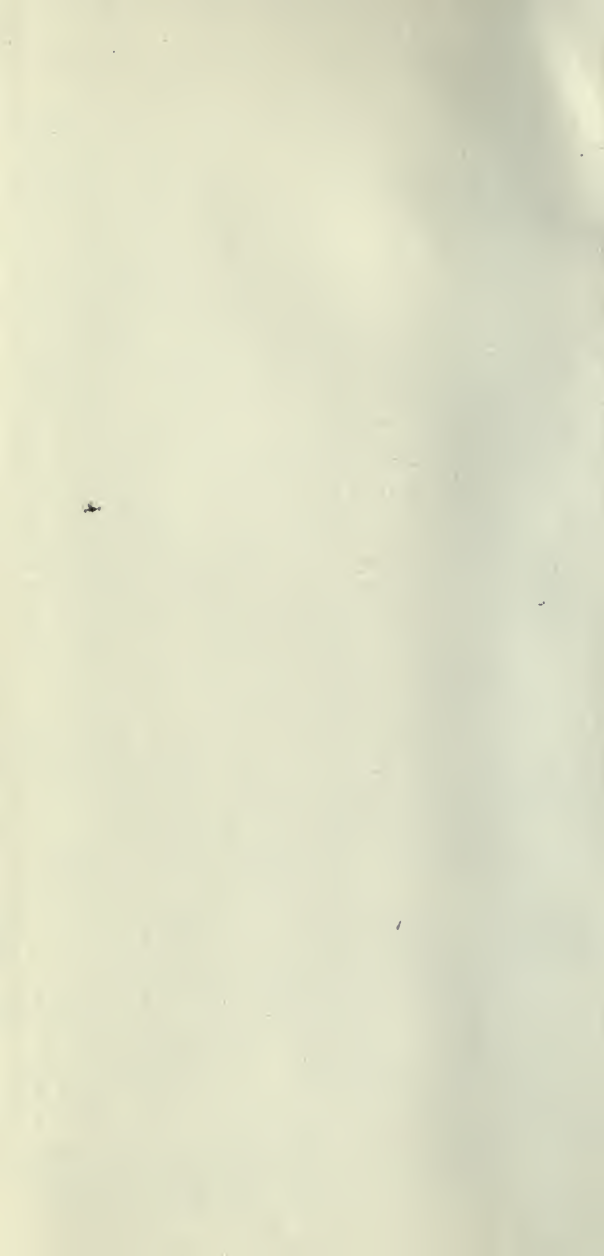
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